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# Granite State Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the His-  
tor, Story, Scenery, Industry and  
Interest of New Hampshire

Edited by GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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VOLUME IV. 4  
July to December, 1907.

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# Granite State

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## MAGAZINE

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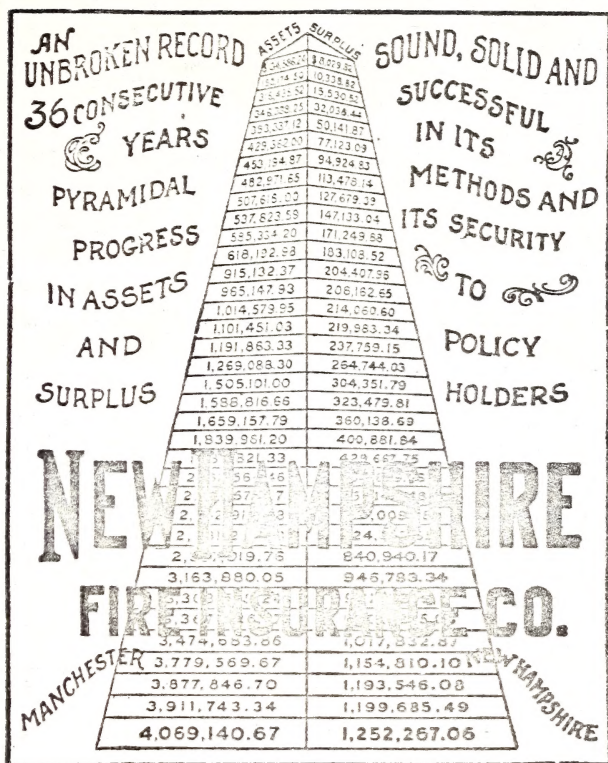
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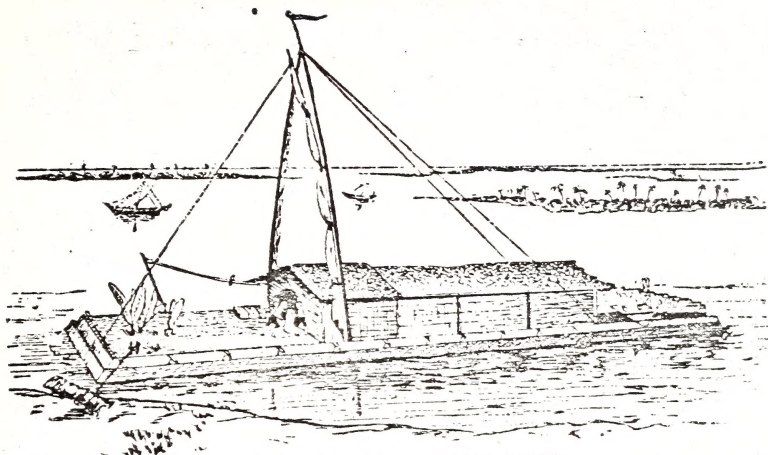
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A NATIVE AMERICAN SHIP



AN AMERICAN BRIDE IN ANCIENT DAYS





# Granite State Magazine

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1907.

No. 1.

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## Origin of the Name America

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

CENTRAL AMERICA is not the only portion of this continent which affords in its half-buried ruins evidence of a high order of civilization. At the time of the explorations of Columbus the Peruvian empire was the mightiest power in the New World, and a nation of marked civilization, whose dominion extended from the equator on the north to Buenos Ayres on the south; the Atlantic ocean on the east and the Pacific on the west. On the latter ocean it had a seacoast of 2,500 miles, from Pastos to the river Maule. The inhabitants grew cotton, spun fine cloths, made pottery, refined silver ore, and manufactured bronze. Their highways were marvels of engineering feats; the road from Cuzco to Quito, 1,506 miles in length, was forty feet in width and as level as a floor. This broad thoroughfare was paved with stone and earth, the mountains tunnelled, the marshes made passable by solid masonry and the streams spanned by suspension bridges very similar to the modern ideas. One of these was 225 feet in length and strong enough for loaded animals to pass in safety.

Peru was a province of the powerful and extensive empire, which was the Sirius of native American splendor. From the sacred book of the Peruvians we get at the truth of the origin of the name America, which tells us that this vast dominion was known as *Amarca*, while it had many towns and localities with that name made distinctive by



some appropriate prefix. For instance they had Cundin-Amarca, Caj-Amarca, Vin-Amarca, Pult-Amarca, and so on. Now Cundin meant a place of great natural beauty and wealth—Paradise; hence, the region located in the country drained by the Oronoco river was Paradise-Amarca. This territory was supposed by the Spanish to contain fabulous wealth, and within its domains was the "Golden City." Vast expenditures of money and risking of life were staked to find it. Another of the prefixes, "Caj," meant frosty or cold, and another, "Pult," meant sulphur; "Vin" meant the place of vines, and so on, with an aptness in regard to the physical features, or some cause just as we should apply a name.

Finally the national name was changed slightly to Amerca, and then an "i" was inserted after the r, and so it came to be spelled as we now spell it.

During the explorations of Columbus Albertigo Vespucci—there was no Amerigo Vespucci known at that time—made his three voyages of discovery (1499, 1501, 1502), following the coast of America from the north to the south; he learned of the Golden City, of the Paradise of the Oronoco, and he too knew this country as America. It could not have been different. He visited the New World not only to behold with his own eyes its wonders, but to describe them that others might know of them. Thus while Columbus was trying to solve the problem of a passage to East India this Florentine merchant was writing vivid descriptions of the new discovery. The publication of his works made him rich and famous throughout Europe. He died in 1512.

In those days it was customary to link a man's name with any object accomplished or deed done worthy of perpetuation. In this way the Italian author became known as the American Vespucci, or in Latin Americus, Italian Amerigo. Perhaps he applied this name to himself, very much as business men in these times apply some cognomen which speaks of their calling. It is easy to see how those



who read his works could thus come to consider him as the one for whom America was called. Not only were the common readers deceived, but one so high in learning and the affairs of the day as Waltzemuller, Monk of St. Die, accepted the current belief and perpetuated it in print.

The invention of printing had come into use about that time and the Monastery of St. Die, having just come into possession of a press from the Duke of Lorraine, the monks considered it to be an act of respect to their friend, whose manuscripts they had read, to print one of his works, and at the same time show the wonder of the new art. Accordingly a little pamphlet appeared, in the preface of which they recommended that the new continent be named after its discoverer, Americus. This publication, among the first, if not the first, of their publications, had a map of the New World, and was perhaps the source from which the mistake in regard to the origin of name came. This was in 1507, and five years later Strobinza issued a map at Rome, following the idea of Waltzemuller of St. Die. But this monk had now learned of his error and did what he could to set the matter right. He immediately published a new map, designating the new continent as "The New Land." He wrote on the margin, "This land was discovered by Columbus, an officer under the orders of the King of Castile."

Meanwhile, during these five years, Ruysch had put out a chart of the newly discovered country, without giving it a name. In 1511 Sylvanus published a map, designating the new hemisphere as the "Land of the Holy Cross." Others recorded it as "New India," or "India Occidental." Still others, more familiar with the subject, styled what is now North America as *America-Mexicana*, and South America as *America-Peruviana*. Brazil was yet another name applied to the Southern Continent.

The first to adopt the suggestion of Waltzemuller in his "*Cosmographiæ Introductio*" seems to have been an anonymous writer and publisher, who about 1509 issued a







little pamphlet entitled "Globus Mundi." This publication is not only memorable as being the first book to contain the name America, as applied to the continent, but for having a map of the eastern hemisphere, showing in the lower corner, in about the same longitude as Cape Good Hope, a fragment of the newly discovered continent. Notwithstanding the christening given this in the text, this territory is here designated as *Nuio Welt*, or New World.

In 1520 Apianus issued his map, giving the new country again the name of America, and the christening of the New World was accomplished. The majority of historians and makers of maps accept the belief that Apianus named the country in honor of Americus Vespuccius. This brings us to that question which if correctly answered would settle the whole matter. Where did this scholar and savant get his authority for the name? Was he deluded by Waltzmuller's erroneous statement, afterwards corrected, or did he adopt that of the ancient Peruvians, which must have been known to him? Those who have delved deepest into the secrets of the past agree that he adopted the native name for several reasons. One of them says:

"There is no evidence that Vespucci named America, or that he ever attempted to do so. If it had been named after him it would most probably have been named Vespucci, after the surname, as is customary. Vespucci is called Albertigo, which shows that Amerigo was not his proper name. Columbus would have objected to this; so would his friends. Proud Spain would have been insulted and would not have permitted this injustice to Columbus. While paying his remains the highest honors, the haughty Castilian would never have permitted a foreigner, an Italian, to name this Spanish triumph, discovered by another, and by means of money borrowed on the diamonds of the crown. 'To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world,' emblazoned on his tomb, speaks for itself, as well as the subsequent care which was taken of his remains. He died



at Valladolid in 1506, later on was taken to Seville, in 1536 was transferred to St. Domingo, and in 1597 was buried in the Cathedral of Havana. Besides these reasons, we may ask, why were other names given to the country many years subsequent to the suggestion to name it after Vespucci? Why was the name adopted after they knew that those who had made that suggestion had withdrawn it and explained the error from which it originated?



KING  
OF ANCIENT AMERICA



CHIEF  
OF ANCIENT AMERICA

“What reason is there for supposing that a name was accepted which was suggested by people who had nothing to do whatever with the new-found country or its Spanish explorers? If the name were given to the country by Vespucci or his friends, why was it otherwise known during his life, while that of America does not appear on a map until eight years after his death? In a word, there is not a single fact in unison with the assumption that America is named after Vespucci.

“On the other hand, the evidence is positive and without a single difficulty. The Peruvians were a nation of great civilization, a gigantic empire, the chief in the western hemisphere, whose people were those first known to the Spanish explorers who knew the native name. Besides this, Cundin-America, or Paradise America, was the most famous locality in the new world. It was reported to con-





tain untold treasures and created such intense excitement that Spain resolved to spend millions of treasure to find it. Three expeditions accidentally met there in 1534. One was commanded by a German, another by the Spanish governor, and a third by Quisada, who marched across the Andes from Quito, on the Pacific. None of these found the treasure, but the wild excitement continued unabated, like that which had previously existed concerning the fountain of youth."

More might be quoted, but it does not seem necessary. Was more proof needed it is to be found in the time-honored name, which is formed of three roots, Am-ar-ca, or Am-eri-ca. "Am" is a universal root meaning great, and is found in many American names, as in Amagansett, Amatitlan, and others. "Ar" meant the sun, which was universally the chief emblem of God, the Great Spirit. The Incas were children of the sun, or descendants of their God. The sacred meaning of the root "r" is apparent in Indian names in both North and South America. In other parts of the world it was used to express the most sublime thought. In Egypt it meant divine manifestation; in Arabic, victory; in Hebrew, celestial light; in Assyrian, eternal splendor; in Chaldæan, God; in Persian, beautiful; in Median, sun; in Malayan, chief God; in New Zealand, great or strong, and in Irish, noble. The root "r" appears in about all the languages of ancient and modern times wherein philology has explored. Indeed, in Anglo-Saxon it has given the geographical appellation to the entire planet in the word *Earth*, *a* being a prefix and *th* a suffix. It was found in Sanscrit, and is re-echoed in all its divisions. It was found in the oldest names of India, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Ireland, and in America, the chief nation of the western hemisphere. The universal use of this root on continents and islands, in languages both ancient and modern, whether spoken by the uncivilized or enlightened, urges upon us the conclusion that Moses knew what he was saying when he recorded the story of creation and





said that "the whole earth was of one language and one speech."

The root "ca" the last syllable in the word America, means *land*. It is the same as the Greek "ga," and is found in Chinese, Japanese, Scandinavian and American dialects. Now putting together the three roots thus defined and we have "am," great; "ca," land; and "ar" or "eri," of the sun. So that America is the great land of the sun.

In the light of all evidence afforded does it not seem more reasonable that the name adopted for the new continent was that of the largest and most powerful nation of the native inhabitants? Rome set this example in calling Africa the name of the first country of that division of land known to them. To say that America was so called for Vespucci is to imply deception to him whose reputation was above reproach in every respect, to impute to the most learned men of those times an ignorance not in keeping with them, to charge Spain with a neglect to rob the honor of her favorite hero which she never would have allowed, and give to Vespucci dead a name he never possessed while living. Some one erred at the outset, and others, without questioning the truth of the matter, followed carelessly in his path until the word of one became the belief of the multitude. America, in its true origin, is the oldest and most honorable of the continental names, reflecting the greatness of the Children of the Sun, the modesty of its Great Discoverer, and the honor of its first historian.

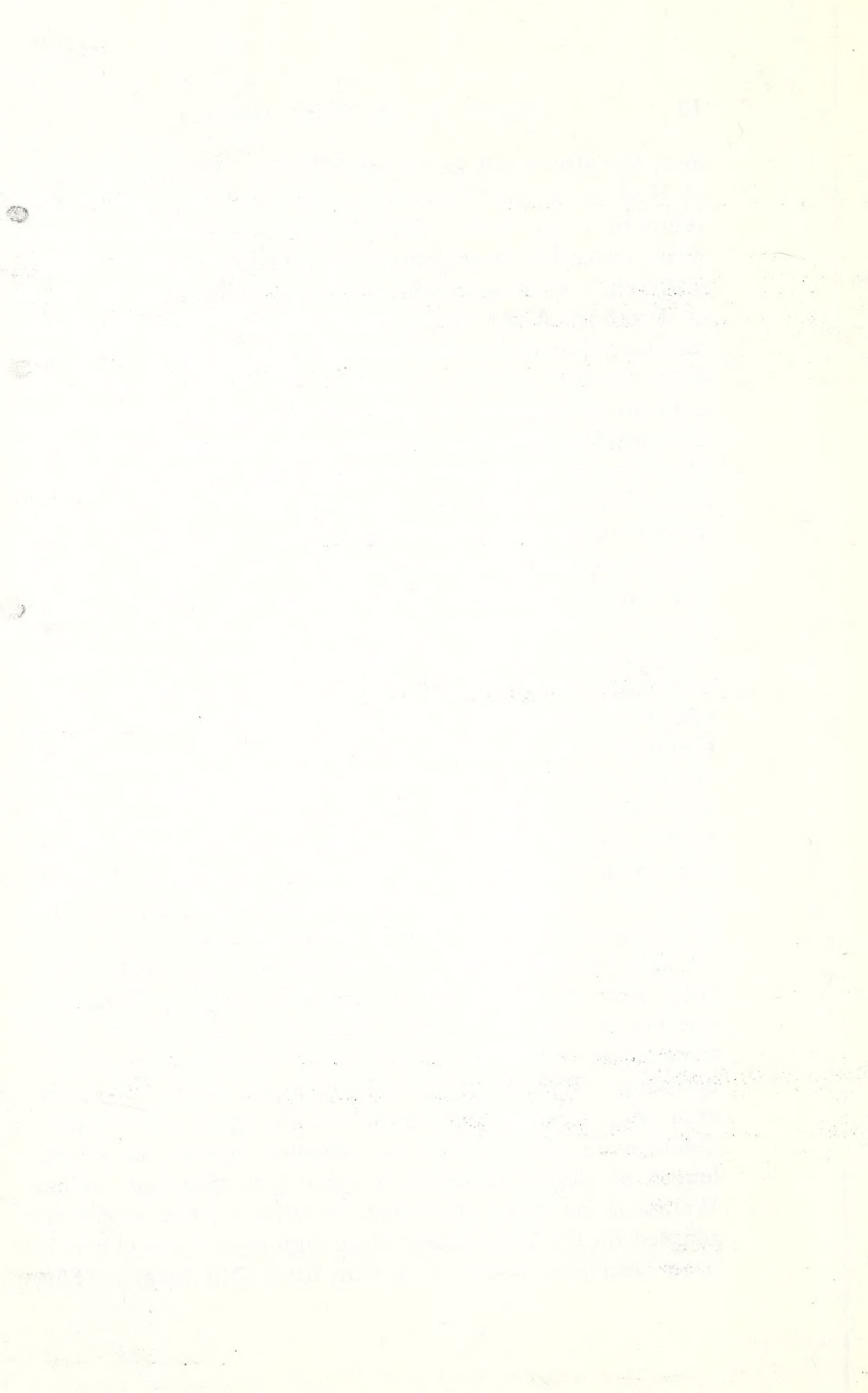
This conclusion affords us the satisfaction that no wrong has been done any one, that we live under a name as ancient as human speech, and whose origin is traced to the gods.

The sacred book of the Ancient Peruvians, "Popol Vuh," contains the following mythical account of the origin of the name of their empire, and also the old story of the forbidden fruit. This legend goes on to say that near Palenca, Central America, was a place called Culan at



first, but afterwards known as Xibalba. During the reign of Hun Came and Vukub Came, the two kings of Xibalba, Hunhun Ahpu and Vukub Ahpu, two Mexican princes, were executed on a charge of creating a revolt in that kingdom. As a monument of their punishment, the head of Hunhun Ahpu was placed on a dead tree which, on receiving the head, returned to life and bore fruit. The two kings forbade any one to touch it, but Ixquic, daughter of a Xibalbian prince, was prompted by curiosity to take of the forbidden fruit. As the daughter approached the tree, the voice of Hunhun Ahpu warned her, asking her desire, and commanded that she extend her arms. He then placed sacred saliva upon her hand, and it immediately disappeared, producing a certain effect. On returning home the maid was accused by her father and condemned to death by the court; but, aided by the executioners, she escaped to the mother of Hunhun Ahpu, who received her as a daughter-in-law. At this place Ixquic remains, rears twin sons who perform many wonders, killing and restoring themselves to life. The kings of Xibalba command that the twins repeat the wonder upon their sovereigns. Upon this the twins killed their majesties, but do not restore them to life. This feat being accomplished, they retire to Utlatlan, the seat of the common people, declare war, defeat Xibalba, and form one empire, making Utlatlan the capital, but changing its name to *Amarca* before so doing.

The written history of this ancient race shows that they were a strong and progressive people. The conquerors of weaker nations, they were enabled to build their towns in the richest and most desirable localities to be found. Thus they selected a compact mountain system of states—the most picturesque and strongest in its natural defenses in the world,—and reaching nearly the entire length of South America, or over four thousand miles. Walled in by high mountains, its valleys were especially adapted for the roadbeds of those highways of travel which have been the wonder of all who have seen them. “The





roads in this kingdom are the most useful and stupendous works ever executed by man," said Baron de Humboldt, to whom we are indebted for much of our information. "Their four chief routes from Cuzco rival the best Roman work, frequently going into the region of perpetual snow—completely closed in winter—over giant precipices by steps—crossing rivers by solid masonry or suspension bridges swung with osier ropes, leading along the table lands of Pasco—the highest point of the Andes occupied by man—to the richest silver mines at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; and only fifteen hundred below the perpetual snow line." Eight of the great highways crossed Chili, while six were in Bolivia and three in Peru. Many of the roads led to great furnaces where the gold was smelted, and passed the populous cities of the empire, with their subterranean treasure vaults, which if they could be unearthed would enrich the whole world. The king's palace in Cassa-Amarca was hewn out of solid rock and embossed with gold.

The king, or Incas as he was known, traveled these beautiful roads in a sedan chair carried upon the shoulders of four faithful and willing servitors, who looked upon this privilege as a great honor. Where the kingly ruler stopped the place was henceforth looked upon as sacred. Prayers and acclamations arose as the grand equipage drew near, and royal postmen stood ready to bear the messages to the interior cities at a speed of one hundred and fifty miles a day. Ever eager for conquest, one of these kings had at his command an army of two hundred thousand men, armed with tomahawks, bows, arrows and lances of sharp bone or copper. The nobility had weapons mounted with gold or silver, and they wore helmets of wood or tiger skins.

Marriage was compulsory, the maid being obliged to marry before she was twenty and the young man before he was twenty-four. Marriages of the nobility were performed with great ceremony and acclaim. The bride was clothed





from the waist to the knees in a tunic of rich feathers, while her person was adorned with rare shells and pearls. A gold chain encircled her neck. Six noblemen, preceded by musicians and two bearers of huge, ornamented feather fans, they followed by ballet dancers and the bride's relatives, announced the coming of the fair one. She quickly appeared and, ascending the floral steps, was assisted into a beautiful sedan chair by her parents. This chair was decorated with green bows and floral decorations, and borne with its happy burden upon the shoulders of noblemen chosen for the occasion. At the bridegroom's residence she was conducted to the side of her future husband, who rose from an elevated dais to escort her to the king with a great show of pomp and ceremony. In warm weather bridesmaids fanned them with beautiful tropical feathers, and in the season the unfermented juice of grape was offered them in golden goblets. Upon reaching the royal palace the king taking both their hands in his invoked the blessing while they knelt. At the hour of sunset the happy couple walked, hand in hand, into an open field and kneeling toward the west commended themselves and their posterity to divine protection. Music and dancing followed until the stars came forth, when lamps were lighted to announce the wedding feast.

Cassa-Amarca is now comprised in northern Peru, with a population of less than three hundred thousand people, and having only fourteen thousand square miles, a very insignificant remnant of the one-time rich and glorious kingdom of Amarca, before the days of Spanish discovery and conquest.





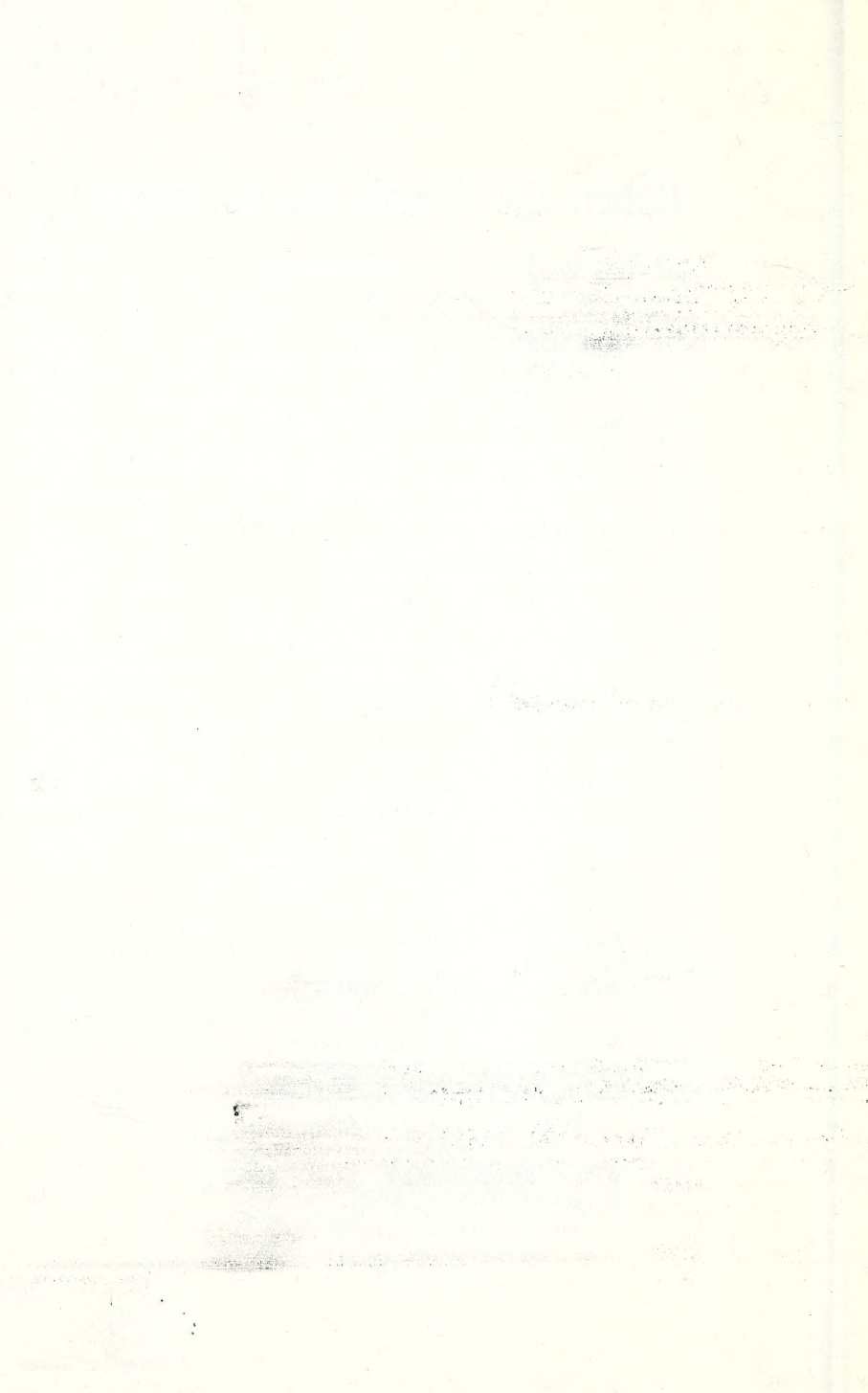
# When the Cows Come Home

By AGNES E. MITCHELL

With kingle, klangle, klinge,  
Way down the dusky dingle,  
    The cows are coming home;  
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
    Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
    Or patterings of an April shower  
That make the daisies grow:  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-lingeleingle,  
Way down the darkening dingle,  
    The cows come slowly home;  
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,  
And starry nights and sunny days,  
Come trooping up the misty ways  
    When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,  
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,  
    The cows are coming home;  
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,  
De Kamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,  
    Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,  
    Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,  
And clang her silver bell:  
Go-ling, go-lang, go-lingeleingle,  
With faint far sounds that mingle,  
    The cows come slowly home;  
And mother-songs of long-gone years,  
And baby joys, and childish tears.  
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,  
    When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,  
By twos and threes and single,  
    The cows are coming home;



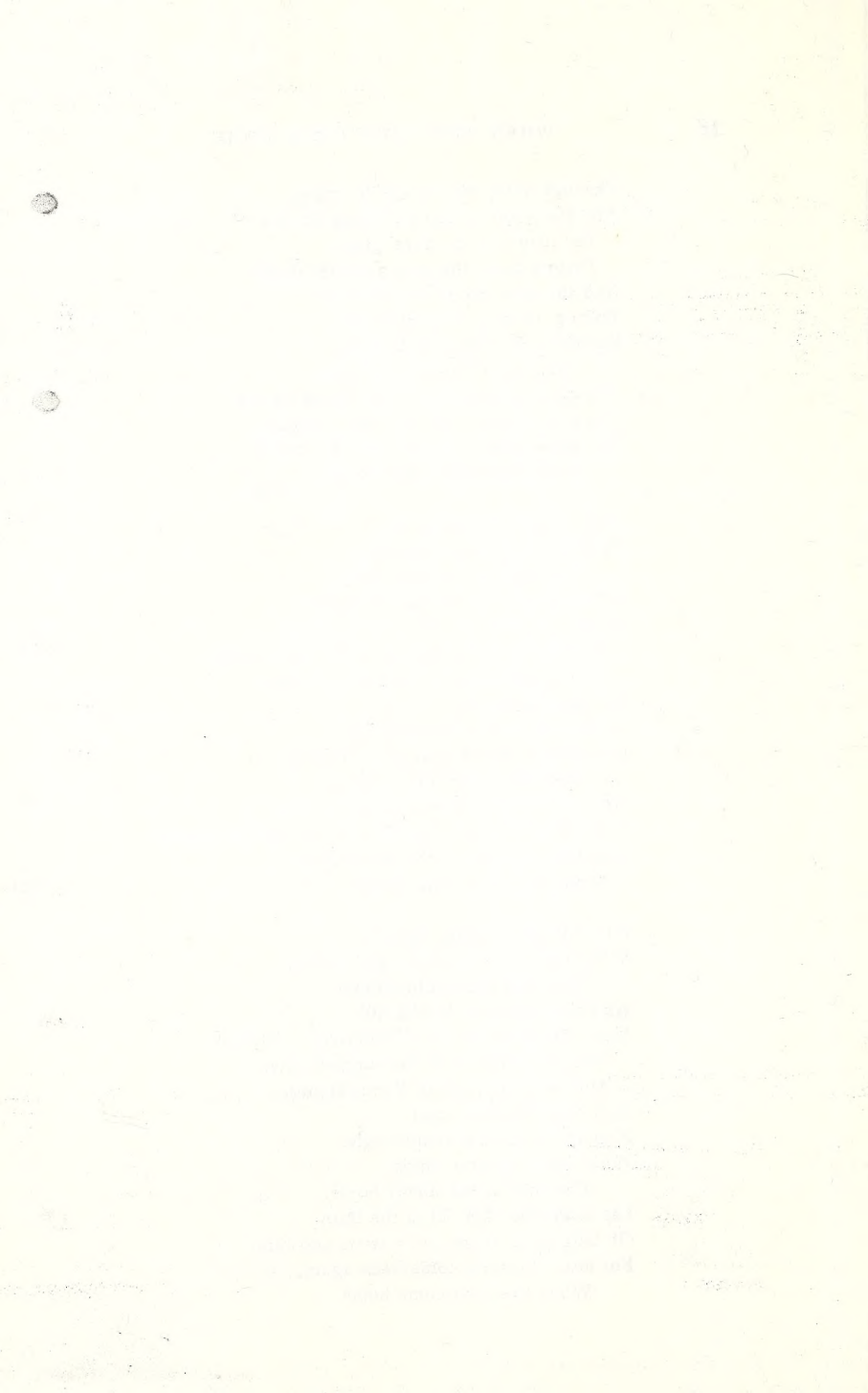
## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

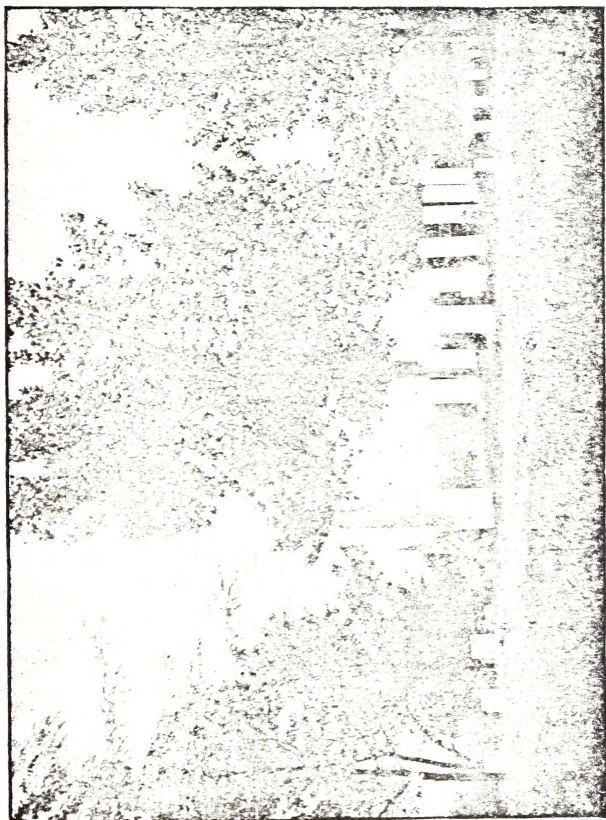
Through violet air we see the town,  
And the summer sun a-slipping down;  
The maple in the hazel glade  
Throws down the path a longer shade,  
And the hills are growing brown;  
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringleringle,  
By threes and fours and single,  
The cows come slowly home;  
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,  
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,  
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,  
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Through fern and periwinkle,  
The cows are coming home;  
A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun rays gleam and gleam,  
Clarine, Peachblossom and Phœbe, Phyllis,  
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
In a drowsy dream:  
To-link, to lank, to-linklelinkle,  
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,  
The cows come slowly home;  
And up through Memory's deep ravine  
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,  
And the crescent of the silver Queen.  
When the cows come home.

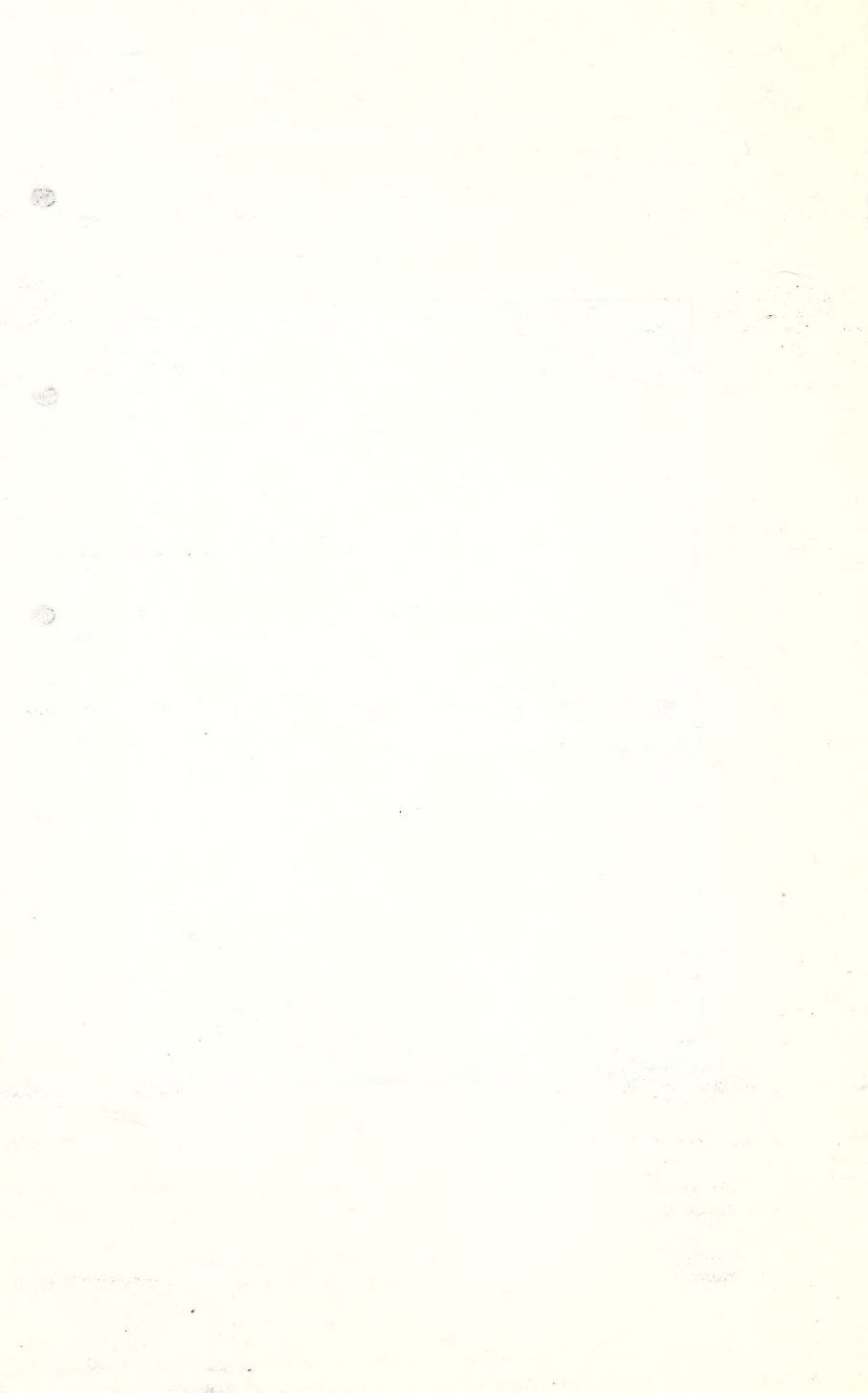
With klinge, klangle, klinge,  
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
And over there on Merlin hill  
Hear the plaintive cry of the Whip-poor-will;  
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,  
And over the poplars Venus shines,  
And over the silent mill:  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linglelingle,  
With ting-aling and jingle,  
The cows came slowly home.  
Let down the bars, let in the train  
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,  
For dear old times come back again,  
When the cows come home.







GRAVE OF GEN. JOHN STARK



# Grave of a Revolutionary Hero

By GRAY FAIRLEE

No trappings of state, their bright honors unfolding,  
No gorgeous display, mark the place of thy rest;  
But the granite points out where thy body lies moulding,  
And where the wild rose sheds its sweets o'er thy breast.  
—H. W. Herrick.

**W**HILE his grave is marked, without any ornate display, by a simple granite shaft, General John Stark, the hero of Bennington and of the French and Indian Wars, sleeps upon the western slope of one of the prettiest parks to be found in the Merrimack Valley. This plot of land, which formerly belonged to the home of the father of this hero and from him was inherited by his descendants, was recently purchased by the city of Manchester, N. H., and has been neatly fitted up for a public common.

The park occupies about thirty acres of land, sloping gently toward the river bank, where the noble Merrimack moves softly and slowly past, as if it realized it was passing a sacred spot. Across the silvery waters the landscape, generously clothed in "verdure green," is dotted with farm-houses that peep out from beautiful shade trees surrounded by forests, in pretty array, while on the hills in the background are forests whose artistic combinations of green in the distance mingle with the blue of the sky. In the sun-lit west are the hills of Dunbarton, with the twin summits of the Uncanoonucs crowning the picturesque landscape.

The grave of the soldier is situated on the shoulder of the slope where he rests within sight and sound of the river he loved so well. Not far away is the site of his homestead, where he passed his declining years and, in fact, all of his life except when he was away upon the war





trail of the dusky scouts, on some hunting expedition or among the brave yeomanry of his country, helping to win its Independence.

A concrete walk leads nearly down to the sacred repose of Stark, but stops in season not to mar the beauty of the yard with its disfigurement. The simple plot, encircled by an iron fence, was conveyed to the city a little over a quarter of a century ago, upon the stipulation that no further interments should be made within its inclosure without special permit from the descendants of the General. Six or eight members of the family are buried here, their graves marked with plain slabs, the most noteworthy of which was, until it broke and crumbled away, a low, ancient stone, with curved top and a liberal display of curious emblems that served to remind the beholder of the mortality of his existence. It bore in discolored and nearly effaced characters the inscription, "Here lyes the body of Mr. Archibald Stark, who departed this life June 25, 1758, aged 61 years." He was the father of General Stark, as well as of the three other boys, all of whom became more or less renowned in the early history of this region.

The monument to General Stark is most fittingly a plain granite block nearly nine feet in height, tapering toward the top, and about a yard from the ground set in from two sides, relieving somewhat the monotony of its shape. It is now weather-beaten and its lettering is somewhat difficult to decipher. The inscription simply says:

M. G. JOHN STARK

DIED

May 8, 1822

*Aet. 94*

Near by sleeps his wife, her grave marked with a slab saying, "Mrs. Elizabeth Stark, consort of Gen. John Stark. Died in 1814, aged 77."



A beautiful road, known appropriately as the "River road," winds along the hillside rising from the river, and has at intervals several beautiful and spacious private grounds, with their dwellings all speaking of architectural plans now belonging to a day past.

Altogether the last resting place of the Revolutionary hero is an ideal spot for such a person, and though a big city is rapidly springing about his silent abode, the old Merrimack that he loved so well sings the same songs as of yore, and if the axe of the despoiler continues to ravage the forests he knew so well, the distant hills still lift broad shoulders, tree-clad, and the setting sun throws its bars of gold over the mountains that fret-work the horizon, as it did in the days of the gallant pioneer.

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## Tsienneto

By HENRIETTA W. R. FROST

Tsienneto (pronounced Shaw-ne-to), which word means "sleeping in beauty," is the Indian name applied to the beautiful sheet of water nestling in among the hills of Derry, N. H., and commonly called Beaver Lake, whose outlet, Beaver River, flows into the Merrimack.—*Author.*

O calm, serene Tsienneto!  
Asleep at break of day.  
The birches bend still nearer  
To hear the winds at play.

For nestled on thy bosom  
Sweet Nature loves to rest,  
And only those who bend to hear  
Can learn the song in quest.

I fain would learn the story  
The birds have sung so long.  
O tell it me, I pray thee!  
I'll give it back in song.



I'll don the spirit of repose  
And lay me down and dream,  
And watch the clouds float airily  
Above this spot serene.

Where "Jenny-dickey's" waters  
Come tumbling o'er the hill,  
The maiden-hair and columbine  
Have flourished long at will.

The beech and birch and hemlock  
Have shaded pool and fall,  
And heaven's cerulean blueness  
Has tenderly crowned all.

Primeval forests long ago  
Surrounded ev'ry shore,  
And red men roamed the uncut way  
And sailed these waters o'er.

This was the "happy hunting ground"  
Where Wonnolancet brave,  
And chief of all the Penacooks,  
His hunting lessons gave.

And Hannah Dustin walked these shores  
In days of dire distress;  
When life meant action to the hearts  
Who stood for faithfulness.

Methinks I hear the paddle's sound,  
And see beneath the trees  
The war-time dance; the wigwam's smoke  
That came from such as these.

But 'tis a dream. Tsienneto sleeps  
In beauty undismayed.  
The "pipe of peace" still burneth;  
We need not be afraid.

The white man claims these borders  
Where once the red man trod,  
And bird and beast and tree and flower  
Still live to worship God.





# Scout Journals

## I

### JOURNAL OF CAPT. JOHN WHITE

One of the Scouts During Lovewell's War in Northern  
New England

[Compiled from the Massachusetts Archives, Edited and Annotated by  
George Waldo Browne]

#### SKETCH OF CAPTAIN WHITE

Captain John White was born in Lancaster, Mass., September 20, 1684. His grandfather, John White, came from the west part of England sometime between 1635 and 1638, as we find him in the Province of Salem at the latter date. He had two sons, Thomas and Josiah, the first of whom settled in Wenham and the latter on his father's estate in Lancaster. The subject of our sketch was the son of Josiah and Mary (Rice) White. He married Eunice, daughter of Lieutenant Nathaniel and Mary (Sawyer) Wilder, who survived him, as well as several children.

Captain White was a cooper and blacksmith by trade, and was a strong, powerful man, of commanding presence, and a natural leader. His family had suffered from the depredations of the Indians, his father's house having been fired by a prowling band, and he was always ready to rally his men to follow the war trail of the enemy. He seemed to have been upon several scouting raids, one of the most important of which was the scout made by Captain Lovewell on his second expedition when ten Indians were slain, and their scalp-locks brought home in triumph, to receive a bounty from the Massachusetts province. While he was fitted and honored with a command, he volunteered under



Captain John Lovewell, and went with him in his 2d expedition, to encourage others to enlist. This march lasted 40 days.

Then he marched to a place called Cohosse on Connecticut River, thinking to surprise the enemies there, and came in at Fort Dummer, being out 35 days without meeting the Indians. (This was the scout belonging to his Journal.)

Within 8 days after his return from this arduous trip he had rallied a company to follow in the footsteps of the unfortunate Lovewell, to help bury him and his dead companions.

Then he went, at his own cost, to the Connecticut to raise a company of Mohege (Mohawks) in order to go to St. Francis and raise that stronghold. Failing in this he returned home and soon enlisted a company of volunteers with the purpose of marching upon a fort beyond Pigwacket. He was taken sick while on this expedition, and was forced to return home, where he died Sept. 12, 1725, lacking a few days of being 41 years of age, when he should have been in the full vigor of his strong manhood.

He left 7 children, the eldest being only 15 years old. The Mass. courts granted on the widow's petition for assistance one hundred pounds, on December 28, 1727.

There is no doubt that his repeated hardships shortened the life of Captain White, while he went to considerable expense which was never compensated in way of fitting out his men, to say nothing of loss of time. His widow Eunice died May 15, 1778.

#### GOV. DUMMER'S INSTRUCTIONS TO CAPT. WHITE, AND OTHERS

Sr. Having Commissionated you to Command a Company of Voluntiers against the Indian Enemy, you are hereby Directed to Exercise and maintain good Discipline and Government among your Officers and Soldiers





and to Suppress and punish all Disorders, Vice and Immorality and to Keep up the Worship of God in your said Company. Yon must march to Pigwacket, unless you shall upon mature Consideration Judge any other tour more effectual for the service, withall Convenient Dispatch Joining such Company of Voluntiers in the County of Middlesex as shall be ready to proceed with you and from thence march to such places where by your Intelligence may Judge it probable to meet with the Indian Enemy. If you judge it necessary to keep the whole Body together in order to attack any Tribe or Settlement of Indians I shall approve of your so doing, otherwise that Two Companys or halfe your Body Proceed East & the other halfe to proceed from Pigwacket to strike over to Amrescoggin & Kennebeck River, endeavoring to get higher up the said Rivers then the places of the Indian Settlements one party of which to Come down Amrescoggin River to Fort George & and the other down Kennebeck River to Richmond, and if your provision should fall short so as that the whole cannot be sufficiently furnish for the march to Amrescoggin & Kennebeck Rivers, some of your feeblest men must come into Berwick. The remaining part of the Body to go off to the North Westward in Quest of the Indian Enemy said to be there taking with them the Mohawks for their Guides. Let your Marches be with all the Secrecy and Silence as well as Dispatch you are Capable of. You must Kill, Take & Destroy to the utmost of your power all the Enemy Indians you can meet with in your March, and Search for their Corn destroying all you can find. And give Intelligence from time to time of everything of Importance that may happen.

Mass. Archives, Vol, 72, p. 250.

LETTER OF CAPTAIN WHITE TO GOVERNOR DUMMER

Lancaster, May 9 1725.

May it please Your Honour.

Being returned home I thought myself obliged to inform your Honour that on the 5th of April last I went from Lancaster to Dunstable



and the 8th day of April from thence up Merromock with 30 men two of which came back in a short time one of them being sick and ye other having scalt himself very badly. I marched up Meremock about 130 milds, and there discovered some signs of Indens. Some old which we judged were made sometime this Winter and one new track on the back of the river that we judged had gone but a few days before. I sent out skouts but could discover nothin further. We then turned off westward towards Cowass. Marched 10 milds the 24th of April. At evening one of our men viz Sam Mossman of Sudbury being about to encampt took hold of his gun that stood among some Bushes drew it back towards him with the muzzle to wards him some twig caught hold of the cock the gun went off and shot him through he died Immediately. We went acrost to Connecticut River came down to Northfield and thence acrost the woods to Lancaster. We got in yesterday. I have endeavoured faithfully to attend your Honours already received, and if your Honour have any further advise for me I desire your Honour would let me know it. I have not as yet completed my Journall but I hope to finish it in a short time that it may be laid before your Honour.

I am your Honours most obedient humble servant

JOHN WHITE.

#### GOV. DUMMER'S REPLY TO CAPT. WHITE

Sir, I have the Account of ye March & Return by your Letter of the 9 Instant & approve of your proceedings, tho' I am heartily grieved for the Death of the poor Man, & wonder that so many unhappy Accidents of this Kind have not sufficient to warn our People of the Effects of such Indiscretion. The Season being now advanced for the Appearance of the Enemy, and it being more likely to meet with them now than before, I desire you would go out with the Same Number of Men & upon the same Establishment which will be allow you; I should be glad (if) you immediately proceed, & make up a Muster Roll for your two Marches upon your Return. For m Time will otherwise be lost at this critical Juncture. However if you must first come to Town let there be no Delay; If any of your men are backward to go out again you must enlist others to make up your number. I shall not prescribe any Rout to you, you being best able to judge where the Enemy may be mett with: Carry out as much Provision as you can, That you maynt be obliged to return very soon: Be very silent & watchful on your March & Ambushments. I heartily wish you success, and am your Serv.

WM. DUMMER.

Boston 11 May 1725

Capt White

Capt Welds

(Mass. Archives, Vol. 72, p. 233.)



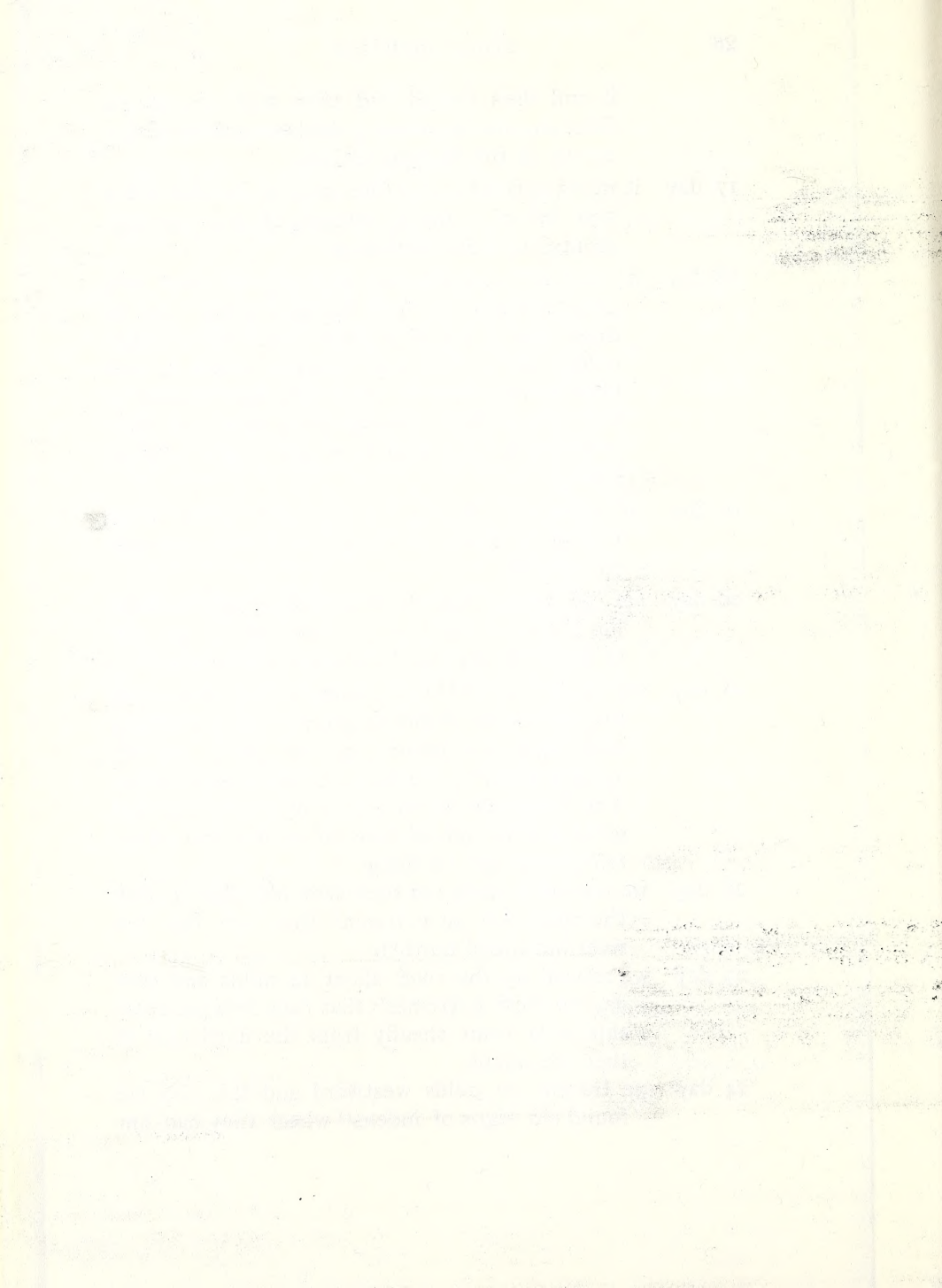
## CAPTAIN WHITE'S JOURNAL, MAY, 1725

- A true jurnall of my travels began the  
5th of April 1725 We traveld to Groten<sup>1</sup> 12 milds and  
there stayed by reson of foul wether  
6 day We traveld to dunstabel<sup>2</sup> 12 milds and thear Lay  
the night  
7 day we Lay stil by reason of foull wether  
8 day we mustared and went over the river to the house  
of John Talars about 3 milds  
9 day we marched up the river about 8 milds and then  
campt one of our men being taken verrey sick for  
he could travel no farther His name was  
Thomas Simson and doctor Joseph Whetcomb  
that night set his fut into a ketel of biling broth  
so that he could travel no ferther  
10 day was foul wether & we sent 2 men into dunstabel<sup>3</sup>  
with the sik and lam men and they returned  
that night to us again  
11 day we traveled about 13 milds & then Campt, about  
3 milds above Amuskeag falls.<sup>4</sup>  
12 day we traveled 11 milds and then Campt at the mouth  
of Penekook river<sup>5</sup>  
13 day we traveled 7 milds and then Campt at the irish  
fort in Penekook Entrevals,<sup>6</sup> that day it rayend  
very hard all day  
14 day we traveld 10 milds and them crost Meremock  
River above the mouth of Contockock river and  
then Campt  
15 day we traveld 8 milds north west from Contockock to  
a litel streame that runs into Meremock River  
about 3 milds west ward from Meremock and  
then Campt and sent out skouts.  
16 day we travelled 12 milds and Cam to a pond which  
was very long and we turned to the East sid of





- it and then Campt and then sent out skouts  
That day we lay about 3 milds westward of the  
mouth of the Winepisseocket
- 17 day it raynd very hard the fore part of the day and a  
litel before night it cleard up and we sent  
skouts but found northeng.
- 18 day we travelled 14 milds and that day we crost two  
great streams that runs into meremack<sup>7</sup> one of  
them comes out of a great pond<sup>8</sup> which some  
indens say it is 3 days journey round it the  
land is very full of great hils and mountains  
and very rockey abundance of sprus and hem-  
lock and fur and sum bech and maple and we  
Campt
- 19 day we traveld 11 milds and then campt at the loular  
End of pemichewaset<sup>9</sup> Lour Entervals and sent  
out skouts.
- 20 day we lay stil by reson of foull wether and towards  
nit it Cleard up and we sent out skouts and  
found whear Cornel Tyng crost meremock.<sup>10</sup>
- 21 day we traveld 12 milds up pemichewashet River and  
found old sines of indens and we sent out skouts  
that night and found one new track and we  
lay that night by the river and made new camps.  
The Land that lys by this river is vere rich and  
good and the upland vere full of hils and moun-  
tains, very bad traveling
- 22 day we traveld 2 milds and then sent out skouts over  
the river and up a stream<sup>11</sup> that runs into the  
river but found northen
- 23 day we traveld up the river about 14 milds and that  
day we crost 3 stremes<sup>12</sup> that runs into the river  
this river coms sheafly from the northwest &  
then we campt.
- 24 day we traveld 10 milds westward and that day we  
found old signs of indens<sup>13</sup> whear they had bin

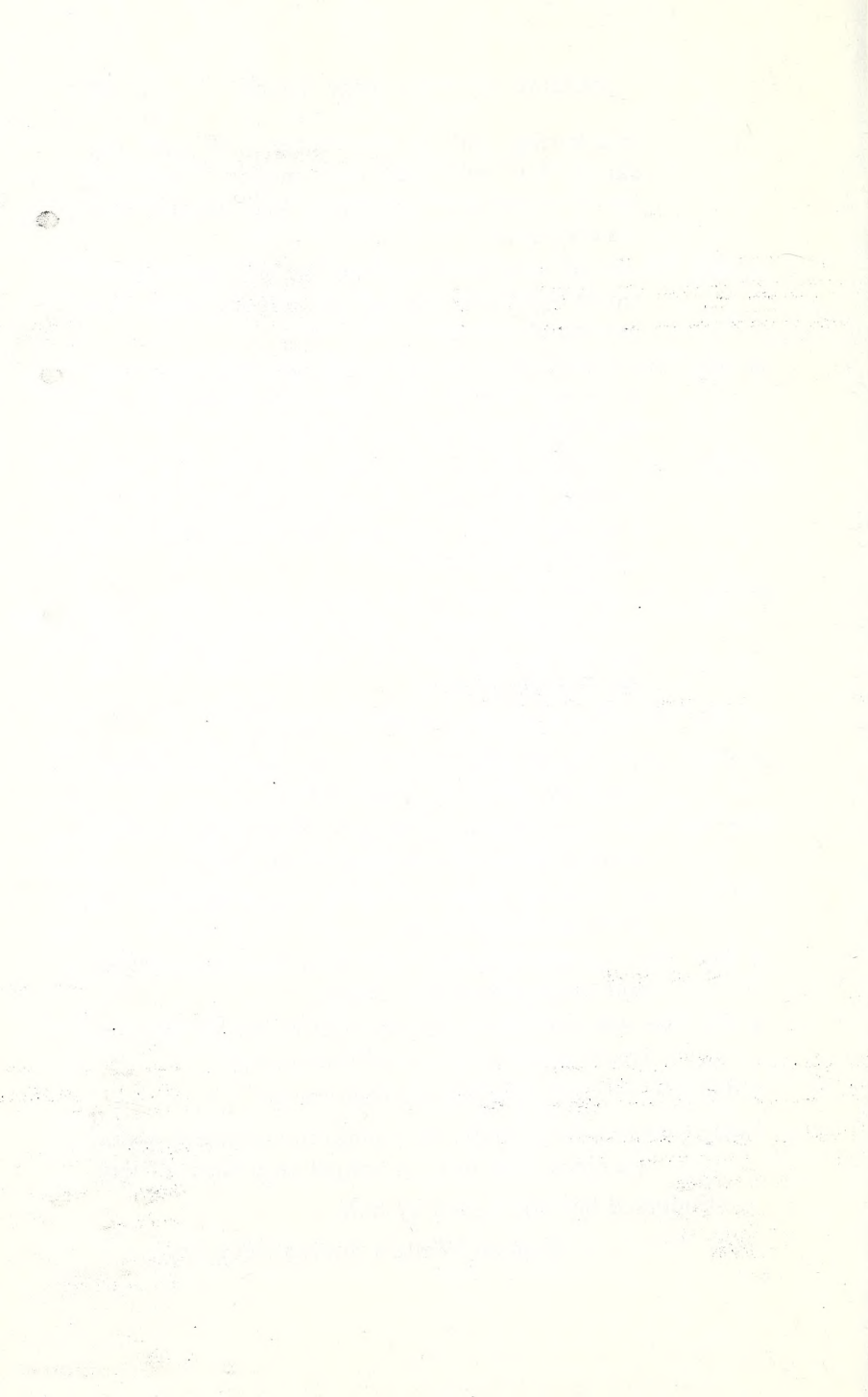


this spring and in the winter, and sent out skouts but could find now Indians. This day Samil moosman<sup>14</sup> accidentally killed himself with his own gun.

- 25 day it rained very hard and we lay still that day till almost night it cleared up and we sent out skouts but found none.
- 26 day we traveled 18 miles and came upon the Connecticut river and one of our men was taken very sick that night we camped by the river.
- 27 day we traveled down the river and found a bark canoe which was of great service to our sick man and to us; that day we traveled about 18 miles and then camped.
- 28 day we traveled 19 miles and then camped. This river runs chiefly upon a south westerly point this day we crossed several little streams that run into the Connecticut river.
- 29 day we traveled 20 miles and then camped.
- 30 day we traveled 17 miles and crossed one little river<sup>15</sup> below the great falls<sup>16</sup> and then camped.
- May the first we traveled 24 miles and then came to a fort above Northfield and there lay all night.
- 2 day we traveled 10 miles and came to Northfield and there stayed that night.
- 3 day we lay still it looked very likely for foul weather and we lay there that night.
- 4 day we set out for Lancaster across the woods and traveled about 12 miles and then camped.
- 5 day we traveled 15 miles and then camped.
- 6 day we traveled 14 miles and came to Lancaster about 4 o'clock this day it rained very hard all day.

(Endorsed but not signed by him)

Captain White's Journal May 1725.



Upon his last scout the following incident occurred and the following communication was sent to the governor, which is recorded in the Early Records of Lancaster Mass.:

Dunstable July the 10: 1725.

May it Please your Honr:

Old Christian<sup>1</sup> Being this morning Being Taken with a violent Bleeding Caused our Companyes to stop and within a few hours he died & the other mohaucks are not willing to Leave him before he is Buried & our desire is to march over Merrimack River and There to Take a True List of our Mens Names, & shall march as Quick as Possible.

Who Remain Still your Honours at Command

JOHN WHITE  
SETH WYMAN

(Mass. Archives, Vol. 52, p. 222.)

Captain White made another scout early in the fall but kept no journal.

#### NOTES.

- 1 From Lancaster, Mass.
- 2 Now Tyngsboro.
- 3 Nashua.
- 4 Nearly all of the Scout Journals speak of camping in this vicinity and of clear, cool springs of water, which were doubtless the attraction.
- 5 Suncook River.
- 6 The site of the future city of Concord. The word Penacook, says J. B. Walker in his "Genesis of a New England Plantation," has been variously spelled at different times and by different parties. In the Proprietary Records, Penny Cook; elsewhere as *Pennycook*, Pennicook, Penicook, Penecook, Pennecook, and in various other ways. It should be remembered that Penney Cook, now Concord, N. H., has borne, at different times, three different names. From 1725, when it was first chartered by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay it was called the *Plantation of Penny Cook*. It bore that name until 1733, when, by the same body, it was incorporated as the *Town of Rumsford*. Thence, on to 1742, it was known as the *Town*, and from this time to 1749 as the *District of Rumsford*. From July 12, 1749, when the District Act expired, on to 1765, a period of nearly sixteen years, it had no organized existence whatever, the Provincial Assembly refusing to accord it any. On the 25th of May, 1765, it was incorporated anew by the New Hampshire Assembly as the





*Parish of Concord*, in the town of Bow. It continued to be a parish until January 2, 1784, when by an act of state legislature it was "Invested with all the powers and enfranchised with all the rights, privileges and immunities which any town in the state holds and enjoys, to hold to said inhabitants and their successors forever."

7 Smith and Newfound Rivers.

8 Newfound Pond.

9 Name of the country, not of the river. This was the second time this name appeared in early accounts.

10 Now called the Pemigiwasset River. Colonel Tyng had gone that way on a scout a few days before, April 16.

11 Since named Stinson Brook.

12 Hall, South Branch and Pond Brooks.

13 William Little, the historian of Warren, thinks it must have been near the Wentworth line, but in the former town.

14 In Warren, says Little.

15 Cold River.

16 Bellows Falls!

17 Christian was a Mohawk who acted as one of three Indian guides for Harmon and Moulton in their expedition against the French Mission at Norridgewock, which resulted in the complete rout of the Canibas tribe and the death of Father Rasle. Christian was the one to fire the build-ings against the orders of the whites.

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## The Whip-poor-will

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

The dying sun god's arrows shoot athwart the skies,  
While in the peaceful vale his lingering legion lies  
Upon the shield of night;  
And forth the stalwart sentinels of twilight steal  
Across the raven-haunted pool of Irisfiel,  
Whence fled the soul of Light.

Now silent rest the toiling masssss; every note  
Is hushed of songsters, save the plaint of one sweet throat—  
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!  
Which solemn strain awakes the even's mystic spell,  
While bearing to our sadden'd hearts the day's farewell—  
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!



# Historic Deeds of Many Lands

## IV

### The Flag of Fort George

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR

**D**URING the long, sanguinary struggle for American Independence, a dark-walled, wooden building, frowning with its serried battlements, stood at the foot of what has since become New York's far-famed Broadway. This forbidding structure had been named Fort George by the British commander, in honor of his king, and from a tall staff surmounting it flaunted, all through the war, the flag of old England.

This same flag, which the patriots of America had fought so long to trample under foot, still flapped its grimy folds defiantly in the breeze of this land of freedom, even after the humbled Cornwallis had yielded his sword to Washington on the field of Yorktown. The reason for this aggravating act was the fact that the British still held possession of New York.

King George had been fairly whipped, and the day was eagerly looked forward to when the last of his red-coated hosts should turn their backs on the shores of the new republic. Perhaps these self-same followers of the misguided king were equally glad to do this, for they had not found themselves engaged in the child's play they had anticipated at the outset, and Sir Guy Carleton, in command of that division of the English forces, set an early day for the evacuation of New York.

This important event fell upon November 25, and no sooner had the British prepared to embark on their homeward voyage than the streets were thronged with the overjoyed victors. The eyes of old men kindled with the fires



of bygone years as they saw their hated foes beating a retreat, and boys shouted themselves hoarse in the overflowing of their new-found happiness. In the midst of this unbounded rejoicing, however, a silence suddenly fell upon the jostling throng, and jeers and cries of derision followed the merry applause of a moment before. The cause of this sudden change was quickly apparent to those who looked above their heads. The flag of their conquered enemies still waved over the city.

As the last act of indignity he could thrust upon the despised colonists, the British commander had caused the flag of England to be nailed to the staff of Fort George. To make sure that it could not be removed by some daring patriot, he had given orders that every cleat should be torn from its place and that the pole should be greased from foot to top. In this manner he fondly believed that the last object to fade from his sight as he sailed away would be the ensign of his defeated king mocking the triumph of his conquerors.

While he was gloating over his ignoble act and fancying the wrath of those whom he had thus insulted, the patriotic spectators were trying to devise some way to tear the hated emblem down. Of course a few blows of an axe would have sent the staff, with its insignia of oppression, reeling to the earth. But it was more desirous that the flag should be supplanted by their own, waving proudly over the departure of the foe.

There were brave hearts present—hearts that had been tried on many a sanguinary battlefield—and there were cunning brains that had outwitted the crafty enemy many times, but not one was found to suggest a way to lower the banner nailed aloft so securely, until a voice with boyish sharpness in it, exclaimed:

“If they’d let me climb that pole, I’d pull the old thing down in a jiffy.”

The words were intended for a young companion, but among those who overheard them was an American officer,





who turned sharply upon the youthful speaker. He saw a clean, bright-looking boy of about fourteen, with a well-knit frame and strong limbs.

"Do you believe you can climb that flagstaff and tear away that flag, young man?" asked the officer.

"I do, sir," replied the undaunted boy. "At least I am willing to try."

"If you should be able to do it, it would be the proudest act of your life. Will you go with Sergeant Robinson here, and tell General Knox what you have just said?"

The sergeant mentioned quickly stepped forward at the command of his superior, and the young patriot accompanied him to the headquarters of General Knox who, in his perplexity over the trying situation, failed to look up until the sergeant, saluting, said:

"If you please, General, here is a boy who thinks he can climb that pole and pull down the English flag."

In a moment the general's kindly face lighted and, as he surveyed the youthful figure before him, he asked:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Johnny Van Arsdale, sir."

"An agile-looking boy, by my faith! So you think you can climb that staff, Johnny?"

"I would like to try, sir. I can but fail."

"You have the right stuff in you, and I believe you are capable of doing it. Let him have a trial, Sergeant."

Then without further delay the proud Johnny was marched away to the scene at the parade ground of Fort George, and asked if there was any thing he wanted to assist him in carrying out his design.

"Some sand, if you please, sir; also the cleats, and a hammer and some nails."

These being quickly forthcoming, Johnny Van Arsdale began his difficult and perilous feat, watched by the anxious, admiring crowd that cheered him at every foot of advance he made. Sprinkling the sand over the slippery staff, and nailing the cleats, one after another, to their old places, he



slowly ascended foot by foot, higher and higher, each step announced by the shouts of the spectators. Being careful not to look down upon the sea of upturned faces, lest he should become dizzy and lose his precarious hold, the daring climber crept steadily upward until he presented but a black speck to those below. Now every one began to tremble, knowing that a single false movement must prove fatal to him. Then one and all held their breaths, as they saw that he had at last reached the flag.

"See, he is making it shake!" cried one, "but he is not strong enough to tear it off."

Again silence fell upon the scene, and eyes grew dim with watching as they beheld the heroic boy tearing the hated emblem from its fastenings and wrapping it around his body. Then the silence was broken by a loud cheer as they saw him beginning to descend, the flag, now but a tattered ensign, flapping about his head.

The cheering grew louder and louder as Johnny descended until, as he touched the ground, he found himself, surrounded by the wildly shouting and overjoyed people.

"Tell the general I have kept my word," said the boy patriot, as he handed over the English flag to an officer.

The excited men were not content to leave him alone in his glory. They lifted him upon their shoulders, and in that way he was borne into the presence of General Knox, who publicly thanked him for his gallant act. An order was issued to have the Stars and Stripes of the newly fledged republic immediately unfurled above Fort George, that the departing British might know that the banner raised by their hands had gone down with them.

"I am sure that no truer patriot than Johnny Van Arsdale gazed upon the glad spectacle of the new flag rising proudly on the breeze that was wafting its enemy away from the realm. His countenance bubbled over with joy, and he clapped his hands that were still bleeding from the wounds made in tearing the other ensign down, as he cried:

"How much prettier; long may it wave!"

As long as there are boy patriots like Johnny Van Arsdale, so long will it wave o'er "The land of the free and the home of the brave."





# The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have  
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

## CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

At last it was announced that the selectmen had appointed a hearing, when it was expected the town claimants would present formally their case. The date selected was Wednesday following the husking bee at Captain Eb's. This would be an occasion when Free Newbegin must act openly if at all. Sheriff Jenness, as anxious as he to win, immediately called upon him to urge the necessity of having some great legal light to plead his cause.

"There are Ketchum & Holdfast," he declared. "Everybody about here knows 'em, and everybody knows there ain't their equal for downright bluster and beat in the country. Git 'em! They'll charge like blue blazes, like enough—want a good retainer down—but it'll pay to git 'em. The town always has Baxter Wilcox. He's like a streak o' lightnin', an' you hev got to have somebody sry and slippery to git out'n his reach. For climbin' you want Ketchum, and for bulldog grit you want Holdfast."

"Never fear but I'll have a man who can handle any one they can get," replied Newbegin. "I have one in mind now. I am not in this to throw away a good chance, for Wednesday's hearing is my day of victory."

"That's the talk," replied Jenness, highly elated, and he went home feeling that this town claimant was "nobody's fool," to use his favorite expression.





That was Saturday evening, and merely saying to his associate that he should look after a lawyer the first of the week, Free Newbegin said nothing further in regard to the matter rapidly coming to a crisis.

Monday morning Free Newbegin bade good-bye to his friend, and went away without saying whither he was going or when he should return. Leonard Quiver refrained from asking these questions, as he understood the uncertainty of the other's errand only too well.

The interval until Wednesday morning passed somewhat tediously to the claimant remaining behind inactive. He could not help having his misgivings as to the outcome. On Tuesday he went to the village. While he did not own this fully to himself, he went in the hope of seeing Miss Newbegin. In this respect he was fortunate, for he met her on the way to her school. She greeted him with a smile, and stopped to exchange a few remarks. Without doubt that was the happiest three minutes Leonard Quiver had ever known in his checkered life, and he felt more than paid for his pains in coming.

On Wednesday morning, the eventful day, Deacon Goodwill ordered the harness to be put on old Bet, and half an hour later he drove down the hill toward the village. He had inquired several times as to where Justin Bidwell had gone, but beyond that had said very little. The hearing was appointed to, open at ten o'clock, and Leonard Quiver was in a fever of anxiety waiting and watching for his companion. Not until nearly half past nine did he give up hope of seeing his friend here before he started for the village, hoping and expecting to find him there. This did not prevent him from keeping a constant lookout as he followed the road which had grown so familiar to him. But he saw no signs of him, and all too soon for his state of mind he reached the yard in front of the store and hall.

A large crowd had gathered here, generally drawn into small groups, all discussing that topic which must have been uppermost in the mind of every one. Life Story, the



sage of Sunset, as usual had collected about him a circle of rapt listeners, who were attentive to his description of a drawing he had spread out on the head of a flour barrel. Just apart from this little knot of people sat upon a nail keg the man with a jackknife, whittling away at a pine stick, the only unconcerned person present, chuckling ever and anon as some shaving of uncommon length rolled away from his blade, or it might be as he sent one with unerring precision toward an object he had selected as his target. Nobody noticed him, and he certainly appeared to notice no one. A short distance from the main body of spectators, big, fat, jolly Bige Little cracked his jokes, told his funny stories, and sold an occasional handkerchief or some Yankee notion. Farther removed than he stood the blind bard, his voice as he sang some sweet song and the notes of his violin falling softly, tenderly on the hubbub of voices. Nowhere could Leonard Quiver see Freeman Newbegin, though he realized the hour set for the meeting had come. What if he should fail to appear?

Filled with a fear he could not escape, he started to go to the hall on the second floor. The spectators fell back to allow him to pass with ill-concealed grace, but he kept steadily ahead, looking to neither the right nor left. He found the hall already packed, but he looked again in vain for his friend. He held his breath with suppressed excitement as he listened to a remark of Deacon Goodwill to his associates:

"Et doesn't look reasonable to me et he'll come. He went from my house on Monday, an' ef ever I felt like shoutin' fer glory et was then. I've been told he left town. I move we 'journ, 's th' hour 's 'rived, an' he's lost his case through default of app'intment."

Squire Newbegin was seated at the head of the table, while Captain Reed was sitting close by him. As Deacon Goodwill finished speaking, Sheriff Jenness drew his tall, angular figure up exclaiming:

"Never heard of sich a thing. Adjourn a court with-





out a hearing! Of course—" his eye running over the assembly he suddenly discovered Leonard Quiver at the further end of the hall, when he added in a triumphant tone:

"There's one on 'em, an' I'll bet my boots t'other ain't fur off. Come here young man."

As much as he disliked to do so, Leonard was about to obey, when a commotion on the part of some of the spectators saved him the ordeal. Above the confused sounds was now heard the rumbling of heavy wheels rolling down the road, and a general rush was made for the windows regardless of any attempt at order. Standing near a window at the time, he had a good view of the sight outside, which was sending such a thrill of wonder through the inhabitants of Sunset, who were staring with wide-open eyes.

The object which had set the gaze of the spectators staring, and loosened the tongues of gossip so they would not become silent for many days, was the handsomest equipage that was ever seen in Sunset. It consisted of a beautiful coach, glistening and sparkling in its new coat of varnish, drawn by a pair of coal-black horses, whose glossy coats vied with the glitter of the carriage and the gold-mountings on the harnesses. The high-spirited pair of horses were deftly handled by a colored coachman in livery in keeping with the rest, and who sat proudly erect on his high seat, holding the reins firmly in one hand while he flourished a long whip with the other. He gave this whip a dextrous quirl as he headed the flying steeds into the yard and caused to break forth a terrific report from the lash, which so frightened the nearest spectators that they beat a head long retreat, some falling over others in their efforts to get out of the way. Circling around the yard with unabated speed, the magnificent turnout was brought to a sudden standstill directly in front of the building.

Directly the door of the coach was opened by a gloved hand, and then Freeman Newbegin, or Justin Bidwell as





the bystanders knew him, stepped leisurely forth, dressed in his best suit, guiltless of dirt or wrinkle. He bowed politely to the encircling onlookers, and then turned to assist another man to alight. At sight of this second personage, jaws that had seemed transfixed abruptly moved, and an involuntary exclamation of surprise broke the intense silence of the scene. Even the man with the jackknife suspended his work for once and stared earnestly with the others.

This new-comer, for he was a stranger to all, presented a most distinguished appearance, having a commanding figure, not less six feet and four or five inches in height, perfect in its physical outline, and clothed in a suit as fine and faultless as that of the town claimant. He stepped slowly down from the coach with utmost dignity, and stopped to draw a handkerchief and flick a tiny speck of sand from his coat sleeve. His large head, surmounted by a tall, silk hat, was rendered more striking by his heavy black hair, worn long, so as to fall about his shoulders in waving masses, while his impressive countenance was given a somewhat fierce expression by the coal-black mustache that drooped over a mouth of marked firmness. Black eyes flashed out from under long, overhanging lashes in a manner which caused the spectators to fall back so as not to be in the way of this august visitor. Certainly never such an imposing person had honored Sunset with his presence, not even when General Andrew Jackson, the president of the country, had paid it a brief call. In the midst of the hushed stillness a squeaky voice was heard to exclaim in the outskirts of the crowd:

"Jewhillikums! if he's got that man to shout for him th' taown's whupped in spite o' thunder an' lightnin'!"

Without deigning to look to the right or left the pompous arrival followed his escort into the narrow hallway, which he completely filled with his stalwart figure. He climbed the stairs with slow, measured step, each movement told by a groan from the boards under his feet. Out-



side the coachman maintained a stiff posture while he patiently watched over his restive horses.

"He's comin' up!" whispered one of the spectators at the second-story windows, which was the signal for a general stampede for seats, so by the time the claimant and his huge companion had reached the hall everybody was seated. Justice Newbegin and his colleagues looked askance upon the scene, while Lawyer Wilcox, their counsel, leaned over and whispered something to the chairman of the selectmen. This was the only movement noticed until Justin Bidwell had escorted his gigantic companion into the presence of the expectant officers and, politely addressing the court, said in a low but distinct tone:

"The Hon. Schuyler Frelinhyson, who is our counsel in this case."

Every one about the table made low obeisance, which the new-comer acknowledged with a slight inclination of his ponderous head and a deep "ahem," which sounded like the note of a bass drum, and caused a nervous person sitting near to spring to his feet with an involuntary "oh!" upon his lips. The strange lawyer was then escorted to a seat, when silence reigned for what seemed a long time to the spectators. Finally the town claimant leaned over and whispered something to the sheriff, who nodded, and then the first made some remark to his associate, after which the big lawyer rose slowly to his feet, while the onlookers held their breaths in anticipation of what was to come. Clearing his throat with a long-drawn "ahem," Mr. Frelinhyson said in a slow, measured tone, which had a depth and volume in keeping with his massive form:

"Your honor, we are ready to open the case."

The audience trembled at the sound of his voice, and it was a positive relief when he sat down without making the expected speech. Even Squire Newbegin was seen to move uneasily, while he eyed the new-comer with a steady gaze. But the latter did not appear to notice that he was the target of every eye in the house. Many of those who





had been outside the building when he came had followed into the hall, so it was completely filled with people. But personal comfort was a matter given slight attention on such an occasion.

Squire Newbegin next arose to announce that the court was ready to hear the claim of the strangers, when the spectators held their breaths at the thought of hearing Mr. Frelinhyson's speech. Every thought and every eye was turned upon this stalwart stranger, no one, as far as Freeland Newbegin could see, realizing the actual condition of the battle.

"No one recognizes me," he thought. "The squire plays his hand well but, by heavens, I will humble him before this day is done. I wonder—"

The reflections of the claimant were abruptly checked by the entrance of the new-comer, who was none other than Mary Temple. Refusing a seat, she stood by the open window with an anxious, expectant look upon her countenance. With Squire Newbegin, she seemed to realize that he was an actor more potent than even the stalwart stranger, who had captured the interest of the crowd. Intuitively her gaze wandered toward him until it met his. Chagrined that he should have thus allowed himself to let this happen, he read in that swift glance the truth he would have fain concealed from her. A sudden pallor overspread her features, and though others were too deeply absorbed with different thoughts to notice her, he saw her fall back against the wall, and for a moment he feared she would sink to the floor.

She quickly rallied and gained control over her actions. As if not daring to trust herself to look upon him, she turned her gaze in other directions, though every now and then it would come back to him.

"I would give a hundred dollars if she had not come here," he thought. "She unnerves me more than the squire. But the die is cast and I must win whoever suffers."



While this little incident passed in half the time it has taken to describe it, another of quite as tender interest was occupying the thoughts of two others. These were Leonard Quiver and Natalie Newbegin, who was seated among the spectators, a close observer of the scene. More than once the gaze of this couple met in that swift exchange of thought that comes from the telegraphy of the mind.

If the spectators expected that the big lawyer was to open the case of the claimant they were disappointed, for the man himself lost no time in addressing the court. It was already known that he was an excellent talker, but he soon surprised his listeners. Without any preliminary details he entered into the claim he represented, stating in few yet touching words the perplexing situation into which the town had been drawn by an unfortunate combination of circumstances.

"Bankruptcy stared it in the face," he said. "There was no hope for its citizens, for its honor, for even its life. Money was hard to get upon such conditions as it presented, when a man—its savior indeed—stepped forward and advanced every dollar it asked for, taking in return a little slip of paper. Forty thousand dollars was a big sum, your honor; too big, as it proved, for the poor old town to pay. And to-day I present that claim and demand as an act of simple justice that it be paid without adding further burdens upon the good people.

"Pray who are you, who comes forward with this chimerical claim, long since settled?"

This was the opportunity the younger man had hoped for and, fixing his clear eyes upon the other he demanded in no uncertain terms:

"Squire Newbegin, do you want me to tell? Shall I show to this crowd the truth, the proof of which I carry in my pocket?

For once the older man hesitated, and the other knew he had gained his first point.



"You are not Sylvanus Bidwell, who was the original holder of this note."

"I have not risen from the grave to present the shadow of a claim, sir. But here are legal papers showing that I am the possessor of this claim beyond the shadow of a doubt," and he held in hand the paper in question.

"Let me examine it," requested the squire, saying when he had given the document a critical scrutiny. "Without the note it is valueless."

"With it it is worth one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars," retorted the claimant defiantly, at the same time displaying in his right hand the long-lost note, yellowed with age and rustling like the dried paper it was as he turned it over.

Naturally the interest of the observers had now left the stalwart lawyer, who had maintained a close scrutiny over the proceedings, nodding his big head occasionally as his client scored a good point, or clearing his throat with that deep resonant utterance which invariably brought the nervous man upon his feet with a sharp "Oh!" while others sank lower, if that were possible, into their seats, feeling a sort of sublime influence thrown over them. The production of the note seemed to be the signal for the town's lawyer to begin his cross-questioning, when Squire Newbegin showed that he felt relieved. Every one knew that the battle between the great legal lights was now fairly on, and they could not help contrasting the rival twain, the one so small and weazened, the other so mighty and awe-inspiring. What a learned man the giant must be. Clearly the town could not hope to cope successfully with him. The intensity of the feeling thrown over the spectators was illustrated by the growing uneasiness of a child in its mother's arms.

"Hush, my darling! What has frightened you so?"

"I don't know, mamma," faltered the little one, glancing timidly toward the great lawyer, "but I fink he mus' be Dod!"





At this juncture Lawyer Wilcox was seen to bring from under the table a ponderous volume, loose in its hog-skin binding and showing a large amount of thumbing and handling, as well as the earmarks of many years of existence. Opening this ancient book, nothing less than the records of the town for a long period, where he had placed a foot rule for a bookmark, the lawyer fixed his small, quizzical eyes upon the town claimant, saying in his thin yet penetrating voice:

"I suppose you are aware, young man, that the mere fact of your having that note is not *prima facie* evidence that this indebtedness is not paid."

"I am aware, your honor, that possession is nine points in law," was the quick retort, followed by an approving nod from his lawyer and an "Ahem!" that sent a thrill akin to terror over the crowd. "You cannot produce a word to show that it was ever paid."

"Shall I read the records bearing upon the matter, sir?"

"All that the patience of his honor is willing to endure."

Then the lawyer read in his thin, nasal voice the vote of the town to raise by direct taxation the money to meet its obligation, a ring of triumph in his tone as he finally closed the volume with a slam which brought from the book a cloud of dust that choked him so he had a violent fit of coughing.

"Having found so much will you kindly read us when and how this note was paid."

"The treasurer's account would show that, sir."

"Very true it would, if paid. Does it show the fact?"

"I haven't his report here."

"Wouldn't you have had it here if there had been a hint to show that this note had been paid?"

"John Temple died suddenly and his report was never fully made up."

Don't you think Mr. Temple was a man of such busi-



ness capacity as to have caused him to report this fact if it were so?"

"Squire Newbegin collected the money, and he knows it was paid over by him to John Temple."

"Very well. Suppose we get at the beginning by letting Mr. Newbegin produce the evidence that he ever paid this money over to John Temple."

"Squire Newbegin is not on trial," protested Lawyer Wilcox, rallying to the rescue of his cause.

"My son paid that money to John Temple," replied the squire boldly, though his gaze was fixed upon the distant wall of the stuffy court room.

"So you sent the money by your son?" demanded the claimant. "Did he bring you back any receipt to show that he had paid this money over the town treasurer?"

"I object," interrupted Mr. Wilcox.

"If I am to be placed under this fire of questions," retorted the squire, "I wish you would take my place, Captain Reed."

Not without considerable trepidation did the chairman of the board of selectmen take the responsible position of judge, and before he recovered his self-possession Squire Newbegin answered the question propounded him by the claimant:

"My son never came back, sir, and soon after he died."

"Have you proof of this?"

The claimant realized that he was on dangerous ground, but he seemed resolved to press the other to the wall. Mr. Wilcox again came to the rescue of his client.

"The question is out of order. We are not trying Squire Newbegin's son."

"I callate thet's so," declared the chairman.

"If it please your honor" said the squire in his deliberate voice, which reached to the farthest part of the room. "I would like to ask this audacious stranger one question."

So intense was the silence which had now fallen on the scene that the light pit-a-pat of a cat coming cantering





up the stairs was plainly heard in every section of the building. The squire had barely made his demand, when the big lawyer moved his right foot and cleared his throat with one of his sonorous "ahems," which not only brought the nervous man into the air with a piercing "Oh!" but so terrified the bewhiskered Thomas Feline that he retreated down the stairs with flying feet and was seen no more. Then Mr. Frelinhyson made his longest speech:

"Your honor, I object!"

Captain Eb more than any one else felt the unfavorable influence of the unknown lawyer, and he considered that it would be the wiser part for the town to effect some sort of a compromise before this giant attorney should be given the opportunity to pour the vials of his legal lore upon the spectators. Thus, as Mr. Frelinhyson settled back into the trembling chair which groaned under his weight, the chairman of the selectmen said to their attorney, in a tone intended to be a whisper but audible to those around:

"Tiy an' settle with 'em, Squire Wilcox. It'll be better to save a leetle to th' town 'n to lose all. Half a loaf is better 'n none."

At this speech, which the big lawyer must have heard, he frowned upon the chairman of the selectmen, which so startled the latter that he gave a short gasp, and in turning around upon the edge of the chair on which he was sitting he lost his balance and fell to the floor. The real cause of this mishap not being understood by the spectators, an alarm was quickly given and the report that Captain Eb had fallen in a fit rapidly spread.

In a moment a general rush to the spot was started, which was instantly checked by a wave from the hand of the big lawyer. Squire Newbegin announced that Captain Reed was not injured, while the chairman rose to his feet, looking around in a sheepish manner, as if he had done something he was ashamed of. The truth was, while his fall had not harmed him, he was in no spirit to carry on this legal warfare.



Leonard Quiver, who was sitting near the claimant without having an opportunity to speak to him, saw his lips part with a smile of derision, and more than ever he felt that the whole affair was a bewildering farce. Knowing his friend as he did he felt that there was no outcome too strange not to be expected, while this stranger he had brought in was a mystery. The latter was again clearing his throat, which seemed to call for frequent attention, and the commotion among the spectators was instantly succeeded by a calmness born of fear rather than of peace.

Squire Newbegin improved this opportunity to say to the court:

"Your honor, I have a question to ask."

"I callate it's in order, Squire," declared the chairman in a husky voice. In a moment the big lawyer was on his feet and, striking the table with one of his ponderous fists a blow that sent the numerous articles upon it flying in every direction, he thundered;

"Your honor, I object!"

Squire Newbegin's face turned white, and the hand he raised to point toward the chairman of the selectmen trembled. Lawyer Wilcox leaped to his feet, crying:

"There can be no objection until the question has been stated. My client has the right to proceed."

"I object!" roared the Honorable Frelinhyson in no unmistakable terms. The silence of the onlookers was now intense, all feeling that a crisis was at hand. It came in a most unexpected way, when Captain Reed exclaimed faintly:

"This court stands adjourned."

*(Began in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)*



# The Editor's Window

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## Garrisons

A garrison or stockade built by the pioneers during the Indian troubles, as seen by our illustration, consisted of four stout walls built of hewn logs, and inclosing an area of several square rods. These walls were raised to a height equal to a common house, and then fitted into grooves of large posts standing in each corner so as to be both tight and strong. Usually boxes were built at the corners where sentinels were stationed at critical times. Sometimes a garrison would be built around a single house, and often as many small houses would be built inside as there were families seeking safety here. During the periods when these garrisons were occupied, the scattered homes of the pioneers were all deserted and their furniture moved to these places of refuge.

During the day the men would leave in companies, each man carrying his gun, and two or more acting all of the time as guards. In case any indications of the Indians were discovered, an alarm gun would be discharged, quickly answered by the report of a firearm at every garrison. Penacook had as many as seven of these garrisons at one time, notably in 1746. Upon the Sabbath the men all marched to the meeting house, with their families beside them, carrying their weapons ready for instant use while a scout both preceded and followed the procession. At the church, which was also built of logs and of the most primitive style, the men stacked their guns around a post in the center, while the good parson prayed and preached with his gun standing beside him.





With the advent of the garrison we find an altered condition among the colonists. They were no longer living with neighborly friendliness with the Indians, but the latter were on the warpath and the whites flocked together to find mutual protection in union.

\* \* \*

### John Acres of Dunstable

Mr. Ezra S. Stearns furnishes us with the following facts:

John Acres, whose name is found in Fox's Dunstable, was a former resident of Boston and vicinity. He is found in Boston records 1664-1669. He was a temporary resident of Muddy River, Brookline, and on the tax list of that town for the year 1674 the name of John Acres is followed by the word "Gone." The name of his wife was Desire the Truth. She was admitted to full communion in Roxbury church. He removed to Dunstable in 1680 and in 1682 he was appointed in town meeting "to pound, youke and Ringe hogs." The record of birth of three children is found in Boston, the baptism of three in Roxbury and the birth of two in Dunstable as follows:

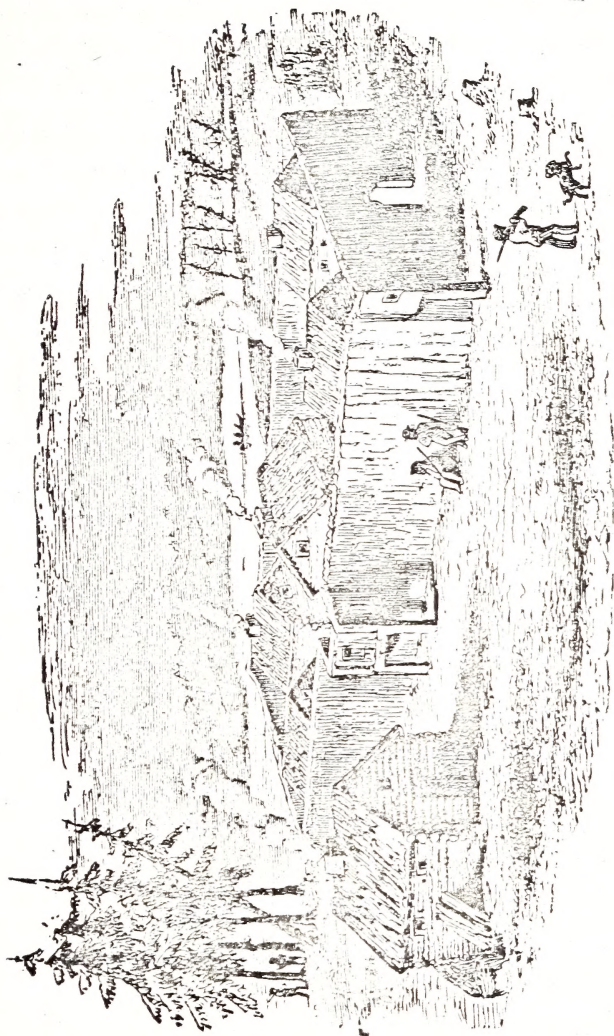
Elizabeth, born in Boston May 18, 1664; Desire the Truth, born in Boston March 9, 1666; Elizabeth, born in Boston November 24, 1668; Deborah, baptized in Roxbury February 26, 1670; John, baptized in Roxbury August 10, 1673; William, baptized in Roxbury May 29, 1679; Mary, born in Dunstable May 26, 1682; Joanna, born in Dunstable January 10, 1685.

\* \* \*

### A Correction

Our contributor, Col. Lucien Thompson, in commenting upon Mr. David Crafts' article in the June GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE upon "General Sullivan and His Nearest Officers," says:





AN OLD GARRISON AT COCHIECO





It is generally agreed that Gen. John Sullivan was born in Somersworth, N. H., February 17, 1740. Somersworth was set off from Dover as a parish December 19, 1729, but not entirely separated and incorporated as a town until April 22, 1754. General Sullivan was president of the state of New Hampshire in 1786, 1787, 1789, but was not at any time president of the senate.

He was chosen representative from Durham March 28, 1785, and was elected speaker of the house. He was chosen a member of the council but declined, probably preferring the office of speaker to this position. He was again elected speaker June 7, 1786, and resigned June 9, having been declared president of the state.

Amory in his "Life of John Sullivan," page 234, states that in 1788 "Sullivan was again chosen speaker of the house, having been returned from Durham. But for reasons not assigned, and which can only be conjectured, he declined that position, considered the second in the state."

\* \* \*

The picture accompanying "The Grave of a Revolutionary Hero" was taken several years ago, and is given to show more clearly than recent ones do the central object of the article. Since then a curbing has been placed around the lot and a monument bearing the names of other members of the family makes more conspicuous the hallowed retreat made famous as the sleeping place of New Hampshire's most noted military hero.

\* \* \*

### Notes and Queries

12. Is there an institution of learning consecrated to the violet?

SEARCHER.

The question of our correspondent can be answered in the affirmative by referring him to the *Academie des Jeux*, or *Jeux Floraux*, founded in Toulouse in the four-



teenth century, and raised to the dignity of an academy by Louis XIV. of France. It still maintains its ancient dignity and each year a golden violet is awarded for the best poem written during the year by one of its students.

The violet has long been a favorite among lovers of flowers, and we find Shakespeare frequently alluding to it. Once he speaks of the green bank where

"The oxlip and the nodding violet grow,"

Again he refers tenderly to

"Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath."

Coming with its delicate perfume when other flowers have little or no scent, these references of the poet are very apt. The pansy or heartsease is really a variety of the violet, and though possessing greater beauty is lacking in this other attraction. Ophelia completed her nosegay with this flower, saying, "There are pansies; that's for thoughts."

\* \* \*

### Literary Leaves

**A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE.** By Elroy McKendree Avery. In fifteen volumes. Vol. III. Embossed cloth, gilt top, 446 pages. Price, \$6.25 net. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland.

Volume III of this great work fully maintains the dignity and value of the preceding issues. Viewed in whatever light this undertaking may be, from the wide and painstaking research made, the careful sifting and selection of its material, the never-failing fairness with which each subject is treated, the accuracy of its deductions, the clearness of its expression, the beauty of its illustrations, and the mechanical and artistic skill of the printer, it becomes a monumental work, a fitting and fulsome reward for the many years of patient toil by its gifted author. It seems a source of regret that so many inferior histories in many cases will, for one reason and another, be taken in place of this, which will become a standard history of our country.

As was pointed out when the first volume came from the press, the system under which it was evolved has not been excelled in the prepara-



tion of any history in America. While the bulk of the work naturally falls upon Mr. Avery and to him the greatest glory is due, he has had the advice and assistance of the foremost specialists of the land. To a good score of them, eminent in every domain of historical research and knowledge, each page of the manuscript has been submitted in every stage of its preparation. Original research of a quality and extent almost unknown in preceding works has been supplemented by the most searching investigation of the most familiar facts of history. The things that have passed unquestioned from one historian to another in the past have been run to earth; not by one specialist but by three or four. And when one man had passed upon a manuscript his investigations were, in turn, reviewed by his colleagues.

All these things which were so much in evidence in the first volume are just as much to the fore in the present one. Naturally they devoured days and months, but the reader will not consider the time ill spent, as it has so greatly added to the value of his purchase.

More than this, the system of investigation brought to the notice of the publishers such a mass of valuable material which they felt must be used that they have increased the number of volumes from the twelve originally announced to fifteen. By the addition of all these extra pages every important event can be treated with the amplitude it deserves.

It has been aptly said that the author's text bears the mark of conscientious study, and is set forth in a style of rare literary excellence. The book is readable. No one will wish to lay it down in the midst of a chapter, which is a test of merit in a book of history. Not a dull page has page has been found in the volume—scarce a page that did not awaken interest.

**ORDERLY BOOK** kept by Jeremiah Fogg, Adjutant Second New Hampshire Regiment, Siege of Boston, 1775-76, Copied with Notes by Capt. Albert Folsom, has been received from the office of the *Exeter News-Letter*.

Among the numerous historical and genealogical articles which this old and valuable publication from time to time has preserved in its columns, this must take high rank. Too little has been left us of the records of that trying period, and Captain Folsom deserves the thanks of all history seekers for his painstaking work. It is an octavo volume of 85 pages.

**AN INDUSTRIAL ACHIEVEMENT**, sent out by the Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn., and descriptive of the wonderful growth and development of their factories, is in itself an achievement which reflects great credit upon the arts of printer and illustrator, as well as an exploitation of Pope products.

**MISTER BILL. A Man.** By Albert E. Lyons, Cloth, 12mo., gilt top, 319 pages, illustrated. Price, \$1.50. Richard E. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.





Perhaps the dedication expresses better than we can the purpose and result of this book: "Some men are strong—gentle in their strength; quick to forgive—slow to condemn; giving but asking nothing in return—doing because it is for them to do. The world is better that they have lived. To the memory of such a man, whose companionship was and ever will be a strength and inspiration, this book is dedicated."

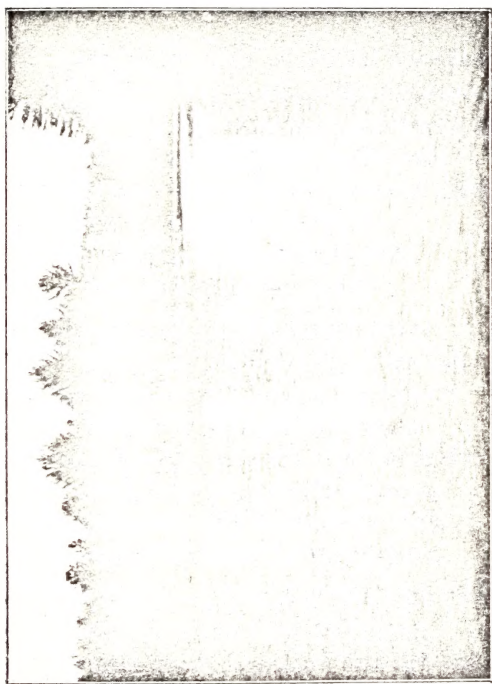
We suppose it is natural that the author, attempting to portray a "strong" character, should seek the western field. It is even possible that "strong" men are to be found only there. We doubt it. But that has nothing to do with the story in hand, though it might be made the subject for an essay. The hero is introduced with such masterful strokes as describe "The Test of the Metal." "High above the little town might have been discerned the solitary figure of a man outlined against the mountain side. Straight and silent he stood, gazing steadfastly off into the distance. . . . As the child to the father was this little town—this thriving field of industry—to him who stood like a sentinel of the night, watching over its sleep. He had seen it grow with strong and sturdy strides from the infant to man's estate; he had seen it steadily acquiring the power that was to turn upon and dispute possession with him who gave it birth. The time had come. All his earlier efforts, his trials and triumphs, had been but the preparation for the final struggle that must now be fought to victory or defeat."

Then follows the remarkable story of the wildly checkered history of a mine, rich in its stores of nature but made the plaything of capital and cunning, pitted against this solitary man, who sought empty-handed to save the wealth of his friends, the honor of his name. It was a royal battle that he made, described in graphic language. Of course there was a woman's heart and a woman's hand concerned in this mighty struggle. Whenever was there a conflict between the human passions worth mentioning in which a woman did not act the more subtle yet leading part. This woman was worthy of her knight errant, who exclaims, as he places her hand in his while they stand peering hopefully into the future, "Ah, dear, it is all well lost if one but gains the love that is true."

PINEY HOME. By George Selwyn Kimball. Cloth, 12mo., page ornaments, 359 pages. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

As its title indicates this is a story of a Maine home, told in the pleasant style of the author of "J. Gould Harmon," recently reviewed in these pages. The scenes portrayed are those of a simple life, with love for the guiding star. The story begins where the majority end, with a courtship followed by a happy marriage. The hopeful young couple move into their new home, away in the heart of the pine woods, strong in the faith to cope with the trials of their untried life. Delightful pictures are drawn of the days and years that follow: the healthful environments, the confiding companionship of the honest country folks that help to make the setting for this pleasant tale of homely life.





"Its pines above, its waves below,  
The west wind down it blowing."





# Our River

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The following beautiful tribute was written for, and read at, a summer festival held at "The Laurels," on the banks of the Merrimack, in 1878.



ONCE more on yonder laurelled height  
The summer flowers have budded;  
Once more with summer's golden light  
The vales of home are flooded;  
And once more, by the grace of Him  
Of every good the Giver,  
We sing upon its wooded rim  
The praises of our river:  
Its pines above, its waves below,  
The west-wind down it blowing,  
As fair as when the young Brissot  
Beheld it seaward flowing,—  
And bore its memory o'er the deep,  
To soothe a martyr's sadness,  
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,  
His prison-walls with gladness.  
We know the world is rich with streams  
Renowned in song and story,  
Whose music murmurs through our dreams  
Of human love and glory:  
We know that Arno's banks are fair,  
And Rhine has casled shadows,  
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr  
Go singing down their meadows.  
But while, unpictured and unsung  
By painter or by poet,  
Our river waits the tuneful tongue  
And cunning hand to show it,—



We only know the fond skies lean  
Above it, warm with blessing,  
And the sweet soul of our Undine  
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks  
That graze its shores in keeping;  
No icy kiss of Dian mocks  
The youth beside it sleeping:  
Our Christian river loveth most  
The beautiful and human;  
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,  
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears  
The ripple we are hearing;  
It whispers soft to homesick ears  
Around the settler's clearing:  
In Sacramento's vales of corn,  
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,  
Our river by its valley born  
Was never yet forgotten.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,  
And rivers still keep flowing,—  
The dear God still his rain and sun  
On good and ill bestowing.  
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"  
His flowers are prophesying  
That all we dread of change or fall  
His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born!—no more  
We ask the Wise Allotter  
Than for the firmness of thy shore,  
The calmness of thy water,  
The cheerful lights that overlay  
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,  
To match our spirits to our day  
And make a joy of duty.





"THE BEAUTY OF THE WILD, FREE WOODS AND FLOODS"





# Granite State Magazine

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## Literary Associations of the Merrimack River

### I

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

"Rich thy waves and gentle too,  
As Rome's proud Tiber ever knew;  
And thy fair current's placid swell  
Would flow in classic song as well.  
Yet on thy banks, so green and sweet,  
Where wood nymphs dance and naiads meet,  
E'en since creation's earliest dawn,  
No son of song was ever born;  
No muse's fairy feet e'er trod  
Thy modest margin's verdant sod;  
And 'mid Time's silent, feathery flight,  
Like some coy maiden, pure as light,  
Sequestered in some blest retreat,  
Far from the city and the great,  
Thy virgin waves the vales among  
Have flowed neglected and unsung."

**R**IVERS are the poets of Nature, singing the songs of the landscape. The song of the Merrimack is a grand epic of industry, the story in rhythm of progress. From whence it babbles its baby lullabies in its mountain cradle to where it yields up its being to the ocean, it sings of constant changes, periods of unrest as it struggles with its rocky environments, days of peace where it lingers longingly in the quiet valleys of its meadows. In its varying moods it always speaks in unmistakable language of a restlessness and endeavor in keeping with human life. Its fortune and good will have been more



closely interwoven with those of man than any other river in the world.

While the grand old Father Nile for centuries unscored has listened with a patient ear to the story of its children, a tale of woe and happiness of that far-away dawn of civilization and the ending of the day; the sacred Ganges has often lingered lonely and lovingly to listen to the plaint of its benighted people; the storied Rhine repeated in its many tongues the proud boast of its years and its conquests, the Merrimack carried in its heart the memory of older and greater monuments than these. It has in truth traced its own autobiography with invisible pencil in unmistakable characters upon tablets of stone that will outlast the printed pages of many races of men.

The earliest literary association of the Merrimack is a voice coming up from the depths of dusky tradition. The poet was a dark-eyed, plaintive singer whose dreary refrain awoke the heart-throbs of the sympathetic current of the rolling river as no other messenger has. The daughter of some unwritten chieftain she traced upon the flexible tablets of memory the picturesque story of her race.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her invisible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours,  
She has a voice of gladness and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

From out of the misty background this pathetic singer created an heroic epic grander than Homer, whose stalwart figures belong to the most picturesque race that ever lived. Among them the stately Kenewa appears mustering his dusky legion to lead it forth to anticipated conquest only to be swallowed up by the hungry wilderness as was Varus and his army in the old Germanic forest. Then the valiant Winnemet rallied around him his gallant followers upon the Brave Lands in his desperate endeavor to stem the tide of that disastrous Waterloo that overtook his race.



Now the magnanimous Passaconaway, reading in the signs of the times the destiny of his people, bade them to meet bravely a hopeless fate, while he launched his frail boat upon

This swiftly flowing river,  
This silver gliding river,  
Whose springing willows shiver  
In the sunset as of old,

and vanished from sight and story, the grandest figure among these Romans of the wilderness. This was, indeed, the Thessaly of olden New England, where

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's Fall  
The twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall.

If the dusky hosts that flitted across the misty pages left no Illiad to speak of their dead heroes, of their unwritten deeds, theirs is not all the loss; yours not all the gain.

For them the woodland songster sang its matin vespers and with them it vanished; for them the bonny deer roamed the pine-clad hills, and with them it sped its eternal race; the sleepless eagle, that from its eirie crag watched their stealthy march against their foe, maintains no more its lonely vigil; the catamount, that alone dared to answer their triumphant warwhoop, is forever silent. The merry rivulet that tells its happy secrets to you told the same old story to them in a loftier strain; the deep forest, with its unnumbered arms, protecting them from the cold blasts of winter and the torrid rays of summer, found in the ring of your ax its knell of doom; the cataract, that awoke with its mighty drum-beat the solitude of their surroundings, greet you with rhythm subdued: the myriad of Nature's voices that stirred the impulses of their wild nature have no awakening chord for you. The song of the river you drown with the dreary monotone of the factory wheel, and the melody of the wildwood with the tumult of your busy marts.

Leaving this period of aboriginal romance, when

When the trees were chanting from an open book,

we find the river a source of joy to all who follow its historic and charmed courses,





With its head hid in the shadow  
Of mountains crowned with snow  
With its bosom in the meadow  
Where the apple orchards grow.

The first written description was given by the early explorers, who were seeking in a land of romance, as was the aged De Leon seeking in the everglades of Florida for the Fountain of Youth, the solution of many delusions, and wrote of the Merrimack as a "faire large river, well replenished with many fruitful islands; the ayr thereof is pure and wholesome; the country pleasant, having some high hills, full of goodly forests and faire vallies and plaines fruitful in corn, chestnuts, walnuts and infintie sorts of other fruits; large rivers well stored with fish, and environed with goodly meadows full of timber trees."

What lonely magnificence stretches around!  
Each sight how sublime; how awful each sound!  
All hushed and serene as a region of dreams,  
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams.

The historian of the river is beyond dispute the pains-taking Meader, who has traced its many features in their varying lineaments from "the mountain to the sea." In a volume of over three hundred pages he has described its charms and accomplishment in pleasant language. He says:

"The existence of the splendid system of waterfalls, such as this alone of all the streams in the land can boast, has cited around them mechanics, artisans and operatives of every degree of skill and ability, and the result is seen in the steady and successful operation of more than one hundred monster cotton and woolen mills, whose massive walls towering on the 'air line' toward the clouds, enclose gems of humanity as well as of intricate, delicate and almost intelligent machinery. . . . Anterior to the manufacturing epoch . . . the Merrimack river was the same lovely stream of bright and sparkling water and contained the same noble falls, and was surrounded with a population sturdy and indomitable, which sparse and devoted to the pleasant and profitable pursuits of peace as it was, yet



contributed its full share to the independence, intellect and character of the nation. Looking still further back, to the aboriginal period, the Merrimack and the territory which it drains is replete with interest, different in kind to be sure, but equal and in some respects surpassing that which invests it now. . . . Though races of men may flourish for a season and disappear, others more or less worthy assuming their places in turn, the Merrimack river and its grand surroundings can never be involved in these vicissitudes. The grand convocation of majestic mountains which surround its source are the fitting emblems of eternal duration and nothing but such terrific convulsions of nature as would produce a universal chaos could move them from their firm bases or mar the unequalled natural beauty of their scenery or destroy the wonderful features which give them world-wide fame. The Merrimack itself, enduring as the crystal hills which give it birth, will go on forever, leaping from the great mountains in sparkling cascades, meandering through long, shaded avenues of perennial forests, winding its tortuous course around the bases of eternal hills, a robust, rapid river. . . . In another age new and improved monuments may be reared, still testifying to its service and its power, long after the chains which now bind it to the wheels of monster cotton mills are rusted and decayed and become relics of the past, or the antiquarian may rescue from the debris of its present glory vestiges of the history of its former, but fallen grandeur—

"By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges."

Notwithstanding the prophecy of the poet\* whose lines introduce our subject, we find that the Merrimack has been the favorite, possibly, of more poets than any other

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\*William M. Richardson, LL.D., was born in Pelham, January 4, 1774. He graduated from Harvard College in 1797; was a member of congress, 1811-14; chief justice of the Supreme Court of this state, 1816-38. He died in Chester in March, 1838. It will be seen that he lived before the majority of those from whom we quote had begun to sing.—*Editor.*





river in America. Associated with its own are the songs of Whittier, Thoreau and Emerson, and a score of others worthy of remembrance.

Mr. Robert Caverly\* devoted an entire volume of eighty pages to an epic poem upon the river. While this effort of Mr. Caverly may never become a classic, it has many places of interest bordering closely upon merit. His heart was with his subject, which gladdens many a defect and enlivens that subject

Whose praise we sing,  
 . . . . Some grateful measure bring,  
 Some note of landscape grand in dale and hill,  
 Adorned with glittering lake, cascade or rill,  
 With forest wild, with winding wave between  
 The giant groves along the valley green.

In speaking of the days of the primeval pioneers, he goes on to say in pleasant vein:

His dripping oar  
 Ripples the water never pressed before.

Leading us quietly through the vale of the passing scenes, he declares:

Thence this fair vale from mountain to the main  
 In vernal grandeur buds to bloom again,  
 And plenteous harvest with her golden ears  
 Crowning the prudence of progressive years  
 Adorns the field, and grace triumphant gives  
 To honest toil.

The poet quoted at the beginning continues his somewhat graphic lines by describing in vivid language the wild tangle of savage warfare, where contending foes—

This gentle flood  
 Bedew with tears and wet with blood—

and goes on to picture the deeds of brave men none the less true to honor and duty because

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\*Robert Boody Caverly was born in Strafford, July 19, 1806. He graduated at the Harvard Law School and practiced law six years in Limerick, Me., and then for many years in Lowell, Mass., where he died in 1898. He left several published works, all of which relate to the Merrimack and its associations. Besides the poem mentioned he was the author of a "History of the Indian Wars in New England," "Epics, Lyrics and Ballads" "Battles of the Bush," with other works.—*Editor.*





No evergreen of glory waves  
Above the fallen warriors' graves

\* \* \* \* \*

No deathless deed by hero done,  
No battle lost, no victory won,  
Here ever waked with praise or blame  
The loud uplifted trump of fame.

It matters little if the nameless hero threads the dim aisles of the old forest a mere shadow upon the serolls of tradition, or if he comes and goes like a Cæsar of departed greatness, very real yet a vision still. Amerind and Roman alike now march in twain across that other field of Mars, where the arrow and the sword have not been taken, and victor and vanquished meet upon a common plane. After all is it not quite as well to remain a living river, a fount of eternal inspiration, as a dead hero?

Where bounteous spring profusely showers  
A wilderness of sweets and flower,—  
The stately oak of royal line,  
The spreading elm and towering pine,  
Here cast a purer, happier shade  
Than blood-stained laurels ever made.

Another of its admirers\* has caught the spirit of its answering voices and, while listening to the wild songs of "broken waters," makes this stirring apostrophe:

#### TO THE MERRIMACK RIVER

##### AT THE FALLS OF THE AM-AUH-NOUR-SKEAG

Roll on, bright stream!  
And ever thus, from earliest time, thou'st leaped  
And played amid these caverned, sounding rocks,  
When the long summer's sun hath tamed thy power  
To gentleness; or, roused from thy long sleep,  
Hast cast thy wintry fetters off, and swept,  
In wild, tumultuous rage, along thy course,  
Flinging the white foam high from out thy path,  
And shaking to their very centre earth's  
Foundation stones.

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\*Thomas Russell Crosby was born in Gilmanton, October 22, 1816. In 1841 he graduated from both the academical and medical departments of Dartmouth College. He was professor in Norwich University from 1854 to 1864; in Milwaukee Medical College, from 1864 to 1871; in New Hampshire Agricultural College, from 1870 to the time of his death in Hanover, March 1, 1892.—*Editor*.



And in thine awful might,  
When terror rides thy wildly heaving wave  
Or in thy soft and gentle flow, when break  
The ripples on thy sandy shore, in sweet,  
Delicious music, as of fairy bells,  
How beautiful art thou!

And, since that first  
Glad hour, when morning stars together sang,  
Each rising sun, with dewy eye, hath looked  
On thee. Each full-orbed moon hath smiled to see  
Herself thrown back in penciled loveliness,  
Mirrored a mimic disk of light, beneath  
Thy pure and limpid wave, or broken else  
Into a myriad crystal gems flung high,  
In sparkling jets or gilded spray, towards heaven.

And long ere on thy shores the white man trod,  
And wove the magic chain of human will  
Around thy free and graceful flood, and tamed  
Its power to minister to human good,  
The Indian roamed along thy wooded banks,  
And listened to thy mighty voice with awe.  
He, too, untutored in the schoolman's lore,  
And conversant with Nature's works alone,  
More deep, true, reverent worship paid to thee  
Than does his fellow-man, who boasts a faith  
More pure, an aim more high, a nobler hope—  
Yet in his soul is filled with earth-born lusts.

The Indian loved thee as a gift divine  
To him thou flow'dst from the blest land that smiled  
Behind the sunset hills—the Indian heaven,  
Where, on bright plains, eternal sunshine fell,  
And bathed in gold the hills, and dells, and woods,  
Of the blest hunting-grounds. With joy he drew  
The finny stores from out thy swarming depths,  
Or floated o'er thee in his light canoe,  
And blest the kindly hand that gave him thee,  
A never-failing good; a fount of life  
And blessing to his race. And thou to him  
Didst image forth the crystal stream that flows  
From "out the throne of God and of the Lamb,"  
The Christian's "water of the life divine."  
Thy source was in the spirit-peopled clouds,  
And to his untaught fancy thou didst spring







"BY THE SHORES OF INLAND WATERS"



Fresh from Manitou's hands—the o'erflowing hand  
From which all blessing comes, alike to him  
Whose teaching comes from rude, material things,  
Who worships 'neath the clear blue dome of heaven,  
As him who in a sculptured temple prays.

And thou, bright river, in thy ceaseless flow,  
Hast mirrored many a passing scene would charm  
The painter's eye, would fire the poet's soul;  
For beauty of the wild, free wood and floods  
Is yet more beautiful when far removed  
From the loud din of toil, that e'er attends  
The civilizing march of Saxon blood.  
And poetry, unversed indeed, and rude,  
But full of soul-wrought, thrilling harmony,  
Hath spoken in thy murmur or thy roar,  
And human hearts, through long, swift-gliding years,  
Have made the valley thou hast blessed their home,  
Where they have lived, and loved, and joyed, and hoped,  
Nay, passed through all that makes the sum of life,  
Of human life, in every clime and age.

Along thy shaded banks, in grim array,  
Wild bands of "braves," as fearless and as true  
As ever sought a deadly foeman's blade,  
Or battled nobly in a country's cause,  
With step as silent as the grave, have sped,  
In lengthened files, to strife, and blood, and death.

In that sweet dell, where giant trees o'erhang  
Thy soft, encircling wave, the council fires  
Have blazed. There silent, stern, grave-visaged men  
Have sat the magic circle round, and smoked  
The calumet of peace; or youths, in wild  
Exciting dance, with battle songs and shouts,  
With flashing arms, and well-feigned, earnest strife,  
Have acted the sad mimicry of war.

To yonder sheltered nook, where, still and calm,  
The chafed and wearied waters rest a while  
Behind a rocky point, on which the waves  
Break ever, with a music soft and sweet,  
And 'neath the shadows of tall, sighing pines,  
That, in the fiercest noon, create a soft,  
Cool, cloistered light upon the sward beneath,  
The dusky brave, fierce now no more, stolen



Oft at the twilight hour, and when the young  
 New moon hath tipped with silver bough, and rock,  
 And wave, to murmur into willing ears  
 Love's witching story, told full oft, yet new  
 As when 'twas whispered in fair Eden's bowers.

Sweet Merrimack! For ages thus the stream  
 Of human life ran on with thine, yet not  
 As thine; for thou art as thou wast of old,  
 When first the Indian chased along thy banks.  
 But where is now the red man, true and brave?

Alas! where once the child of nature trod,  
 Unquestioned monarch of the land and wave,  
 The many towered, busy city stands!  
 Hills that threw back the warwhoop's fearful peal,  
 When filled was this fair vale with sounds of strife,  
 Now echo to the engine's shriller scream,  
 As swift and strong it flies, with goodly freight  
 Of life and merchandise!

#### By thy fair stream

The Indian roams no more. No more he snares  
 The artful trout, or lordly salmon spears;  
 No more his swift-winged arrow strikes the deer.  
 Towards the setting sun, with faltering limb  
 And glaring eye, he seeks a distant home,  
 Where withering foot of white man ne'er can come.

And thy wild water, Merrimack, is tamed,  
 And bound in servile chains which mind has forged  
 To bind the stubborn earth, the free-winged air,  
 The heaving ocean, and the rushing stream,  
 Th' obedient servants of a mightier will,  
 E'en as a spirit caught in earth-born toils,  
 As legends tell, and doomed to slave for him  
 Who holds the strong, mysterious bond of power.  
 And thou art now the wild, free stream no more,  
 Playing all idly in thy channels old;  
 Thy days of sportive beauty and romance  
 Are gone. Yet, harnessed to thy daily toil,  
 And all thy powers controlled by giant mind,  
 And right directed, thou'rt a spirit still,  
 And workest mightily for human good,  
 Changing, in thine abundant alchemy,  
 All baser things to gold.





# Revolutionary Pension Declarations

Strafford County, 1820-1832

*On File at the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court,  
but not indexed, in the Strafford County Court House,  
Dover, N. H.*

Compiled by LUCIEN THOMPSON

**I**N THE spring of 1907, Mr. William Lincoln Palmer\* of Cambridge, Mass., and Mr. Lucien Thompson\* of Durham, N. H., while engaged in looking up the ancestry of an old Oyster River family, had occasion to consult the Court Records of Strafford County, New Hampshire. Through the courtesy of William W. Roberts, Esq., clerk of the Superior Court, we were allowed the privilege of looking over the old books back to 1773 when Strafford county was separated from Rockingham county. We also looked over some of the hundreds of packages of important papers relating to the various terms of the courts. These papers were not indexed at all. While thus engaged we accidentally made a valuable find of a package containing the "Revolutionary Pension Declarations of Revolutionary Soldiers" living in Strafford county between 1820 and 1832. No court official was aware of the existence of these papers. These declarations were made in the Court of Common Pleas or Superior Court for Strafford county, and contained a statement of their property and income, a declaration of their service in the Revolutionary War, and the number and names of the pensioners' or applicants' families residing with them and their ages and capacities to contribute to their support.

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\*Parties wishing further information in regard to these Revolutionary soldiers may correspond with either of the above-named parties.



The court attached their opinion of the value of the property, etc., and sent a certified copy to the Secretary of War.

An abstract of the Revolutionary service of each one has been carefully prepared by Lucien Thompson, in some cases copying same in full, when quotation marks are used, otherwise only an abstract is given. Unless otherwise stated they all served in the New Hampshire line. In giving names of those persons dependent on the applicant for support, etc., it should be kept in mind that the names of those children who did not live in his immediate family are not given.

The schedule of property given in the declaration has not been copied, as in each case it was of small amount and unimportant.

In some cases the occupation given was "laborer," and in some cases the occupation was not given. The writer has given the occupation except in those cases where he is called "laborer."

It is hoped that these Declarations will be of public interest, and that some persons in the other counties of this state, and other states, will hunt up the Revolutionary Pension Declarations of their counties and states and publish them.

#### REVOLUTIONARY PENSION DECLARATION

Daniel Woodman (otherwise known as Daniel Martin) of Durham, formerly a slave in the Woodman family.

To the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas now sitting at Dover within and for the County of Strafford and State of New Hampshire, on the first Tuesday of July, 1820:

Dan Woodman, aged Seventy, resident in Durham in said County, comes into court and in pursuance of an act of Congress passed on the 1st day of May, 1820, brings with him, and in his proper person exhibits to said Court a



Schedule by him subscribed, containing his whole Estate and Income—his necessary clothing and bedding excepted—as follows: Sundry small articles of old household furniture estimated at \$9.83.

his  
DAN X WOODMAN.  
mark

And the said Dan Woodman in pursuance as aforesaid produceth to said Court the following oath by him duly taken and subscribed:—Viz.

I Dan Woodman do solemnly swear that I was a resident citizen of the United States on the 18th day of March 1818, and that I have not, since that time, by gift, sale, or in any manner disposed of my property, or any part thereof, with intent so to diminish it, as to bring myself within the provisions of an Act of Congress, entitled “An Act to provide for certain persons engaged in the land and naval service of the United States in the revolutionary war,” passed the 18th of March 1818; and that I have not, nor has any person in trust for me, any property or securities, contracts or debts due to me, nor have I any other income than what is contained in the schedule hereunto annexed, and by me subscribed

his  
DAN X WOODMAN.  
mark

And the said Dan Woodman doth here in Court further declare on oath that he served in the revolutionary war as follows, viz.:

He entered on the 24th June 1777 in Capt. Rowell’s company in Colo Geo. Reids Regt. New Hampshire line as a private Soldier & continued in in Said Regiment three years next ensuing said enlistment when he was regularly discharged.

That the date of his original declaration in order to obtain a pension is 19th Ap’l 1818 and the number of his pension certificate is 9617:—That his occupation is that of a labourer but am wholly unable to labour That the number and names of his family residing with him, and their ages and capacities to contribute to their support, are as follows, viz.

My wife Nancy aged Sixty four years & is unable to labour or support herself. Wherefore he prays the opinion of the said Court as to the value of the property contained in said schedule, and that the same, together with a copy of the premises be duly certified to the Secretary of War.

Sworn and declared before the said Court  
the fourth day of July 1820

his  
DAN X WOODMAN  
mark

Attest A. Peirce, Clerk.







## STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE STRAFFORD SS.

At a Court of Common Pleas holden at Dover within and for the county of Strafford and State of New Hampshire, on the 4th day of July 1820 before Daniel M. Durell, Esquire, Chief Justice, and Valentine Smith and Samuel Quarles, Associate Justices of said Court.

The aforesaid schedule and oath and the above declaration duly subscribed and sworn by the said Dan Woodman having been by him exhibited in person, and presented to the Court, and the same being seen and considered, it is the opinion of said Court that the value of the property contained in said Schedule is Nine dollars eighty three cents. Wherefore the Court order that a copy of the premises, together with the proceedings thereon be duly certified to the Secretary of War.

Attest, A. Peirce, Clerk.

## ABSTRACTS OF REVOLUTIONARY PENSION DECLARATIONS.

PETER AKERMAN of Rochester, N. H.; aged 81; dated February 5, 1829; no family. Service: enlisted for one year in December, 1775, in Mass., in the company commanded by Captain Jonathan Wentworth, Poor's Regiment; served until February, 1777; discharged at Morristown, New Jersey; wounded in the arm; he was then receiving an Invalid Pension of five dollars per month.

JOSEPH BEAN of Gilmanton, N. H.; farmer; aged 88; dated September 11, 1821; wife Hannah, aged about 52; no children living with him, or able to support him. Service: Enlisted on or about September 8, 1776, in Capt. Timothy Clement's Company, Col. Pierce Long's Regiment, served until September 8, 1777; discharged at Stillwater, N. Y.

SERGEANT JAMES BURNHAM of Somersworth, N. H.; carpenter; aged 74; dated February 9, 1829; wife, —. Service: Enlisted spring of 1775 in Capt. Benj. Titcomb's Co., Poor's Regiment, for eight months; immediately re-enlisted for one year, same company and regiment; discharged about February 1, 1777 at Morristown, New Jersey; rank during the whole service Sergeant. Afterwards served as Ensign in the service at West Point for the term of three months in 1780.



HENRY BUZZELL of Middleton, N. H.; farmer; aged 65; dated February 5, 1825; son Jacob Buzzell. Service: Enlisted in 1775 for one year in Capt. John Brewster's Co.; Long's Regiment; discharged at Stillwater, N. Y., at expiration of term of enlistment.

MAJOR JAMES CARR of Somersworth, N. H.; husbandman; age 73; dated February, 1821; wife 62, lived with his son. Service: enlisted in 1775 as Lieutenant; in 1776 promoted to Captain & before the close of War received a Major's Commission, and remained in the army until the close of the war. He was then receiving a pension. (Certificate No 6974) under his original declaration of April 17, 1818.

JOSEPH DANIELS of Barrington, N. H.; aged 72; dated November 26, 1823; wife aged 82. Service: Enlisted in August, 1776, in Capt. John Brewster's company, Long's Regiment; discharged August, 1777, at expiration of term of enlistment. "And that I served previous to that time as stated in my former declaration."

DANIEL DAVISON of Guilford, deceased invalid pensioner of the Revolution, died July 4, 1832, leaving a widow Abigail. Affidavits dated August 15, 1832. He married Abigail Quimby March 18, 1822. Service not stated. (Application for widow's pension.)

JOHN DAVIS of New Durham, N. H.; aged 69; dated February 4, 1829; "Declaration in order to be restored to the pension list under the Act of March, 1823. Service: Enlisted as Marinor for one year, October 16, 1779 at Kittery in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on board the ship Ranger commanded by Capt. Thomas Simpson, she being on the continental establishment, that he continued to serve in the said vessel until she was captured, and did not get exchanged and return home till about the first of Sept. 1780—that his name has been placed on the



pension list and dropped therefrom on account of his property." (His property now reduced in amount, etc.)

**BENAIAH DORE** of Milton, N. H.; age 64. Service: Enlisted in September or October 1781, in the District of Maine, in Capt. Fuller's company, 4th Mass. Regiment, commanded by Col. Shepard; "that he marched to West Point in the State of New York, and continued at that station until the last of August or first of September 1783 when being sick, he was discharged from the service at that place—that his name has been placed on the pension list, and dropped therefrom on account of his property."

**ABRAHAM DRAKE** of New Hampton, N. H., deceased Pensioner of the Revolution. He married Nancy Smith, November, 1815. Rev. Simon Dana, New Hampton, signed affidavit to that effect August 20, 1832. Mr. Drake died March 4, 1832.

**MOSES FERREN** of Eaton, N. H.; aged 65; dated September 6, 1820; wife aged 53, son Norris aged 17, daughter aged 15. Service: "Enlisted under Capt. Sherman, Col. Baldwin's Regiment, Massachusetts line in 1775 for one year but before the time expired reenlisted for during the War & served under Capt. Robinson, Capt. Cherry & Capt Rowell in different Regiments and was honorably discharged at the close of the War.—he was at the retreat from Ticonderoga at the Capture of Gen'l Burgoyne—and with Gen'l Sullivan in the Indian Country—he was in the battle of Monmouth & at the Capture of Cornwallis."

Under his original declaration of April 29, 1818, he was receiving a pension (pension certificate no 9596).

**JOHN GAGE** of Strafford County (probably of Somersworth); carpenter; aged 76; dated February 16, 1826; wife more than 70; children had all left him. Service: Enlisted at Somersworth for nine months in June, 1775, in Capt. Jonathan Wentworth's Company, Col. Poor's Regiment;







discharged in April, 1776. He had not previously applied for a pension.

JOHN GARLIN of Wakefield, N. H.; farmer; aged 66; wife 52, four sons, Nathaniel 14, Franklin 12, Jeremiah 8, Josiah 6 and one daughter Hannah aged 10 years. Declaration dated February 16, 1827 Service: Enlisted for three years, May, 1777, in Capt. William Rowell's company, Second Regiment commanded by Col. Hale; discharged at Stillwater, N. Y., at expiration of term of service. His name has been placed on the pension list and dropped therefrom on account of his property.

CAPT. BENJAMIN GILMAN, ESQ., Tamworth, N. H.

We the undersigned Selectmen of the Town of Tamworth in the County of Strafford and State of New Hampshire certify that we are, and for a long time have been, well acquainted with Benjamin Gilman Esquire of said Tamworth, an applicant for a Pension from the United States, that we are well acquaintud with his character—That he has for many years Represented the Town of Tamworth in the New Hampshire Legislature—that he has ever maintained a fair and unblemished character for truth and veracity and that the most unlimited confidence may be placed in his declarations and that we have frequently heard it remarked and it is generally understood and believed in the neighborhood and Town where he lives, that he rendered services to his Country as a Soldier a part of the time during the Revolutionary war.

H. W. STAPLES,  
DANIEL Q. BEAN,  
ENOCH REMICH,

*Selectmen of Tamworth for A. D. 1832.*

August 2d, A. D. 1832.

SILVANUS HALL of Tamworth, N. H.; Carpenter or Joiner; aged 64; wife aged 66; Declaration February 8, 1821 and September 17, 1824. Service: Served one year in Capt. Bradford's company, Col. Bailey's Regiment, Mass. line 1776-1777; Also three years in Col. Bassett's Regiment, Mass. line "except what time I was detached for one of Gen'l Washington's life guard and received a discharge which has been worn out"; dated March 13, 1780.



The last service was performed in the years 1777, 1778 and 1779.

EPHRAIM HAM of Dover,\* N. H.; aged 67; Declaration February 14, 1825. Service: Enlisted for three years April, 1777, Capt. Fred'k Bell's Company, Col. Hale's Regiment; discharged April 30th, 1780, at West Point, N. Y. That his name has been placed on the pension list, and dropped therefrom on account of his property which has been impaired.

WILLIAM TWOMBLY (of Dover), in support of Ephraim Ham's Declaration, stated that he (Twombly) served in Revolutionary war from 1776 to spring of 1780, Second New Hampshire Regiment, and that Ephraim Ham served in same regiment with him Spring 1777 to Spring 1780, etc.

ENOCH HAYES of Tamworth, N. H., Affidavit as to his character for the past twenty years by his pastor, Samuel Hutchins of Tamworth, who added that he had "no doubt that he (Enoch Hayes) served in the United States Service as he has set forth in his declaration, etc., dated Aug. 23, 1832."

Affidavit August 18, 1832, church committee, Selectmen & Town Clerk stating Enoch Hayes had lived in Tamworth "Above thirty years & has sustained an unblemished moral character during that period so far as we know and seen or heard."

LIEUT. THOMAS HAYES of Gilmanton, N. H.; aged 72; no family living with him, declaration September 11, 1823. Service: Commissioned as Lieutenant in April, 1780, Capt. Moses Leavitt's company, Col. Scammell's Regiment for nine months; served until the last of Jan-

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\*Wentworth Genealogy, Vol. 1, page 166. Ephraim Ham (5), born in 1760, lived on his father's homestead; he was a soldier in the Revolution, was selectman of Dover five years; married Hannah Kelley in 1785. He died in 1847. Son of Ephraim (4) and Lydia (Ham) Ham. (For Ham see "Ham Family," N. H. Hist. and Gen. Register, 1872.) McDuffee, in History of Rochester, Vol. I, page 70, gives the following in Col. Reid's Regiment (from Rochester): "Ephraim Ham Engaged April 10, 1777. Discharged May 1, 1780."



uary, 1781; discharged at West Point, N. Y., at expiration of term of service.

NATHANIEL HAYFORD of Tamworth, N. H.; aged 68; wife 52; declaration September 4, 1823. Service: Enlisted for three years in the fall of 1777, Capt. Scott's company, Col. Henry Jackson's Regiment, Mass. line; discharged fall of 1780 at the heights above Morristown, New Jersey, that his name has been placed on the pension list, and dropt therefrom on account of his property.

JOHN HOLMES of Strafford, N. H.; aged 65; farmer; wife 40; daughter 7, "a domestic girl aged about seventeen years and a domestic boy aged about eleven years." Declaration dated February 4, 1829. Service: "Enlisted as a soldier in the Revolutionary army in March, 1781, as a private in Captain Fogg's company in the second New Hampshire Regiment commanded by Col. George Read on the Continental establishment, and continued under the immediate command of Capt. Fogg until he was promoted and succeeded in the command by Capt. Frye—that he served at White plains, near New York in the campaign of 1781 & in the autumn marched to Albany and Skenectady—that in the year 1782, he marched up the Mohawk river & remained on that frontier to protect the Inhabitants of that frontier from incursions of the Indians, & from thence was marched to Newburgh in the State of New York, where the Army took up its winter quarters—and at the conclusion of the Revolutionary war was discharged from the army, near West Point, on the 25th December, 1783."

ISRAEL HUCKINS of Barrington, N. H.; aged 60; wife 60; Declaration September 8, 1820. Service: Enlisted for one year, August, 1776, Capt. John Brewster's company, Col. Long's Regiment; discharged at Stillwater, N. Y., in summer of 1777.







SOLOMON HUTCHINS of Wakefield, N. H.; farmer; aged 69; wife 62; sons Solomon L. Hutchins (consumptive) 26 years of age who has a wife and two children (4 yrs. and 1 yr. old), son Asa Hutchins 18 years of age deaf & dumb. Declaration February 6, 1829. Service: "Enlisted for the term of one year in the month of October in the year 1777 at Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire as a marriner on board the United States Sloop of War Ranger commanded by Captain John Paul Jones on the Continental establishment—that he continued to serve in said vessel until some time in the month of October, 1778, when he was discharged from said service in Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire—that the said Solomon Hutchins again enlisted for the term of one year on the 27 day of October 1779 at Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire as a Marriner on board said United States Sloop of War Ranger commanded by Captain Thomas Simpson on the Continental Establishment—that he continued to serve in said vessel until the 12th day of May A. D. 1780 when said vessel was captured by the Brittish at Charleston in the State of South Carolina—that he continued in the service of the United States as a Marriner until he arrived in Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire by land about the first of September A. D. 1780, when he was discharged at said Portsmouth."

AMOS LEAVITT of New Hampton, N. H.; aged 62; wife Dorothy aged 55; daughter Polly aged 16. Declaration dated February 8, 1821. (He was receiving pension, Certificate No. 10882, under Original Declaration of April 23, 1818.) Service: that he entered said service in Capt. Rowell's Company and Col. Hale's Reg. of the New Hampshire line sometime in the month of May "seventeen hundred and seventy seven and continued therein three years." (Additional Declaration September 10, 1827, enlisted in April or May, 1777, etc.)

JONATHAN LEAVITT of Conway, N. H.; farmer; aged 61; wife Elizabeth 47; children Mary 15, Betsey 13, Han-



nah 11, Ebenezer 10, Jonathan 8, David 5, Harriet one year and five months. Declaration dated February 7, 1821. Service: "As a fifer in the company commanded by Capt. James Norris in the Regiment commanded by Colonel Poor in the line of the State of New Hampshire on the Continental Establishment as is more particularly described in my original declaration" June 1818 under which he was then receiving a pension (Certificate No. 14030).

JOSEPH MARSH of Gilmanton, N. H.; blacksmith, aged 75; resided with his son. Service: Enlisted for eight months in Capt. Philip Tilton's Company, Col. Poor's Regiment; after expiration of eight months, re-enlisted for one year in Capt. James Norris' Company in the same regiment; at expiration of time re-enlisted "for six weeks in the same company that his first enlistment in the company of Capt. Philip Tilton was in May 1775 that he continued to serve in said Corps until February 1777 when he was discharged from the service in Exeter in the State of New Hampshire."

JOHN MARSTON. (Declaration missing.)

I do certify that I am well acquainted with John Marston the signer of the accompanying declaration and I believe him to be a man of truth and has that reputation and I have no doubt as to the service performed as set forth in said declaration

PAUL WENTWORTH.

Strafford ss. Aug't 23d 1832.

Sworn to Before me

GEO. F. MARSTON Jus. Peace.

August 23d, 1832.

SAMUEL MARTIN of Sandwich, N. H.; farmer; aged 65 wife 52, children Solon 14, Caroline 9, Marcia 7. Declaration signed September 4, 1823. Service: Enlisted for one year on or about the middle of August, 1776, in Capt. Timothy Clements' company, Col. Long's Regiment; discharged in August 1777 at Stillwater, N. Y.—that his name has been placed on the pension list, and dropt therefrom on account of his property.



SIMEON MASON, N. H.; farmer; aged 71; wife Abigail 67, invalid daughter Elmira W. Mason aged 21 years. He mentions a son William. He affirmed the declaration February 6, 1829, implying that he was a Quaker. Service: Enlisted for three years on April 6, 1777, in Capt. James Norris' Company, Col. Hale's Regiment. Served until March 10, 1780, when he was discharged in Reading, Conn.—that his name has been on the pension list and dropped therefrom on account of his property.

DAVID MORRISON of Alton, N. H.; yeoman; aged 65; wife Mary 63; daughter Isabel, 38, unmarried and an invalid. Declaration February 3, 1829, in order to be restored to the Pension List, having been dropped on account of his property. Former Pension Certificate No. 13886 dated July 8, 1819. Service: Enlisted for three years, February 14, 1781, Capt. Robinson's Company and was afterwards transferred to Capt. Potter's Company, Col. Read's Regiment. discharged December, 1783, near West Point, N. Y.

BENJAMIN MORSE of Moultonborough, N. H.; aged 75; farmer; wife Nancy aged 64, grand-daughter Mary Ann Morse aged 7; declaration dated January 28, 1830. Service: "Enlisted June 1775 at Roxbury, Mass., for six months in place of David Hill by permission of Captain Thomas Cogswell who then Commanded A Company of Infantry in Colonel Laomi Baldwin's Regiment" Mass. line. Served until December following being the time for which said Hill enlisted. Re-enlisted at Roxbury, Mass., for one year in Captain Thomas Miels' company in Col. Baldwin's Regiment," where he served until December, 1776. Re-enlisted for the winter following at Trenton, New Jersey, in the same company and regiment, where he served until spring; discharged at Peekskill, N. Y.

During the term that he was in service he was in the Battle of White Plains at Trenton—At the Battle of Princeton and at the Battle of Quibbleton—that his name







has been placed upon the Pension list and dropped therefrom on account of his property.

JONATHAN MORRISON of Tuftonborough, N. H. (Declaration Missing.)

Affidavit of five persons signed July 7, 1832, that Jonathan Morrison of Tuftonborough, N. H., served in the Revolutionary War the several periods of time, he has specified in his declaration in order to obtain a pension.

EDWARD B. MOULTON of Moultonborough, N. H.; farmer; aged 67; wife Anna aged 59, a cripple caused by rheumatism; declaration dated February 11, 1822. Service: "Enlisted at Hampton, N. H., sometime the first of May, 1775, Capt. Henry Elkins' company, Col. Poor's Regiment; served until the 1st of January 1776 and by request of Gen'l Sullivan continued in the regiment aforesaid in the Compy of Capt. Beal until the first day of March, 1776, when he was discharged at Cambridge, Mass. Re-enlisted in August, 1776, under Captain Prescott, Colonel Tasker's Regiment and served until January, 1777, and was dismissed at Peckskill, N. Y.—that he was in the battle at White plains in 1776."

REUBEN MOULTON. (Declaration missing.)

I do hereby certify that Reuben Moulton the signer of the accompanying declaration is a man of truth and veracity and has always (I believe) sustained that reputation.—& have no doubt as to the service he states he performed is true.

GEORGE F. MARSTON.

August 23, 1832.

Strafford ss, Aug't 23d, 1832.

Sworn to before me,

PAUL WENTWORTH, Jus. Peace

GEORGE NICHOLS of Holderness, N. H.; farmer; aged 68; wife Susanna aged 63, daughter Martha aged 38, invalid; declaration made September 9, 1822. Service: "As a private in the Company commanded by Capt. Arch. Cray—Col. John Varnum's Regiment, Rhode Island line in the month of June 1775; and discharged in the month of June



1778 at the White plains, State of New York, and was in the Battles at Bunker Hill and at White Plains."

This declaration is accompanied by an affidavit of August 30, 1832, signed by Lucy Crawford and Mary Ann Nichols of Guilford, N. H.; daughters of the late George and Susanna Nichols of Holderness, N. H. In this affidavit they state that George Nichols of Guilford, a Revolutionary Pensioner, died May 21, 1832, that the widow was now living, and that they were joined in marriage by the elder Judge Livermore of Holderness.

DAVID PAGE of Guilford, N. H.; died January 13, 1832. Revolutionary Soldier. Affidavit, April 3, 1832, of Richard Rowe and Deborah Rowe, his wife, of Guilford, says that David Page was their uncle, that his widow is Betsy Page, that they lived together as man and wife for more than thirty years and always understood they were joined in the marriage covenants, etc., that he was a Revolutionary Pensioner.

DAVID PIPER of Wolfeborough, N. H.; farmer; aged 64; wife 69 or 70 years of age, helpless; children Sally Piper born November 7, 1788, Abigail Piper born February 13, 1792, Susanna Piper born April 1794, Mary Piper born April 25, 1800—grandson John Piper aged four years whose father has deceased. Declaration signed February 6, 1821. Service: "I enlisted into Capt. Titcomb's Company in 1776, New Hampshire Line, attached to Col. Poor's Reg't, marched from Winter Hill to the City of New York, from thence to Albany, from thence to Ticonderoga, from thence to St. John's, from thence to Cynell, from thence to Montreal, from thence up the St. Laurence to Fort Ann, from thence returned to Montreal, from thence to Chimney point in New York; from thence to Mount Independence, from thence to Newtown in Pennsylvania; from thence to Trenton and assisted in capturing the Hessians, from thence returned to Newtown, from thence marched to Trenton, my Term of enlistment (which was





for one year) then expired. I again enlisted into Capt. Titcomb's company for six weeks, and during that time was in the battle of Princeton, from thence marched to Morristown, when the term of my last enlistment expired. In June or July following (as I believe) I again enlisted for the term of three years into Capt. Gray's Company, New Hampshire line, attached to Col. Scammell's Reg't, marched to Bennington; was in the battle of Bennington, from thence marched to the Mohawk Falls in New York, from thence marched to Bemis' Heights, and was engaged in both battles at that place, in the last of which, I received a wound in my head, and have been partially deaf ever since, from thence marched to Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, from thence to White plains, New York, from thence marched against the Indians as far as Genesee, under Gen'l Sullivan, from thence returned through New Jersey, and wintered at Newtown (Connecticut—and from thence marched to West Point, and was then honorably discharged."

REUBEN RICKER of Dover, N. H.; tailor; age 63; wife Molly aged 63; granddaughter aged 12. Declaration signed February 15, 1821. Original Declaration April, 1817, pension certificate 15513. Service: "In Captain John Brewster's company in Colo. Peirse Long's regiment from August A. D. 1776, to August 1777, one year."

BENJAMIN ROBERTS of Rochester, N. H.; aged 74; under guardianship of Caleb Roberts. Declaration signed February 4, 1829. Additional affidavit by Caleb Roberts February 2, 1829, who was appointed guardian in February 1824. Service: "Enlisted for the term of one year in December 1775 in the State of Mass. in the company of Captain Frederick M. Bell, Col. Poor's Regiment. He marched from Winter hill, near Boston, to New York & thence up the North river to Lake George & thence to Sorelle—and retreated with the Army to Ticonderoga—and was discharged at Mount Independence—having served at this time from December 1775 to November 1776—that his name has been





placed on the pension list, and dropped therefrom on account of his property."

JAMES SANBORN, Strafford County, N. H.; aged 63; wife and sick daughter; Declaration, September 4, 1823. Service: Enlisted for one year on or about the tenth of August, 1776, in Company of Capt. Timothy Chamberlain, Regiment of Col. Pierce Long. At expiration of term, discharged at Stillwater, N. Y.—That his name has been placed on the pension list, and dropt therefrom on account of his property.

REUBEN SANDERSON of Sandwich, N. H.; farmer; aged 66; wife 50, lame; children of his wife by former marriage Phineas Bacon 19, Jane Bacon 17, Edmund Bacon 13; my son John M. Sanderson aged 8. Declaration dated January 2, 1821. Service: "Eight years and seven months, in the years 1775 and 1776 a private in Col. Miles & Col. Shedings Regiments Connecticut line Continental service—Non commissioned officer in Col. Jedidiah Huntington's Regiment in E. Holmes' Company same line and same service till promoted to an Ensign & served in that office till promoted to a Lieutenant. Both of his commissions are now in the War Office."

He was then receiving a pension (Certificate No. 2794) under his original declaration of April 25, 1818.

#### MOSES SENTER.

AFFIDAVIT: I John Thompson depose & say that I have repeatedly heard Moses Senter relate his services in the Revolutionary War, and have no doubt of the truth & correctness of his declaration this day made in Court—he is a man of undoubted truth & veracity.

JOHN THOMPSON.

Sworn in Court, Aug't 25, 1832.

Att't A. PEIRCE, Clerk.

BENJAMIN SLEEPER of Alton, N. H.; aged 61; wife Ruth aged 58; Declaration July 18, 1820. Service: "He entered the Comp'y of Capt. Gray, Col. Scammell's Regiment New Hampshire line in 1777 for three years, served



his time out and was discharged in 1780 April 20th at West Point.—was at the taking of Burgoyne at the battle of Monmouth, was in the Indian Country with Gen'l Sullivan, &c."

EDWARD SMITH of Gilmanton, N. H.; aged 73; farmer; having lost part of one hand, his wife having lost one eye. Declaration made February 7, 1828 to be restored to the pension list. Service: Enlisted for three years in March or April 1777, Capt. Frye's company, Col Cilley's Reg't; honorably discharged at expiration of his term of enlistment.

HENRY SMITH of Sanbornton, N. H.; farmer; aged 69 years 10 months; wife, daughter Hannah Smith aged 35, daughter Huldah Smith aged 23, youngest son Gamaliel Smith aged 14, and Josiah C. Smith who has lived with me on hire between four and five years. Service: Enlisted for three years in April, 1782, in Capt. Monroe's Company, Col. Henry Dearborn's Regiment, "that he continued to serve in said regiment until the end of the War & was continued in the service of the United States under Col. Reed & Hale untill 1784 when he was discharged from the service at West Point in the State of New York."\*

Declaration made October 21, 1830, in order to be continued on the Pension List. From his statement he had four sons, the oldest being eight years older than the youngest.

JEREMIAH SMITH of Sanbornton, N. H.; aged 60; wife Lornhama aged 68; daughter Polly S. Smith aged 40, invalid; granddaughter Amanda Smith aged 5. Declaration February 10, 1821. (He was then receiving pension under original declaration April 28, 1818, pension certificate 3385.) Service: "That on the fourth day of April A. D.,

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\*McDuffee's History of Rochester, Vol. I, page 71, Henry Smith engaged May 1, 1781, for three years. Claimed by town of Rochester as in service May 13, 1782. Regiment unknown.



1777, he enlisted in the Town of Sanbornton in said State in the Company commanded by Capt. James Gray and Regiment commanded by Col. Alexander Scammel New-hampshire line for three years—that he continued to serve the said three years in the United States on the Continental establishment in the Revolutionary war and was discharged at Danbury in the State of Connecticut on the fourth day of April 1780.”

JOSEPH SMITH of Sanbornton, N. H.; tailor; aged 70; wife aged 57; son aged 18 and insane. Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate 14322 under original declaration April 9, 1818. Service: “I enlisted February 17, 1776 under Capt. Jacob Gerrish in Col. Moses Little’s Regiment, Massachusetts line for one year and was discharged the 20th of December following on account of being troubled with Rheumatism.”

ELI SUMNER of Rochester, N. H.; aged 65; wife Elizabeth aged 59; granddaughter aged 14. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 7724 under original declaration April 16, 1818. Service: “1777-1778-1779 inclusive—That he enlisted in the Company Commanded by Captain John Spurr in the Sixth Regiment Commanded by Col. John Nixon in the Massachusetts Line—That he was regularly & honorably discharged from the service.”

DANIEL SWETT of Gilmanton, N. H.; farmer; aged 58 years; wife aged 56 infirm; daughter Lydia 18, son Benjamin 16, daughter Eunice 12, daughter Almira 10. Declaration September 7, 1821. He then held pension certificate 15873 under original declaration April 23, 1818. Service: “He entered the service of the United States on the 16th July 1779 and served under Capt. Carr in Col. Reids Regiment in the New Hampshire line untill 19th July 1780 when he was honorably discharged.”

WILLIAM TAYLOR of Sanbornton, N. H.; Cordwainer; aged 63; son 18, son 12 “and a servant girl who cooks for

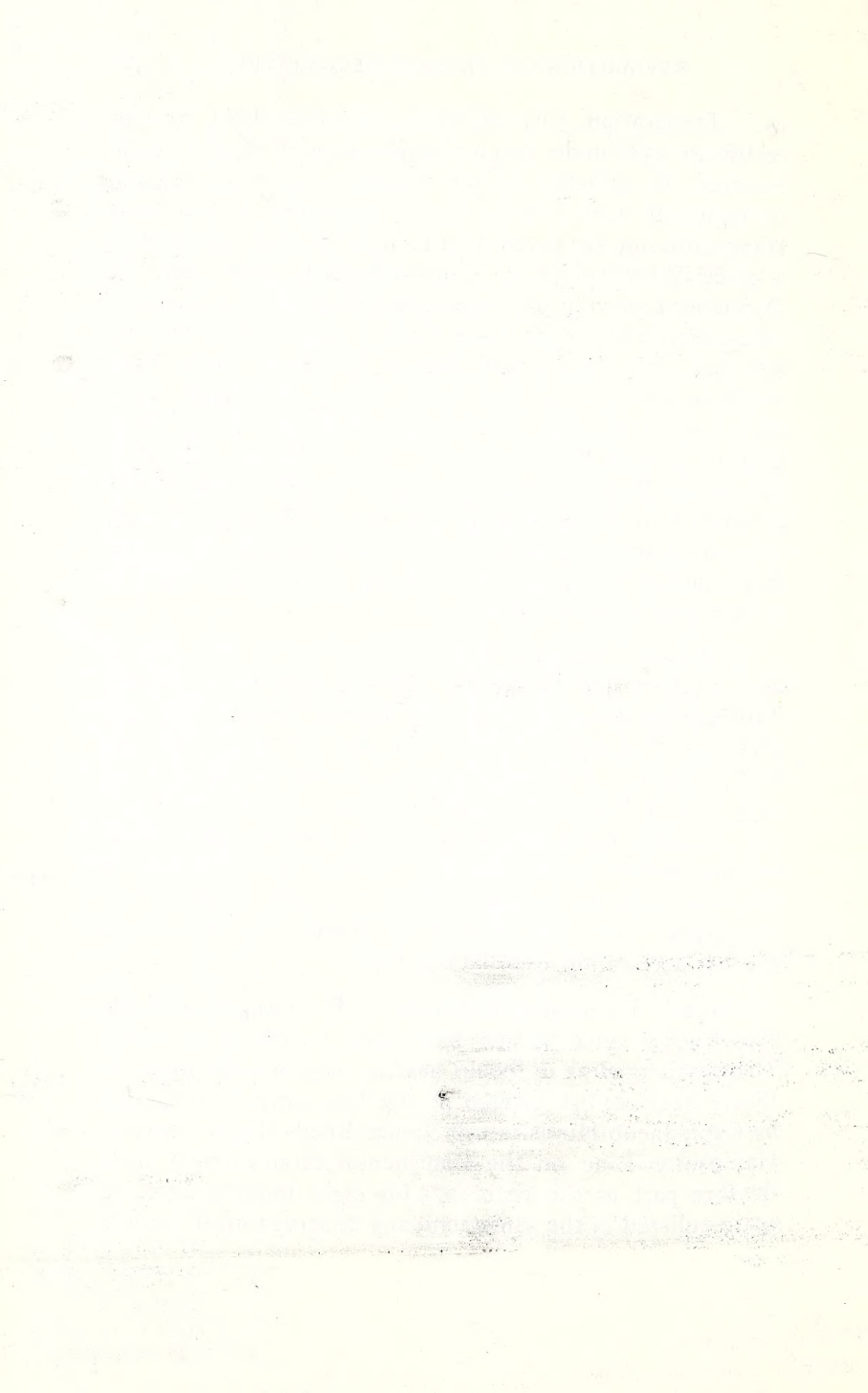




us." Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate 3388 under original declaration of April 9, 1818. Service: "I enlisted under Captain Jeremiah Clough belonging to Col. Enoch Poor's Regiment of the New Hampshire line for seven months in May 1775, marched to a place Winter Hill in June following staid there til December following, my term being then about to expire I then enlisted under the same Capt. Clough for the term of one year—We staid at said Winter Hill until March 1776 when we marched to New York, thence to Canada, from thence we marched to Ticonderoga which was about some time in July of the same year. In November following Col. Poor's Regiment was ordered to March to the South at which time I was sick and left but received permission to return home as soon as I was able which I did sometime in December following making in the whole time I was out at that time about 19 months."

EPHRAIM TEBBETS Strafford County, N. H.; joiner; aged 73, partially blind; wife Tamson aged 68, daughters Tamson Tebbets aged 34 invalid, Betsey Tebbets aged 28, grandson Ephraim Tebbets. Declaration September 15, 1826. Service: Enlisted for eight months about May 15, 1775, in Capt Swinborn Adam's company, Col. Poor's Regt.; and about the expiration of said eight months, he enlisted for one year in Capt. Jonathan Wentworth's company in the same regiment; served till February, 1777, when he was discharged from the service at Exeter, N. H. Filed another declaration February 4, 1829.

DAVID THOMPSON, Guilford, N. H.; farmer; aged 63; wife Rachel aged 53, son Levi aged 14, daughter Judith Thompson aged 22 in feeble health. Declaration July 18, 1820. Service: "A private in the Company Commanded by Capt, Jacob Hinds in Col. James Reeds Regiment New Hampshire Line on the Continental establishment from the fore part of the year 1775 for eight months when he again enlisted in the same company & served until the last



of the year 1776 and that he again enlisted in the first of the year 1778 for three years in the Regiment commanded by Col. Tho's Crafts in the Massachusetts Line, (Captain's name not remembered) & continued two years when the regiment was broken up—That he was in the battle of Rhode Island in 1778."

SAMUEL THOMPSON of Sandwich, N. H.; farmer; aged 64; wife 50; daughter 13. Declaration July 14, 1820. He then held pension certificate 7718 under original declaration April 24, 1818. Service: "Seven years in all. Eighteen months in the Regiment commanded by Col. Enoch Poor in the New Hampshire Line, Continental service. Five years in the Corps of Rangers commanded by Maj'r Benja Whitcomb. The remainder of said time served in the Second New Hampshire Regiment commanded by Col. George Read, all in the Continental Service."\*

JOHN B. TILTON, (Declaration missing.)

AFFIDAVIT. I do certify that I am well acquainted with John B. Tilton the signer of the accompanying declaration and that I consider him a man of truth and has that reputation and I do believe & have no doubt that he performed the services therein set forth.

PAUL WENTWORTH.

Aug't 23d 1832

Strafford s. s. August 23d 1832

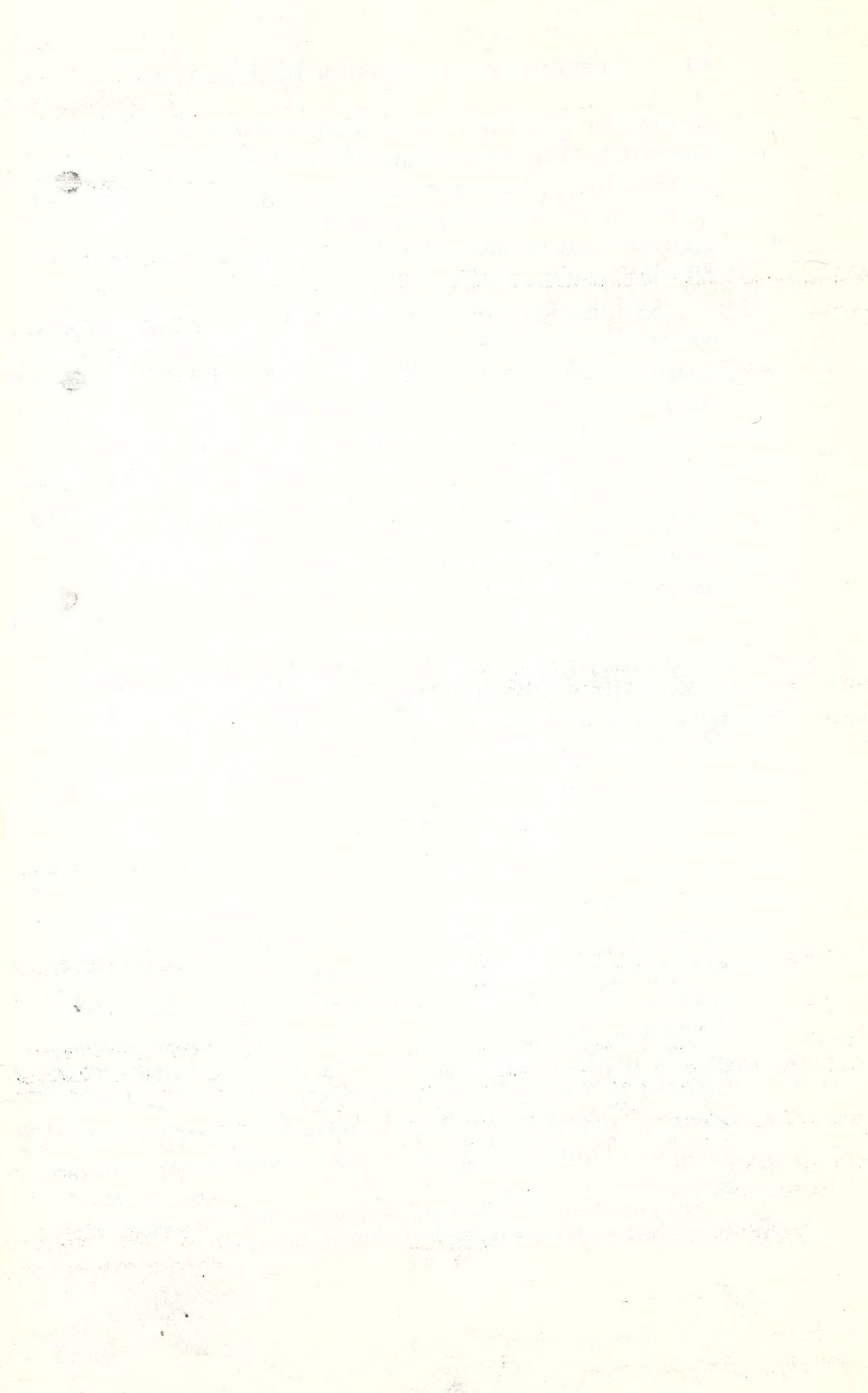
Sworn to Before me

GEO. F. MARSTON, Jus. Peace.

WILLIAM TWOMBLY, Dover, N. H.; Mariner; aged 63; wife aged 50, and an elderly sister dependent and infirm; son 21 years old, infirm; son 15 years old. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 809 under original declaration April 11, 1818. Service: "That he entered the service in the fall of the year 1775 in the Company commanded by Capt. Benjamin Titcomb in Col. Poor's Regiment of the New Hampshire line, that in 1776 he was appointed Orderly Sergeant of said Company and that he

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\*The Revolutionary War Rolls, N. H., and the Durham Town Records show that this Samuel Thompson and his family resided in Durham, N. H., during the war.





received a commission of Ensign in the same Company & Regiment in October, 1777 which commission was transmitted to the Office of the Secretary of War with his former declaration & that he continued in said service till 1780 when he received his Discharge at his own request as appears on the back of said Commission & that during all that time he continued in said service."

JOHN WADLEIGH, Gilmanton, N. H.; aged 65, wife Martha aged 49, children, Sophia 8, Larry 6, Nathan 3. Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate 2791 under original declaration of April 11, 1818. Service: "In Captain Michael McClary's company in Col. Alexander Scammell's Regiment, enlisted 1777 and served during the War."

NATHANIEL WADLEIGH of Meredith, N. H.; farmer; aged 69, lost part of one hand, wife subject to fits. Declaration August 11, 1828. Service: "Enlisted as a Soldier for the term of nine months sometime in the month of June, 1778, in the Massachusetts' line in the Company commanded by Capt. Marshall in Col. Marshall's Regiment in the State of Massachusetts on the Continental Establishment, that he continued to serve in said Regiment for said term of nine months and was honorably discharged after his term of enlistment had expired."

BENJAMIN WALLACE of Sandwich, N. H.; farmer; aged 56; wife 60; son Jere. Wallace aged 35, son Benjamin Wallace non-compos mentis, daughter Hannah Wallace. Declaration July 14, 1820, and January 2, 1821. He then held pension certificate No. 7323 under Original declaration April 24, 1818. Service: "Three years in the second New Hampshire Regiment commanded by Col. George Read on the Continental establishment, and was discharged by General Jackson, which discharge has been forwarded to the War Department by Judge Badger before whom I made my original declaration"



CÆSAR WALLACE of Meredith, N. H.; farmer; aged 90; wife Katy aged 72, daughter Lucy aged 27. Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate No. 4826 under original declaration of April 23, 1818. Service: private in Capt. Caleb Robinson's company, Second N. H. Regiment commanded by Col. George Reed. He was discharged at Hartford. He was in the Indian country, at the battle of Herkimer, at Bunker Hill etc. He entered in 1777 and served until the close of the war.

WEYMOUTH WALLACE of Sandwich, N. H.; farmer; aged 77; granddaughter living with him. Declaration February 7, 1829.

Service: "Enlisted for the term of nine months in May 1776 at Epsom in the State of New Hampshire in the Company commanded by Captain Amos Morrill in the Regiment commanded by Colonel John Stark in the line of New Hampshire on the Continental Establishment and that at the expiration of said nine months he the said Weymouth Wallis again enlisted for the further term of one year in the same company and Regiment in the line of New Hampshire on the continental establishment and that he continued to serve in said Corps from the time of his first said enlistment until December 1777 when he was discharged from the service in Lower Canada, that he was wounded in the Battle of Bunker Hill by a ball which passed through his arm, that he now receives a pension of forty eight dollars as an invalid pensioner, that his name has been placed on the pension list under the act of 1818 and dropped therefrom on account of his property."

He made a previous declaration July 14, 1820, in which he stated that he then held pension certificate No. 13456, aged 69; daughter Sally Wallace aged 29; granddaughter named Lovina Mooney aged 21; grandson aged 8 years. Service: "Nine months in Capt. Henry Dearborn's company and was wounded in the Battle of Bunker Hill in year 1776. One year in the Regiment commanded by Col. John





Stark and Company Commanded by Capt. Amos Morrill, commencing in November or December 1776 and ending 1777."

(Both declarations of services are given as they differ somewhat.)

FRANCIS WALLS of Durham, N. H.; age 60, no family, declaration July 26, 1820. Service: "I Francis Walls now resident in Durham, etc., aged sixty years depose on oath that I enlisted in the service of the U. S. in the revolutionary war some time in December 1775, as a drummer in the Company commanded by Capt. Benjamin Titcomb of the s'd N. H. Reg't, for one year which time I served in said company & at the expiration of said year's service I again enlisted in said company which then was at Ticonderoga to serve during the war & that I continued in the same company & Reg't which company was successively commanded by Capt. Titcomb, Rowel & Fogg until June 1783 when I was discharged from said service at West Point in the State of New York—That I was in the Battles of Trenton, Princeton, Hubbardston, two Battles with Burgoyne nigh Stillwater, Monmouth, & Fort Herkimer."

WILLIAM WARREN of Moultonboro', N. H.; Carpenter; aged 68; wife aged 67. Declaration July 11, 1820. Service: "One year in the Regiment commanded by Col. Edward Phinney & in the Company commanded by Capt. Abraham Tyler in the Massachusetts line. He entered in December 1775 & was discharged January 1777"

DANIEL WATSON of Rochester, N. H.; aged 67; wife aged about 50 and insane. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 7728 under original declaration of April 4, 1818. Service: "That he enlisted in the company commanded by Capt. James Carr, in Col. Hale's Regiment in the New Hampshire line on the 2d day of May, 1777, that he joined the Army the June following at Ticonderoga, that he continued in said service three years for





which time he enlisted when he was honorably discharged at West Point."

JOHN WATSON of Sandwich, N. H.; farmer; aged 62; wife aged 65; son John Watson 20, daughter Betsey Watson 17. Declaration July 14, 1820. He then held pension certificate 16504 under original declaration April 25, 1818. Service: "One year in Colonel Poor's Regiment in the Company commanded by Captain Philip Tilton in the New Hampshire line and Continental establishment Said service performed in the year 1776."

JOHN WATSON of Wakefield, N. H.; farmer; aged 60; wife 70. Declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate 7571 under original declaration April 14, 1818. Service: "In the Company commanded by Captain David McGregor in the Second New Hampshire Regiment Commanded by Colonel George Reed and when during the war men were discharged I was transferred to Captain Isaac Frye's company in s'd Regiment and served in the whole three years in the Continental service and was honorably discharged by Gen'l Jackson at West Point Dec'r 20, 1783"

Supplementary Declarations made August 7, 1822, and August 1, 1823, in the last he stated that his name has been placed on the Pension list, and dropped therefrom on account of his property. (Not able to attend court personally.)

JOSEPH WEED of Ossipee, N. H.; blacksmith; aged 66; wife Abigail aged 59; sons Moses and Aaron aged 12. Declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate 11788 original declaration May 13, 1818. Service: "In the Company Commanded by Captain John Baker, Col. Little's Regiment, Massachusetts line in the year 1776 about ten months and was in the battle of flat-bush and was in the battle between the American Gallies and the British frigates at topon bay in the North river. And served in the Company Commanded by Captain Cogs-



well in Col. Wesson's Regiment, Massachusetts line from March or April 1777 to March 1780 and was in the battle at Monmouth."

STEPHEN WEBSTER, 2D, of New Durham, N. H.; aged 79; no family living with him. Declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate 13916 under original declaration of June 11, 1818. Service: "He enlisted in 1776 in Col. Timo. Beedles' Regiment. New Hampshire line as a Soldier and continued 8 months & was regularly discharged. In 1777 was with Gen. Stark two months & was at the Battle of Bennington—again enlisted in 1778 in Capt. Daniel Livermore's Comp'y, Col. Scammell's Regiment, and continued in said Reg't three years & was regularly discharged in 1781."

MATTHIAS WELCH of Rochester, N. H.; aged 66; wife Rachel aged 62. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 4778 under original declaration April 16, 1818. Service: "That he served in Capt. John Drew's Company, Second Regiment New Hampshire Line, that he enlisted in said service about the month of November 1776 and continued in said service untill the year 1783 when he was honorably discharged from the Army."\*

PHINEAS WENTWORTH of Dover, N. H.; aged 71; no family residing with him. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 9620 under original declaration of April 13, 1818. Service: "That he entered into said service in June or July 1775 in Capt. Benjamin Titcomb's Company & Col. Poor's Reg't of the New Hampshire line & that he continued in said service till June 1783 when he was discharged.

JOSEPH WHITE of Ossipee, N. H.; farmer; aged 58; wife Jane 57; children, Polly 16, Eunice 13, Joseph 10,

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\*McDuffee's History of Rochester, Vol. I, page 71. Matthias Welch (of Rochester) engaged February, 1777, for the war, deserted November 27, 1778; joined May 1, 1780. Claimed by the town as in service May 13, 1782.





Isaac 8, Sally 5. Declaration July 11, 1820 (one arm, several ribs broken & shoulder broken down, very much crippled.) He then held pension certificate no 12727 under original declaration May 12, 1818. Service: "In the Company Commanded by Capt'n Joseph Killam in the fifth Regiment Massachusetts line from some time in the year 1781 to the last of the year 1783 or the first of the year 1784, when he was discharged at West point, by General Knox. Served in the Company & service aforesaid between two and three years."

JONATHAN WHITEHORN of Alton, N. H.; farmer; aged 64; wife aged 64; declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate 12728 under original declaration April 21, 1818. Service: "He enlisted in June 1775 into the Company commanded by Capt. Jonathan Wentworth for eighteen months. He joined the army at Winterhill, he was in Col. Poor's Regiment, New Hampshire line, from Winterhill he marched to New London, from thence to New York and so on a circuitous route to Philadelphia, thence to West point and Ticonderoga, thence with Gen. Arnold into Canada, thence to Mount Independence where his term of eighteen months was expired and he had a regular discharge."

SILAS WHITE of Ossipee, N. H.; farmer; aged 61; wife Rachel aged 63; my daughter Rachel aged 39 and her child 4 years old, my daughter Anna aged 27 and her three children, my daughter Fanny aged 18. Declaration July 5, 1820. He then held pension certificate 12730 under original declaration of May 12, 1818. Service: "In the eight months service at Cambridge, Capt. Phillip Hubbard's Company, Col. Scammon's Regiment from June or July to the end thereof. In 1776 served under Capt. Jona Nowells, Col. Wm Prescotts Regiment in the Massachusetts line twelve months in New York. In 1777 he served under Capt. Elisha Shapleigh two months in Col. Storer's Regiment at Saratoga. In 1778 he served eight months in



Capt. Thomas Hodgdon's company in Col. Poor's Regiment at West Point. In 1779 he served two months under Capt. John Goodwin at Penobscot in the District of Maine."

ANDREW WHITTIER of Guilford, N. H.; farmer; aged 59; wife Anna aged 58; children Elizabeth Whitcher 33, invalid, Timothy Whitcher 25, infirm, Jacob Whitcher, 18, Moses Whitcher 16, Andrew Whitcher, 13. Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate 17002 under original declaration September 9, 1819. Service: "As a private in the Company commanded by Capt. John Calef, Col. Pearce Long's Regiment, New Hampshire Line, Continental Establishment from about August 7th 1776 till August 8th 1777 & was discharged at Stillwater—was in the battle of Fort Ann."

He filed an additional declaration September 6, 1823, and stated that his name had been placed on the pension list, and dropt therefrom on account of his property.

BENJAMIN WIGGIN, Tuftonborough, N. H. (Declaration missing.)

AFFIDAVIT. We the subscribers depose and say, that we have been acquainted with Benjamin Wiggin formerly of Stratham in the County of Rockingham, now of Tuftonborough this County of Strafford for many years last past and believe him to be a man of strict truth and veracity, and whose character is unimpeachable; and have no doubt he served in the army of the United States in the New Hampshire Militia, New Hampshire line in the manner he has stated in the declaration he has made in order to entitle himself to a pension under the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832

JOHN BROWN  
GRAFTON ABBOT  
JOHN LUCAS.

Strafford s. s.

Aug't 23 1832 Sworn to before me: JOSEPH FARRER, Justice of Peace.

LT. COL. MARK WIGGIN of Wolfeborough, N. H.; husbandman; aged 74, no family living with him. Declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate





16309 under original declaration May 2, 1818. Service: He was commissioned a Captain of the first company of the Few Hampshire Regiment commanded by Col. Pierce Long, in August 1776 & served therein for one year and was honorably discharged the 8th of August, 1777—He was a Major in the militia and assisted as such at the taking of Burgoyne's Army, was a Lieut. Col. in Col. Kelly's Reg't with Gen'l Sullivan at Rhode Island

CHARLES WILLEY of Lee, N. H.; aged 65; wife Deborah aged 62, children Lydia aged 22, Mark aged 12, John-son aged 6. Declaration July 5, 1820. Service: "He entered as a Soldier in Capt. Amos Morrill's Company (as near as he can recollect in the month of March, 1777) and was attached to the Second New Hampshire Regiment in the New Hampshire line of Continental troops commanded by Col. Reid—that he continued to serve in said corps in the service of the United States until about the first of January 1778 when he was discharged from service in the State of New York."

JOSIAH WILLEY of Wolfborough, N. H.; farmer; aged 70; wife 69; granddaughter 13. Declarations (August 17, 1831 and) January 19, 1832. (He had a son Josiah Willey to whom he had deeded his homestead.) Service: Enlisted for one year in March, 1779, in the company commanded by Capt. Chase of Dover, Col. Reed's Regiment, continued until June, 1780, when he was discharged from the service at West Point in the State of New York.

JAMES WILKINSON of Alton, N. H.; aged 69; wife Lydia aged 45. Declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate 9618 under original declaration of April 18, 1818. Service: "He entered Capt. Wier's Comp'y, Col. Scammel's Regiment, New Hampshire line, in April. 1777 for three years which time he served and was honourably discharged—he was at the taking of Burguoyne & was wounded in the head—was with Gen'l Sullivan in the Indian Country—in 1779 &c."





ENOCH WINGATE of Milton, N. H.; aged 67; no family residing with him. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 1194 under original declaration of April 7, 1818. Service: "that he served in Capt. Nowell's Company, Second Regiment New Hampshire line—that he enlisted in said service about the month of April 1777 and Continued in s'd service untill the year 1780 when he was honourably discharged from the army." (Enoch Wingate engaged May 1, 1777, for three years. Discharged May 1, 1780. Died August 4, 1828, according to McDuffee's History of Rochester, N. H.)

ELIJAH WITHAM of Rochester, N. H.; age 65; wife Hitty aged 68; son John. Declaration July 5, 1820. He then held pension certificate 16120 under original declaration April 4, 1818. Service: "He entered November 1775 in the Company of Capt. Silas Wild, in the Regiment commanded by Col. Edmund Phinney in the Massachusetts line & served therein for the term of about one year & two months & was discharged at Fort W'm Henry or Lake George about the first of Jan'y 1777."

NATHAN WITHAM of Meredith, N. H. (Declaration missing.)

AFFIDAVIT. We Rhoda Bagley and Sally G. Bagley both of Meredith in the County of Strafford and State of New Hampshire, depose and say, that we were acquainted with Nathan Witham a Pensioner of the United States and was on the Pension Roll in the State of Maine, and that the said Nathan Witham departed this life on the sixth day of November 1824—And further depose and say that Rhoda Witham the Widow of said Nathan Witham deceased, was living a few days since, and have not any doubts they were lawfully married as they lived together many years and were the parents of seven children, and I the said Rhoda Bagley being one of their children.

RHODA BAGLEY.  
SALLY G. BAGLEY.

State of New Hampshire }  
Strafford County s. s. } Aug. 31st 1832

Sworn and subscribed to on the day and year last above written,  
Before me

DANIEL GALE, Jus. Peace.



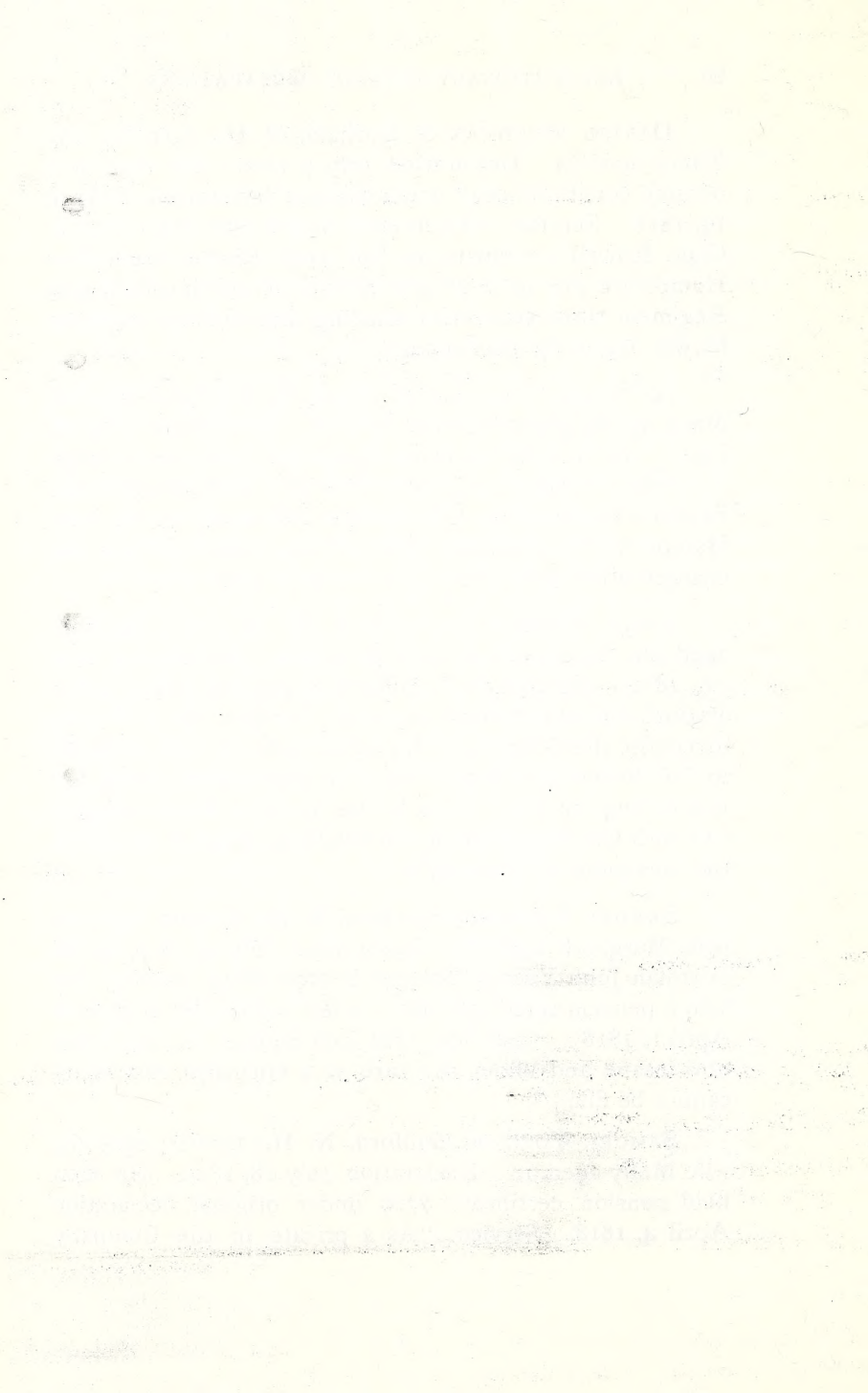
DANIEL WOODMAN of Durham, N. H.; aged 70; wife Nancy aged 64. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 9617 under original declaration of April 19, 1818. Service: "He entered on the 24th June 1777 in Capt. Rowell's company in Col. Geo. Reid's Reg't New Hampshire line as a private Soldier & continued in said Regiment three years next ensuing said enlistment, when he was regularly discharged."

JEREMIAH WOODMAN of Alton, N. H.; aged 59; wife Mary, 59; daughter Hannah aged 19. Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate 13885 under original declaration April 21, 1818. Service: "He entered Capt. Brown's Company in Col. Long's Regiment in the New Hampshire line, August 1776 for one year and was discharged after serving his time out in August 1777."

JAMES WORCESTER of Alton, N. H.; aged 69; wife aged 69; Betsey Dorr aged 67 infirm. Declaration July 11, 1820. He then held pension certificate 13550 under original declaration April 21, 1818. Service: "In 1776 I enlisted into the Company commanded by Capt. Beal, attached to Col. Scammell's Reg't, New Hampshire line and in service during the war. I was in the battle at Bemis heights, and with Gen'l Sullivan at the battle at Jamestown and at the surrender of Cornwallis."

SAMUEL YEATON of Durham, N. H.; Cooper; aged 73; wife Margaret aged 72. Declaration July 4, 1820, by his guardian John Yeaton (Samuel Yeaton being insane). He held a pension certificate 9621 under original declaration of April 1, 1818. Service: "He said Samuel Yeaton being now insane and under the care of a Guardian this blank cannot be filled."

SAMUEL YORK of Guilford, N. H.; farmer; aged 69; wife Molly aged 61. Declaration July 18, 1820. He then held pension certificate 7720 under original declaration April 4, 1818. Service: "As a private in the Company





commanded by Captain Isaac Frye—Col. Dearborn's Regiment, New Hampshire line, from the spring of 1780, untill the close of the War in 1783, in July when the Army was disbanded."

JONATHAN YOUNG of Milton, N. H.; Cooper; aged 68; wife in 79th year; daughter Anny Garlin, widow, aged 33; grandson aged 3 named Ebenezer Garland.. Declaration July 4, 1820. He then held pension certificate 14328 under original declaration April 14, 1818. Service: "That he enlisted in the town of Manchester in the State of Massachusetts in May 1775 under Capt. Kimball in Col. Mansfield's Regiment for 8 months and marched to Cambridge, and continued there untill fall following when he enlisted for one year in said Kimballs company in Col. Hutchinson's Regiment and marched to New York & continued there untill fall following—then went to fourt lee & had a skirmish with the enemy & was obliged to retreat; thence went to Pennsylvania and crossed the river at Clintown & had a battle with the enemy and took about nine hundred of them and was there discharged in December one thousand seven hundred and seventy six."

DURHAM, N. H., June 18, 1907.

STRAFFORD, SS.

I, Lucien Thompson, a notary public in and for the county of Strafford and state of New Hampshire, hereby certify that I carefully copied the foregoing Revolutionary Pension Declarations from originals on file at the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Strafford County, New Hampshire, in the court house at Dover, N. H.

I certify further that those declarations of Revolutionary service enclosed in quotation marks are true copies of said Revolutionary service and that those not enclosed with quotations are abstracts of said service, which include all essential information.

LUCIEN THOMPSON,

*Notary Public.*

[SEAL.]



## SPECIMEN OF PENSION DECLARATION UNDER ACT OF 1818

*Statement of Military Record of Joseph Richardson*

Joseph Richardson doth here in Court further declare on oath, that he served in the revolutionary war as follows. viz: In the spring of 1775 I enlisted in Capt. Benj'n Titcomb's company in the 2d N. H. Regiment commanded by Col. Poor for the term of 8 months during which I was present at an affair with the enemy at Charlestown neck, immediately after the expiration of this term I reenlisted in the same Company and regiment for the term of twelve months during which I was present at the retreat of the American army from Canada and was severely wounded in the arm by a party of Indians in consequence of which disability I was after the lapse of thirty years placed upon the Invalid pension list;—about the expiration of my term of service I was present at the capture of the Hessians at Trenton in Dec. 1776, having volunteered the additional term of six weeks after the expiration of my enlistment. I was likewise present at the affair at Princeton about the same time in which my cartridge box containing my pittance of savings was shot from my side and destroyed by a cannon ball.—Afterwards enlisted in the same company and regiment (then commanded by Col. Hale.) for a term of three years—was present at the retreat from Ticonderoga in 1777 and was in the engagement at Hubbardston where I was wounded in the shoulder—I afterwards assisted at the capture of Burgoyne in the autumn of the same year and then marched into winter quarters at Valley Forge.—In the year 1778 was at Monmouth and spent the season with the main army at White Plains &c.—In the year 1779 marched with Maj. Gen. Sullivan into the Indian Country and was present at the engagement with the Indians at Newtown.

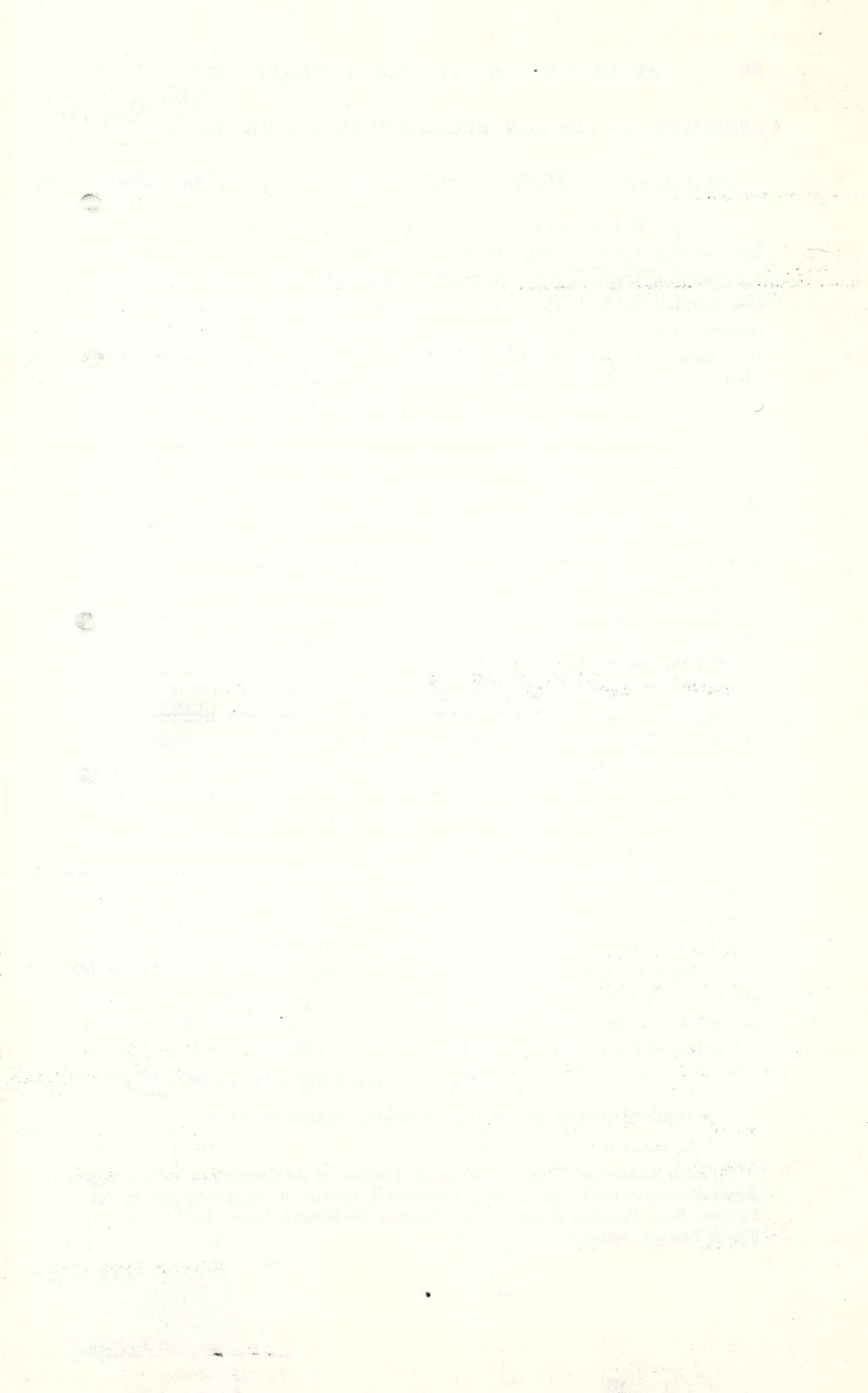
After the return of the army I was in the month of January 1780 honorably discharged at Danbury in the State of Connecticut my term of service having expired and after having spent nearly five years of the flower of my life and lost the service of my limbs in the cause of my country nor was it until the year 1809 that my duty to my family required me to apply for the same renumeration for these sacrifices when the pitiful allowance of Two dollars and fifty cents upon the pension list was made me which was regarded not as a favor, but as an inadequate compensation for a debt earned with the greatest exertion & suffering.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON\*

A resident citizen of the United States, March 18, 1818.

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\*Joseph Richardson, Esquire, was appointed Captain of the Company of Artillery in the Regiment commanded by Col. Thomas Thompson in the State of New Hampshire, by John Sullivan, Esq., President of our State, at Dnrham the fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1787, Joseph Pearson, Secretary.



Captain Joseph Richardson was born in Boston, Mass., December 25, 1756, and died in Durham, N. H., November 22, 1824, and was buried in the village cemetery. He married Sarah (Burnham) Hanson of Dover, who was born December 22, 1762, and died December 19, 1831. They were married by Rev. Jeremy Belknap, December 14, 1783. They had eight children.

DURHAM, N. H., June 18, 1907.

STRAFFORD, SS.

I, Lucien Thompson, a notary public in and for the county of Strafford and state of New Hampshire, hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of a paper in the possession of Hon. Joshua B. Smith of Durham, N. H., said copy being carefully made by myself within three months from date.

LUCIEN THOMPSON,

*Notary Public.*

[SEAL.]

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## Magnolia and Pine

By T. C. HARBAUGH

Among the many "tributes to memory" that have come from our "little army" of poets, treating of war themes, we know of few that awaken more tender thoughts than the following beautiful offering, reprinted here from "Lyrics of the Gray."—*Editor.*

Where the rivers of the Southland  
Seek the ever shadeless seas,  
Branch and blossom quiver gently  
In the sweetly scented breeze;  
And the robin woos his sweetheart,  
Now in shadow, now in shine,  
While the queen of the magnolias  
Whispers love unto the pine.





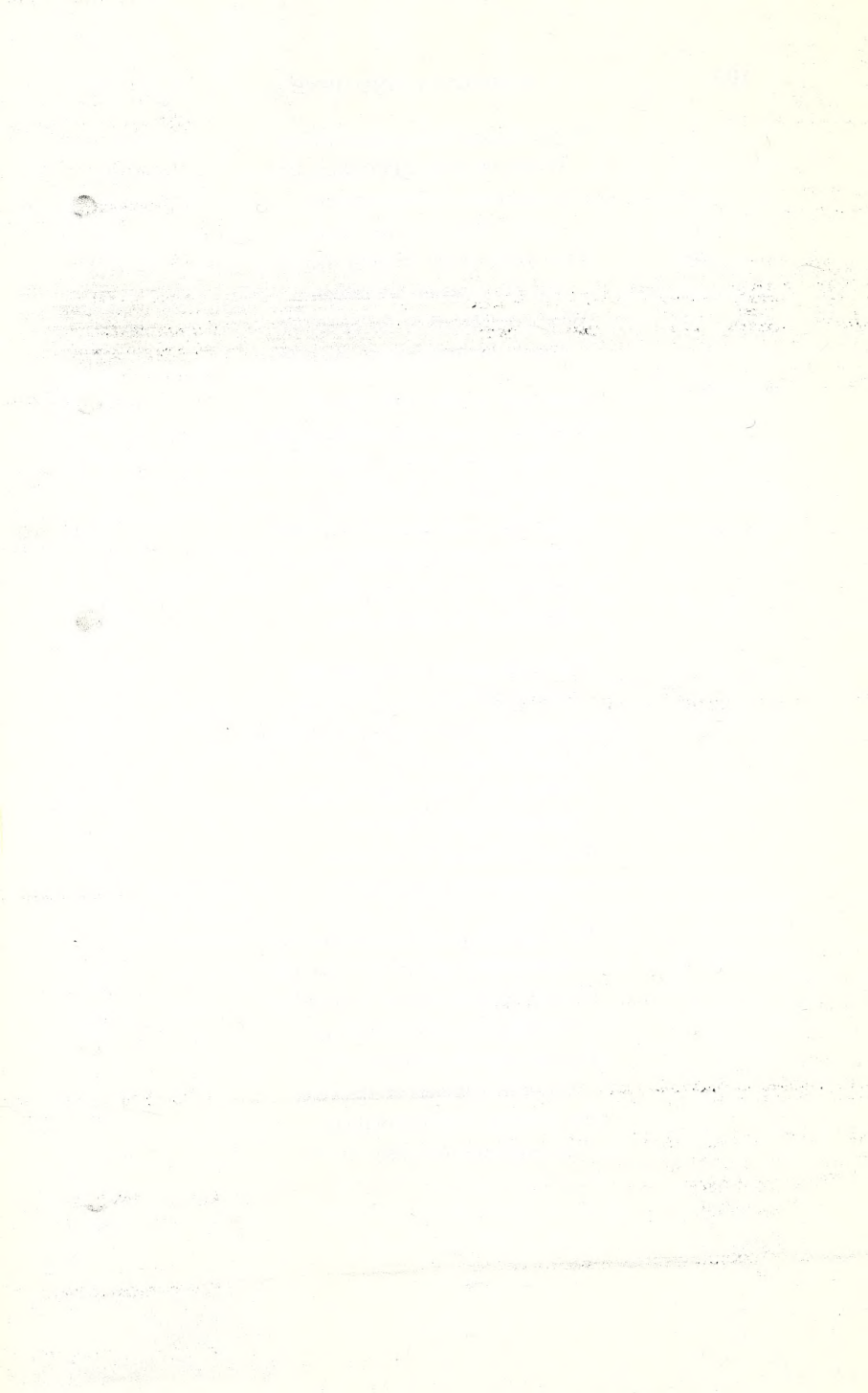
## MAGNOLIA AND PINE

In the summer's deepened twilight  
Where the gray-clad legions trod,  
You can hear the holy vespers  
Nature wafts unto her God;  
Then you bow the knee in silence  
And the cares of life resign,  
Where the leaves of the magnolia  
Touch the branches of the pine.

Hear their music, softly lifting  
Where the winds of morning play,  
And the chorus of the forest  
Like an anthem floats away;  
Where the mountains in their glory  
Nature's loveliness enshrine,  
Like a bride the fair magnolia  
Nestles to the kingly pine.

Past them on its endless mission  
With a trill the brooklet glides,  
Bearing outward frond and blossom  
To the bosom of the tides,  
While deep in their native regions,  
Clad in majesty divine,  
Stand the beautiful magnolia  
And the ever princely pine.

Who would rob them of their story?  
Who would seek to lay them low?  
As they lift their heads in splendor,  
Nations come and nations go;  
Empires rise and empires wither  
Like the blossoms of the vine,  
But the dew of heaven falleth  
On magnolia and pine.



# The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have  
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author]

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A PECULIAR MALADY

When ye kind o' git t' thinkin'  
You're the whole endurin' thing,  
When ye think th' world must have ye—  
Same's a kite must have a string,—  
Then it's time t' fix fer dodgin'  
An' begin t' look aroun'—  
'Cause they's sumpin goin' t' hit ye  
That'll surely take ye down.

—*Gillilan.*

**I**T WAS the general opinion that Captain Reed had acted unwisely in abruptly ending the trial, but as it is always easier to fret over a break than it is to mend the fractured article, so while his action was condemned by the majority it was too late to recover the loss, if any loss had been made. No sooner was the hearing dismissed than the town claimant escorted his giant lawyer out of the hall and, while the spectators stood agape with awe and wonder, he assisted the latter into the carriage and then entering himself, the twain were driven away by the colored coachman, and not until the last echo of the rumbling wheels of the equipage had died away in the distance did the spectators of that day's scene draw a long breath.





"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed a tall, gawky youth with a freckled nose, "did yeou ever see th' beat of that?"

Nobody answered this question, for each one had a far more important question to ask of his own. Captain Eb was fidgeting about the table, seeming neither able to leave nor to stand still. Finally he managed to exclaim to no one in particular but to every one in general:

"Did yaou ever see th' like of him?"

"He makes a fitting addition to their team," replied the squire. "The three put me in mind of the two asses that formed a partnership with a lion to go hunting. The three went out together, and starting a fat stag the asses were told by the lion to run the game into a corner, where he would lie in wait for it and then capture it. This plan proved successful; the poor stag was pounced upon by the lion and killed. Their appetites whetted by their recent exertions, the asses now came humbly forward to get their share of the game, but the lion only greeted them with growls at first, though finally, putting his forefeet upon the carcass, he said: 'We will suppose this carcass to be divided into three equal parts. One of these parts belongs to me in my official capacity; another is my personal share; and the third goes to him who dares to take it.' It is needless to say that the asses went hungry that day."

"I take it you think th' taown will go hungry from this big lion?" asked a bystander.

"When the rest of you have got done monkeying with these strangers, I will take a hand," replied Squire Newbegin. "Just now I am busy," and without stopping to say any more he left the hall and an hour later he was seen driving toward Coldbrook at a smart gait.

Meanwhile the crowd dispersed reluctantly. Captain Eb and Deacon Goodwill remained in close conversation with Lawyer Wilcox for nearly an hour, the result of which was unknown to the anxious witnesses. As soon as his friend left the hall in company with the new lawyer, Leonard Quiver also went down the stairs and out into the open



air. Here he, too, drew a good long breath of freedom. While the mysterious stranger had not impressed him as forcibly as he had others, the very atmosphere of the hall had seemed oppressive, and he felt relieved to be outside. Some of the crowd were still lingering about the yard. Big Little still maintained his post, his loud voice falling frequently on the scene. Within the store, which was pretty well filled, Homer Bland was playing on his violin and singing one of his songs. He noticed that the man sitting on the nail keg, jackknife in hand, had for once forgotten his busy occupation, while he stared in an absent-minded manner along the road in the course the glittering coach had gone.

"Seems like a dream," thought Leonard Quiver, "and there is this consolation in thinking that like a dream it will go away."

The sight of Miss Newbegin suddenly checked his flow of dismal thoughts and, seeing that she was beckoning to him, he advanced with light step to her side.

"What have they done?" she asked. "I must say that I think you two are horrid men to come here and give us all such a fright. I would never speak to you, but father says it will amount to nothing, so I forget the evil that you wish us."

"Nothing definite has been gained, as far as I can see," replied he. "I am afraid you misjudge us, Miss Newbegin. I should indeed feel sorry to incur your displeasure, but you must remember there are two sides to most questions. I might say all, but I need not mention any but this."

"Oh, fie! Father says, and he knows more about this matter than any other person, that your claim is not worth the paper it is written on. Do you know he treats the whole matter as a huge joke, and I think he really enjoys it. But who was that big stranger here to-day, whom everybody is talking about?"

"I must claim an ignorance equal to yours. He is a lawyer that Mr. Bidwell found to help defend our case."





"I judge from what the people are saying that he must be a very learned and powerful man. Father went away in such a hurry that I didnt have time to ask him anything about the matter. You know the races at Coldbrook come off to-morrow. I shall be glad when they are over. Father has been in a fever of excitement for a month. I do think these races are horrible. But here I am running on like a village gossip, when I merely wanted to ask you if you had heard that Ken Fok'sle is going to launch his ship Friday evening? People say that it is an unlucky time. What do you think?"

"That the opportune time is never unlucky, let it come on what day it may. I suppose he is very anxious about it—I mean his vessel."

"Oh, yes. He thinks he is going to sea in his ship and find his long-lost boy. Poor man! I wonder what the result will be when he awakens from his dream, as he must, to-morrow night. I pity him, but I pity Mrs. Fok'sle more. Vinnie feels badly, too. Only last night Joe Nickleby got drunk. But I was thankful he knew enough not to go near her, so I do not think she knows it. He says he will never drink again. I hope he will keep his promise this time, but he has broken his good resolutions so many times one has little faith in his ability to keep them now. There comes the doctor. He must be going up to see Sarah Gooseberry. They say she is really sick, and it is doubtful if she gets well again. Well, Sarah is a good woman, only she has a sharp tongue. But you will think it is no more unruly than mine if I do not stop. I have work to do. It must be nice to be a gentleman of leisure," and with this parting shot she darted into the house, while he started on his way through the village.

He noticed that Uncle Life had gathered his usual knot of listeners and was arguing that a man's size had nothing to do with his intellectual ability, citing case after case of small men who had won imperishable renown.

Leaving the sage and his listeners to discuss such





matters as interested them most, Leonard Quiver hastened on his way, his mind filled with such a medley of thoughts that he was somewhat startled by the sudden address of some one who had come running after him. The sandy road had muffled his pursuer's footsteps, so that he was completely taken unawares by a voice exclaiming at his elbow:

"Crackers and cheese! haow yaou do walk, mister!"

It was Everybody's Sam and, nodding to him in assent to what the youth had said, he waited for him to state his errand, which he judged must be something of great moment from the way the other was breathing after his recent exertions.

"'Tain't yaou so much I wanter see 's 'tis t'other feller," declared Sam. "But I wanter know if t'ain't 'bout time dad had 'em gravestones? I hev held my peace all this time, not a thing has been done."

Free Newbegin, no doubt, would have very coolly demanded of the impatient youth if he was not aware that the stone cutter was already at work upon them, but Quiver lacked the cool effrontry of his associate, so he tried to apologize for the delay, when Sam broke in somewhat angrily:

"He's had all the time he asked for. Folks air sayin' he won't never do it. Only Uncle Life says he will. Others say he owes more'n he can pay now, an' I'm tired of waitin'."

"You had better see him, Sam. I am sure he will do it as soon as he can."

"I daon't see no good in this waitin'. But here comes Miss Nat. Where can she be goin'?"

In a moment Miss Newbegin overtook them, when she stopped to say:

"I am going to see Sarah Gooseberry, Mr. Quiver, and as that is on your way to Mr. Goodwill's perhaps you will not object to riding with me. You can come, too, Sam, if you are going this way."



But Sam was going back to the village and, leaving him standing in the road, Mr. Quiver took a seat by the side of Miss Newbegin, beginning to think that fate was very kind to him on this particular day.

"The doctor is inclined to think that Sarah is very poorly, but Bim says it won't do for a doctor to call, though he is very much frightened himself. So the doctor wants me to see if I think there is any need of his calling against her wishes. Dr. Lamson is very kind and thoughtful, though I was intending to visit her this afternoon."

All too soon for Leonard Quiver did they come in sight of the little, weather-beaten cottage, over which hung an air of loneliness quite uncommon when the busy Sarah was moving about with her home duties. Her brother came out as they drove into the yard, looking uncommonly doleful, and in answer to Miss Newbegin's question he merely shook his head, pointing toward the open door. Without loss of time she entered the dwelling, leaving Mr. Quiver to talk with Bim Gooseberry. She was pleased to find Sarah sitting up in her big, old-fashioned armchair, but was startled at the pallor of her countenance and the evidence of physical weakness of her body. At sight of her the other started up, but fell back into her chair with a moan of distress.

"Why, Sarah, what is the trouble?" asked Miss Newbegin, advancing to her side.

"I'm poorly, Miss Nat, I am. Seems to me 's 'f this poor ol' buddy was worn out. I was jess tellin' Bim that I was not expectin' to see th' new snow come. 'Pears like 's I was like a leaf in th' fall. Th' minnit th' frost strikes it it falls. The frost has struck me."

"Nonsense, Sarah! don't look so woe-begone. You will come out of this. All you need is a little tonic, a few weeks' rest, good courage, and you will come out your old self."

"Yaou air very kind, gal, but it ain't to be. Iv'e doctored an' doctored, till I can see it's no good. I felt that I





was failin' all summer. Bim couldn't see it. Of course he couldn't, bein' a man, but I could see it every time I looked in th' glass, an I could feel my strength goin' right away from me every step I took."

"You say you have been doctoring, Sarah, whose medicine have you been taking?"

"Land sakes, child, if yaou had asked me whose I hadn't I could have told you quicker. Why, I've taken some of th' very same medicine you tuk for your fever. Then I tuk some that Life Story tuk when he had th' ager; an' I have tuk some that Joe Worth's boy tuk for his cough; an' Bet Hays tuk for lame back; an' Sally Jones tuk for her stomach; but I can't begin to number 'em. Th' bottles air all on the shelf there, or in that chist in the corner. Medicine can't help me, gal. I've tried everything, an' I know. This ol' buddy is worn aout, an' I don't scurcely wonder, at th' work I've done."

"I want to see some of the medicine you have been taking, Sarah. I didn't know you had been taking any of the medicine I took for my fever."

"I have, child, jess 's I said. It was in that lot I bought at th' auction. I think Miss Temple mus' have got it, she was always very prudent."

"I remember now about it. She did get it at my house. She was calling and, seeing that I was going to throw it away, she asked for it. It seemed a sort of mania with her to get all of the old medicine she could."

"She had a whole box full and I bought the whole lot for twelve cents at th' auction," replied Sarah, her countenance brightening. "I remember how tired I got fetching it home. Seemed 's 'f I'd never git it here. But I begun next day to take some on't an' I have follered it up stiddily every day sence. But 'tain't no use. I've kept goin' daown th' hill. There ain't no stimulus or topic that can lift me up."

During the latter part of this speech of the discouraged invalid, Miss Newbegin was industriously overhauling



the "medicine chist," the look of wonder and dismay deepening on her countenance until she finally rose to her feet, exclaiming:

"Sarah Gooseberry, I do not wonder you are sick. The wonder is you are alive this minute. So you have been taking all of this medicine?"

"Not all on't, Miss Nat. 'Em bottles at th' bottom I've purty nigh emptied. T'others I've been taking from, an' some on 'em has got enough to last me another month."

"If you live as long as that, which I do not believe you will if you keep swallowing these various decoctions, taking them as they come. Excuse me if I spoke harshly. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Sarah."

Sarah was crying, but between her sobs and tears she managed to say:

"I tuk 'em jess as they was labeled, an' one arter another they seemed to jess hit my case. I had rheumatiz, an' there was a 'intment for that, an' a mixture to take inside. I had stomach pain, headache, dysentery, dizziness, lame side heart-burn, dry mouth, spasms, short breath, and the good Lord only knows what I didn't have. An' 'f there was any medicine there for anything I didn't have, I tuk it 's a sort of safeguard ag'in I might have it."

"And undoubtedly you did have it in due season. Why, Sarah, in these empty bottles were drugs enough to kill you if you hadn't been uncommonly strong. Some were for internal and some for external use."

"Lands alive, child! Is that so? I 'low my eyes ain't 's good 's they were onc't. An' Bim, he weren' jess sure. What air you goin' to do, Miss Nat?"

"I am going to have Bim take this box with all its bottles and packages and bury it so deep it will never be resurrected. Do not object if you value your life."

Poor, helpless Sarah could only look on with a dejected air. Bim answered the call and a few minutes later was busy carrying out her orders, while Miss Newbegin was saying to Sarah



"Now, Sarah, I am going to look after you, and first of all I want you to promise me that you will take no more medicine that I have not ordered for you."

"I promise, child; but it does seem an awful waste to throw away all that medicine."

"Better do that than throw away your life. If you will follow my treatment you will be out of doors again in a few weeks. First of all I am going to send you a bottle of elderberry wine, and you must take it as I direct."

After seeing that her patient, as she called Sarah, was as comfortable as possible, Miss Newbegin left to go to her home, promising to send down the wine by Everybody's Sam. Meanwhile Leonard Quiver, who had overheard enough of this conversation to understand what was taking place, resumed his journey toward Deacon Goodwill's home.

*(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)*

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## Granite State

### An Acrostic

By CHARLES M. EMERSON

Great is thy name, O Granite State of mine,  
Round Thee are gathered many sons of fame,  
And tho' Thy crags may show the wear of time,  
Nor time nor tide shall dim Thy deathless name.  
In shadow of Thy hills or foreign clime  
Thy sons and daughters' lips shall ever frame  
Eternal praise to Thee. Thou art Sublime!

So long as sun or moon or stars shall shine,  
Thy granite peaks shall overtop the plain;  
As long as beacons beam across the brine,  
Thy fame be wide as is the boundless main,  
Extending far on every side, and for all time.





# The Editor's Window

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## Revolutionary Pensioners

In connection with the publication of the Revolutionary Pension Declarations for Strafford county, it is interesting to note that the United States government printed, in 1820 and in 1835-36, the names of 120,000 pensioners, who were soldiers in the War for Independence. Their names made four volumes and were grouped by counties in the several states that had representatives. The number for New Hampshire was 2,906.

Again, in 1840, the government printed another pension roll, the list this time having dropped to nearly 21,000 men, of which 1,412 belonged to our state.

\* \* \*

## Notes and Queries

"Are the sacred fires of India still burning?" asks a correspondent. At least one of them is, and that is among the most ancient, having been consecrated over twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the successful voyage performed by the Parsees against great odds when they journeyed from their old home in Persia to India. This fire is in a little village known as Udawada, where the descendants of the original builders visit in great numbers during the season when the genius of fire is supposed to hold domain over this element. The sacred blaze is kept alive by the faithful attention of watchmen, who have no other duty. Every fifth hour the fuel is replenished with very dry material, consecrated with the prayer of some priest and rendered fragrant with sandal wood. It is claimed this fire has never been allowed to die out. It is also claimed by the Japanese, and they seem to have good proof, that they have a perpetual fire older than even this burning on the altar of the Parsees.



## The Last Pensioner of the Revolution

Mrs. Esther Sumner Damon, the last surviving widow of a Revolutionary soldier, died recently at her home in Plymouth Union, Vt., aged ninety-two years. She would have passed her last days in poverty had it not been for the accidental discovery of her condition two years ago by the members of Pales-Rollo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Wallingford. The society got a bill through the legislature, giving her two hundred dollars for her support. Each chapter in the state was induced to contribute one dollar a month during the balance of the old lady's life, and congress doubled her pension of twelve dollars. She was made a Daughter of the American Revolution, her grandfather having been a Revolutionary soldier.

Noah Damon, her husband, enlisted at Milton, Mass., April 19, 1775, and served five years. He was pensioned at the age of eighty-nine years, while living at Plainfield, N. H. When the couple was married at Bridgewater, September 6, 1835, he was seventy-five and she was twenty-one years of age.

Esther Sumner Damon, an own cousin of Charles Sumner, was born at Bridgewater, Vt., August 1, 1814. Left fatherless and without resources at the age of eight, she determined to win for herself an education, and she accomplished her purpose by working out summers and attending the village schools in the winter. At the age of seventeen she began to teach a little school in the hamlet of Plymouth Union. When twenty-one years of age, she met Noah Damon, a veteran of the Revolution, and two weeks from the first meeting they were married, in spite of the fact that he was seventy-six and she just turned twenty-one. Damon was a penniless man, and in his declining days a burden to his young wife. For three years she worked at everything, only to find that her small savings of other years had melted away under the pitiless tax of a meager existence. Then she suggested that her





aged partner join his daughter in New Hampshire, in whose home he died two years later.

During the succeeding years of her life she supported herself by sewing and nursing the sick, her scant income being supplemented by a pension of eighty dollars a year. This was increased to twelve dollars a month a score of years since, but the scant forty cents a day was all too small to support the old woman.

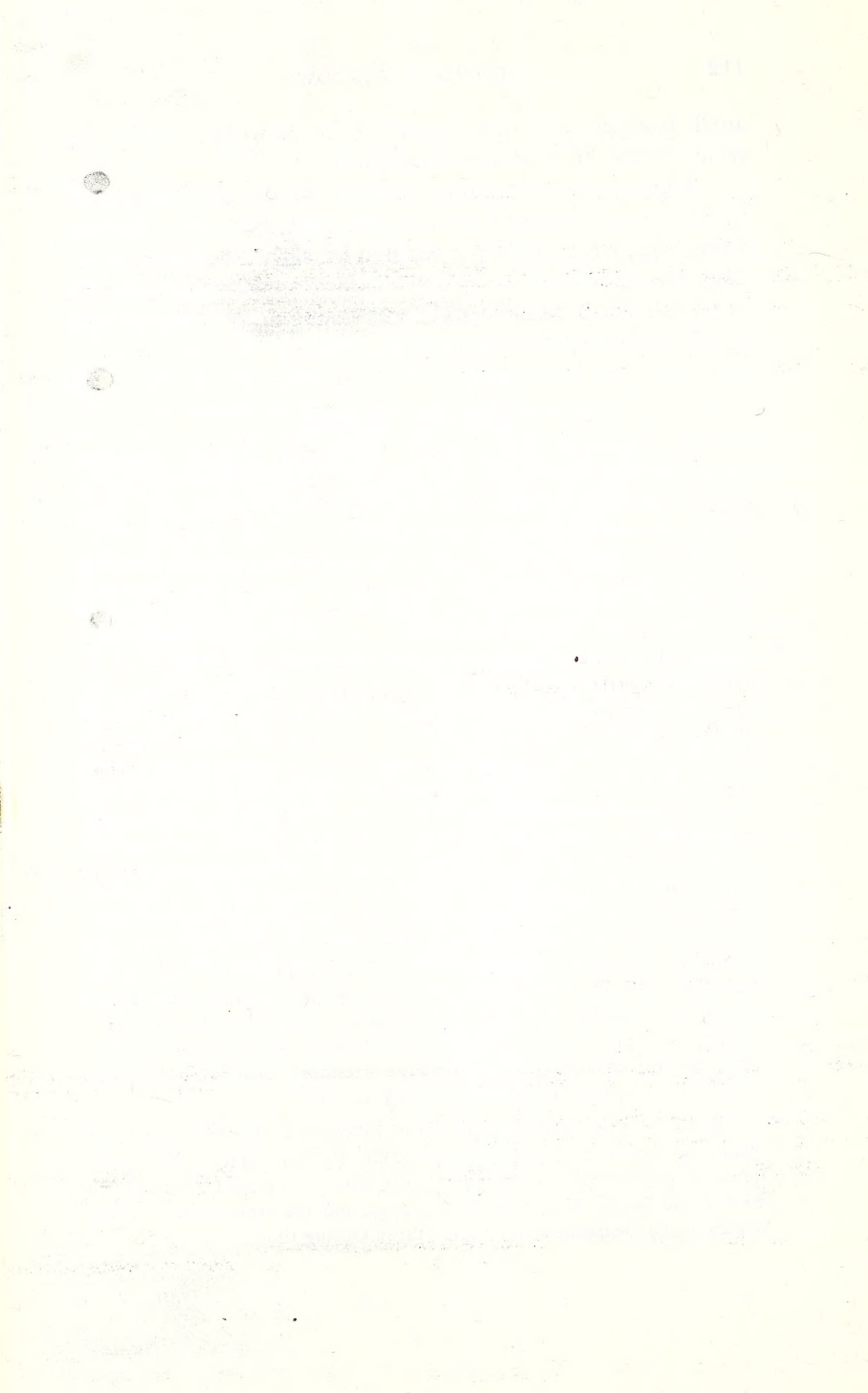
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### Literary Leaves

**WAYESES, THE WHITE WOLF.** By William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Cloth, 12mo., gilt top, illustrations and page ornamentations, 172 pages. Ginn and Company, Boston and London. Price, \$1 net. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

Without entering into the discussion originating with the President and the author, which has given the work a more effectual advertising than the mere display of cold type could do, we can say that it is issued in elegant dress. The marginal drawings are beautiful and expressive, not to mention the colored frontispiece, showing the speaking likeness of the redoubtable gray wolf, and the five full-page pictures that follow. The story has been reprinted from "Northern Trails," really in demand to the call the President's attack has given it. Dr. Long has written a preface, containing some of his arguments in defence of his position, which lends additional interest to the work. The author remarks that "the critic who asserts dogmatically what a wild animal will or will not do under certain conditions only proves how carelessly he has watched them and how little he has learned of nature in infinite variety." While we are prone to believe that this "nature fad" or "study" has been carried to an extreme and much that has been written in that line had better have been unwritten, yet we had rather it had all been said than that it all should have remained without a delineator. The life story of this Newfoundland wolf, as Dr. Long has told it in his vivid manner, makes very interesting reading, and withal so plausible that one with a sincere regard for nature, and a capacity to appreciate the possibilities that lie in the realm of improbability, can appreciate it. We believe the President has done an unintentional good where he had hoped to check an evil.

**BOYS OF THE BORDER**, the third volume of the "Old Deerfield Series" of stories for young people, by Mary P. Wells Smith, will be published by Little, Brown & Company in the fall. The period is that of the French and Indian War, from 1746 to 1755, and the story relates leading events in the Deerfield valley during those stirring times.





FROM MOUNTAIN TO SEA





# New Hampshire

By J. Q. A. WOODS

The author of this stirring poem was the eldest son of Col. Eliphalet Wood of Loudon, and was born in Chichester, N. H., February 8, 1815. When he was sixteen his father emigrated to Tecumseh, Mich., but he was sent back to his native state to complete his preparatory collegiate course at New London, in companionship with his brother William H. They entered Dartmouth College in 1839, but at the close of their junior year changed to Union College, N. Y., where they graduated in 1843. While his brother returned to Tecumseh to take his law course, Quincy became a law student in the office of Pierce and Fowler, Concord. He was admitted to the bar in 1846. Quincy and William married sisters, respectively, Emily Maria and Julia A. A., daughters of Mr. Ezekiel Sargent of New London, N. H. Quincy began the practice of law in Ann Arbor, Mich., but after the death of his wife, in 1854, he removed to Sauk Rapids, Minn., and later went to Owensboro, Ky., where he married a second time, an accomplished lady by the name of Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, who owned a handsome estate. He became editor of *The Southern Kentucky Shield*, but the threatening storm of the Rebellion finally compelled him to abandon his paper. At the close of the war he went back to Sauk Rapids, where he resumed the practice of law, dying a few years since. He wrote with a fluent pen. The following poem was written in the heat of the coming on of the great battle and included two stanzas relating to the grim situation which it is thought best to omit here.—*Editor*.

**H**AIL, land of the Mountain Dominion!  
Uplifting thy crest to the day,  
Where the eagle is bathing his pinion  
In clouds that are rolling away,  
O say, from the Pilgrim descended,  
Who trampled on Albion's crown,  
Shall we, by thy cataracts splendid,  
Refuse thee a wreath of renown—  
A wreath of renown from thy evergreen bough,  
Entwined with the oak that adorneth thy brow?





What though, on the mountain that bore us,  
The fern in her loneliness waves?  
Our forefathers tilled them before us,  
And here will we dwell by their graves;  
And beloved of thy blue-eyed daughters,  
Ever true to the brave and the free,  
We'll drink of the gush of thy waters,  
That leap in the sun to the sea.  
Huzza to the rocks and glens of the North!  
Huzza to the torrents that herald them forth!

\* \* \* \* \*

Peace to us is evermore singing  
Her songs on thy mountains of dew,  
While still at our altars are swinging  
The swords that our forefathers drew.  
But O, may we never unsheath them  
Again where the carnage awaits,  
But to our descendants bequeath them  
To hang upon Liberty's gates,  
Encircled with garlands, as blades that were drawn  
By the hosts of the Lord, that have conquered and gone!

All hail to thee, Mountain Dominion!  
Whose flag on the cloud is unrolled,  
Where the eagle is straining his pinion,  
And dipping his plumage in gold,  
We ask for no hearts that are truer,  
No spirits more gifted than thine,  
No skies that are warmer or bluer,  
Than dawn on thy hemlock and pine.  
Ever pure are the breezes that herald thee forth,  
Green land of my father! thou Rock of the North!





THE LAST OF HIS RACE





# Granite State Magazine

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## Literary Associations of the Merrimack River

### II

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

A VOID would be left in the literary associations of the Merrimack was the memory of that gifted worshiper of the White Hills, Starr King,\* forgotten. To his pen more than all others, the kings of northern mountains,

“Discoursing like sentinels to the sky,”

owe their immortality in literature. “He discovered them

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\*Thomas Starr King was born in New York city December 24, 1824, the oldest child of Thomas F. King, an eloquent minister in the Universalist church. The father, distinguished in his day by his fervid apostolic style of preaching, after several years of service in Hudson and New York, was settled in Portsmouth, N. H., but died in Charleston, Mass. Left at the age of twelve, the sole dependence of his widowed mother, who had five children younger than he, Thomas Starr King was a self-educated, self-placed man. He entered upon his line of duty with that joyous sense of power which characterized his brilliant but brief career. In September, 1845, he preached his first sermon at Woburn, Mass. Never strong, at twenty-three he was broken in health. For twelve years as pastor, preacher, lecturer, literary man and social factor, he gave the best he had to that city, so fortunate in its heritage of admirable men. During those years he sought regularly the clear, bracing atmosphere of the White Hills, which he grew to love so well, there to retain with that undiscovered vitality known to few of frail bodies his fleeting physical power. Finally he felt obliged to seek the milder climate of California, where he died of diphtheria March 4, 1864, in his fortieth year.—*Editor.*



in their pristine glory; he left them in a halo of revealed light." And these mountains are the birthplace of our river. 'Mid its crags and cliffs it was born, and if it spurned with childish wantonness its mother, it carried with it to the sea her memory, her songs of freedom. The poet dreams this when he declares in faultless measure:

I feel the cool breath of the North  
Between me and the sun,  
O'er deep, still lake and ridgy earth,  
I saw the cloud shades run.  
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;  
Like green-winged birds the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swam.  
  
And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,  
Far as the eye could roam,  
Dark billows of an earthquake storm,  
Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
Their rugged peaks in shine,  
I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
The horizon's northern line.  
  
There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,  
Moosilauke's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
And pins-dark gorge between.  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn browed  
And awful face of stone.

Well did Stirling say, gazing upon such a landscape as borders the matchless Merrimack:

I looked upon a plain of green,  
That some one called the Land of Prose,  
Where many living things are seen,  
In movement or repose.  
  
I looked upon a stately hill  
That well was named the Mount of Song,  
Where golden shadows wait at will  
The woods and streams among.

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But most this fact my wonder bred,  
 Though known by all the nobly wise,  
 It was the mountain streams that fed  
 The fair green plain's amenities.

Following the winding Pemigewasset, the main branch  
 of the Merrimack

Overhung

By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,

he says:

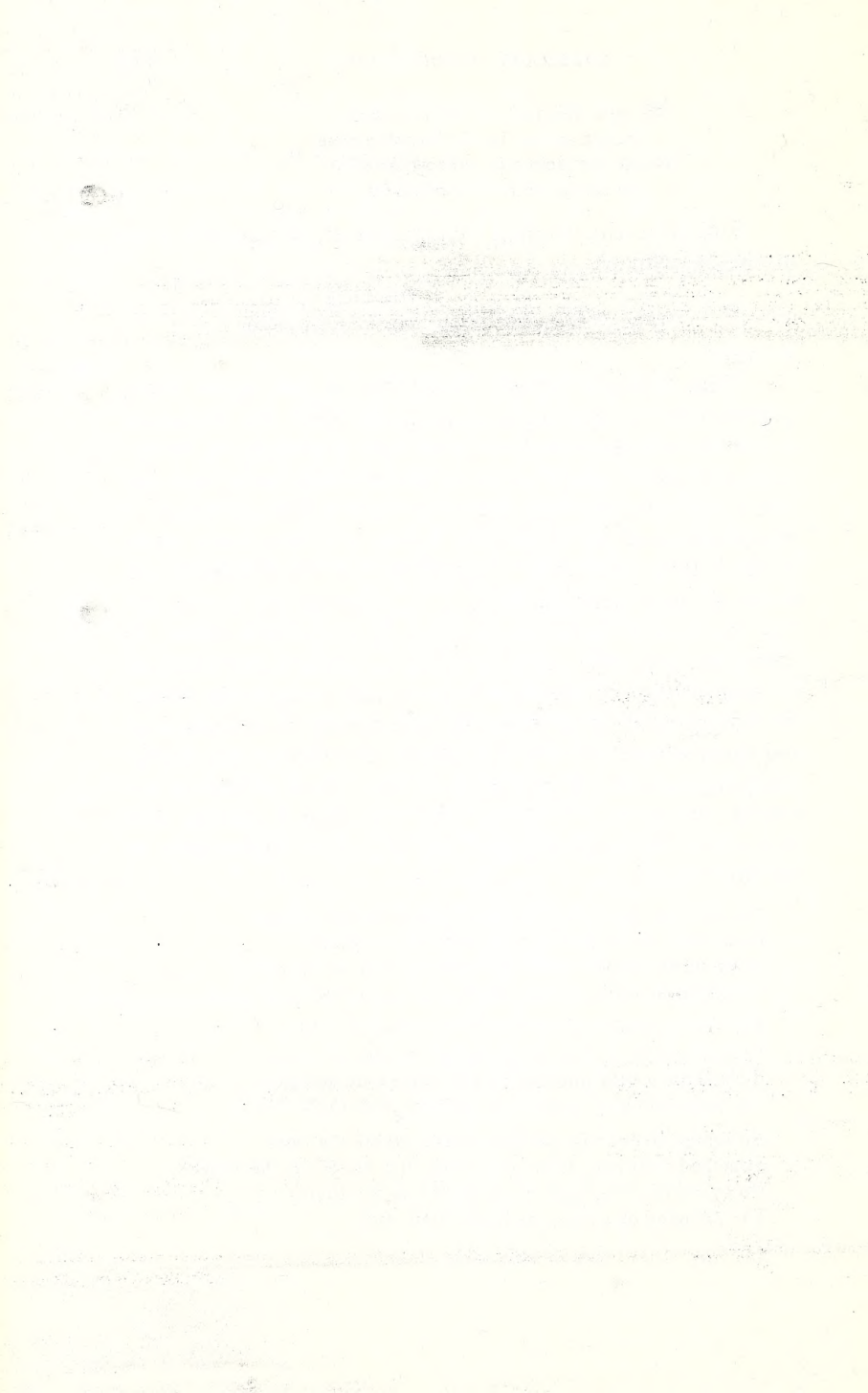
"The valley is broader than that of the upper Saco, and the hills do not huddle around the road; the distances are more artistic, and the lights and shades have better chance to weave their more subtle witchery upon the distant mountains that bar the vision—upon the whaleback of Moosilauke and the crags and spires that face each other in the Franconia Notch. The picture of the Pemigewasset is one of prominent pleasure. . . . How briskly it cuts its way in sweeping curves through the luxuriant fields of Campton, and with what pride it is watched for miles of its wanderings by the Welch mountain completely filling the background, from which its tide seems to be pouring, and upon whose shoulders, perhaps, the clouds are busily dropping fantastic shawls of shadows! In this part of its course, the river is scarcely less free than it was in the days which Whittier alludes to in his noble apostrophe to the Merrimack:

Oh, child of that white-crested mountain whose springs  
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff eagle's wings,  
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,  
 Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,  
 From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone;  
 By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,  
 Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea.

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees  
 Stretched their long arms above thee, and kissed in the breeze:  
 No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,  
 The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.





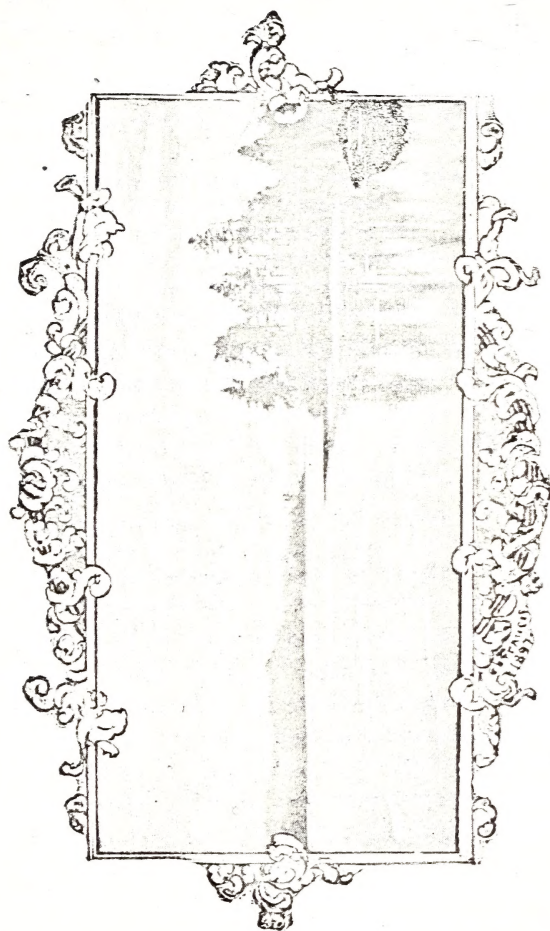
Mr. Nathaniel Berry, in his "Last of the Penacooks," gives us some pleasant insights into the story of man and river, and added his share to the literature of the valley and its people. A native of Pittsfield, the author knew whereof he spoke in describing scenery, while his imagination flew a felicitous arrow in its flights. The book has become far too scarce, and I have yet to see a third copy, though it was published in recent years and by a house that only a short time since ceased to publish.

Two authors of local repute, Messrs. Samuel D. Lord and William E. Moore, added their part to the scientific knowledge of the river's natural features, not to mention the researches of Professor Hitchcock.

Mr. Francis B. Eaton, in his "Story of Lake Massabesic," gives us happy insights into the beautiful biography of that charming sheet of water known to the dusky seekers after eternal light as "The Eyes of the Sky." This historian waxes eloquent over his subject in a description which happily associates the past with the present. "Connecting the white-sanded beaches shores extend, piled high with boulders indicative of oldtime storms and winds, echoes of which to this day greet the luckless voyager who happens to be out in his frail canoe or cranky sailboat. Wooded slopes run down to the water's edge, luxuriant vines cluster on fine old trees, the wild grape perfumes the autumn groves. Only the other day the bear found his favorite high blueberry in sheltered dells; wild geese rested here in their long flights hither and yon, and great flocks of ducks found free ports of entry in many a safe retreat. Deer browsed in the surrounding forests; the lordly loon trumpeted his defiance in the lee of his chosen island, or disappeared with lightning celerity at the crack of the rifle. Acres of flooded marshlands furnished feeding ground for perch or pickerel. Alewives crowded in shoals up the Cohas in the season, and suckers abounded when the winter snows moved off."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who was pleased to





"MOORED ON ITS CALM SURFACE AN ISLAND"





lay the scenes of one of her most famous stories upon its shores, says: "Among the lakes of New Hampshire there is one of extreme beauty. A broad, shadowy water some nine miles in length, with steep, thickly wooded shores, and here and there, as if moored on its calm surface, an island, fit for a bower of bliss."

The poetess, Mrs. Clara B. Heath, who lived near its beautiful shore for several years, has given us some of her gems of verse in connection with these twin bodies of water:

Two broad blue bays that stretch out east and west,  
Dotted with fairy isles of living green,  
And midway where the waters seem to rest  
In narrow bed, two curving shores between,  
A time-worn bridge that long has stood the test  
Of stormy winds and restless tides is seen.

The outlet of this lake, Cohas brook, is one of the most fortunate tributaries of the Merrimack.

No sweeter tribute to the noble river of which we write has been paid it than the poem of Mr. Allen Eastman Cross, "At the Falls of Namoskeag."\*

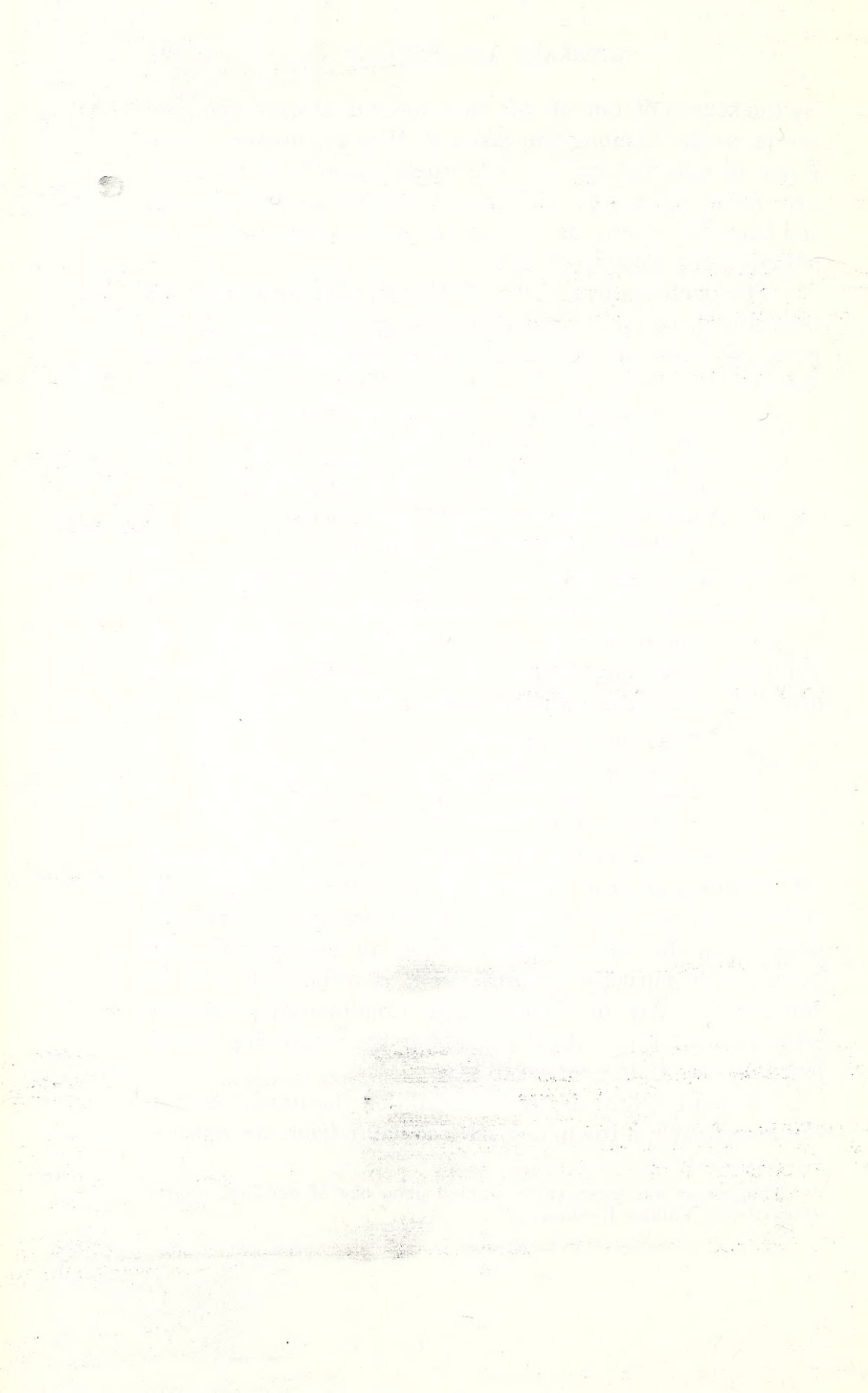
Three souls shall meet in our gracious river,  
The soul of the mountains, staunch and free  
The soul of the Indians' "Lake of the Spirit,"  
And the infinite soul of the shining sea.

Mr. Nathan Hale, who thought best to sign himself "A Gentleman from Boston," has left us a felicitous account of an "Excursion to Winnipiseogee." Its title page bears the date of 1833, and as an example of quiet humor and purity of expression it is difficult to find its equal in this day of Kipling and Londonarian literature (save the mark!). After describing the beginning of his journey, Mr. Hale goes on to say:

"Noon brought us to Haverhill, on the north bank of the Merrimack, a town no less beautiful from its natural,

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\*This poem was given entire, printed upon one of our linen inserts—pages 97-104, Volume I.—*Editor*.



situation than from the aspect of its buildings. Its antiquities and history afford some tragical, and many romantic, incidents for the embellishment of future novels and the catastrophies of future dramatic compositions. The sack of the town by the Indians and French in 1708, the heroic conduct of Mrs. Dustin, the sagacity and address of Hagar the slave, in secreting the two infants, and many other events which are yet fresh in tradition, narrated with truth and embellished with the colors of an imagination that could remigrate a century and a half, would be as interesting as it would be novel.

I dislike historical romances even from the pen of Florian, because they confound history. But those whose bodies are real, and where dress only is fanciful, like the historical plays of Shakespeare, personify the age, assist our conceptions of character and actions, and bring the very fashions and pressure of the times home to our bosoms.

After dining at the hotel, we stopped the stage on the Exeter road to receive Mr. W., who was to conduct us to the White Hills but, not being ready, he promised to join us to-morrow.

While the horses stopped to bait, after we left —, curiosity prompted me to look at the unwashed cheeks of Mrs. —. Thirty-seven years had elapsed since a beautiful girl of fifteen sat on the knee of Washington at —. A kiss of Washington could not leave a spot on the charriest maiden's cheek, and if it had it would always be considered a beauty spot which no fair one would erase. As Washington passed to New Hampshire, he was conducted through this route, to be present at the wedding of his secretary, Mr. Lear.

People of each sex and all ages flocked from every part of the country to see him. Two beautiful girls went on the day previous to their relative's, where he was to lodge, in order to see the reputed Father of his Country. After the evening levee was ended, they were introduced,





with reference, by their jolly relation, to the visit of the queen of a far distant country to see the glory of Israel. Their modest, gentle and affectionate carriage exceedingly gratified the General and engaged his attention. Nothing tends more to social intercourse than the performance of some little favor. One of Washington's gloves had a rip—one of the girls, without speaking, took it up, repaired it and silently put it on the sofa. Washington observed the act and, instead of complimenting, took her hand and drew her towards him and impressed a kiss on her cheek. All this was a movement of the heart on the part of both. She declared she would never wash that spot; and I could not help thinking, as I looked upon her, that the rosy blush had not been impaired by time, and that like the immortal amaranth it retained its freshness and beauty, fed by the "sweet contentment of her thoughts."

The brightest links in the literature of the Merrimack are formed by that gifted trio, Thoreau, Emerson, Whitier, and it were sufficient that a river should have these.

Among the prose writers Thoreau\* has left us the most imperishable monument in his "Week upon the Concord and Merrimack River." To us it seems enough that he should have written this, in some respects his masterpiece. Following his happy introduction he goes on to say:

"We were thus entering the state of New Hampshire on the bosom of the flood formed by the tribute of its innumerable valleys. The river was the only key which

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\*Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817, and died where he had lived the last few years of his life, in the old-fashioned dwelling known as the Thoreau-Alcott house, May 6, 1862. Filled with an extraordinary love for nature he devoted his life to its study. Believing in prudent and economical living, he sought to prove his theory, and built a hut upon the shore of Walden pond, where he lived for two years and about which he wove the threads of his most famous book, "Walden, or Life in the Woods." The primitive dwelling has gone the way of its builder, but its site is marked with a cairn of stones, growing like his reputation as the years go by with stone upon stone added by admiring visitors to the hallowed spot.—*Editor.*



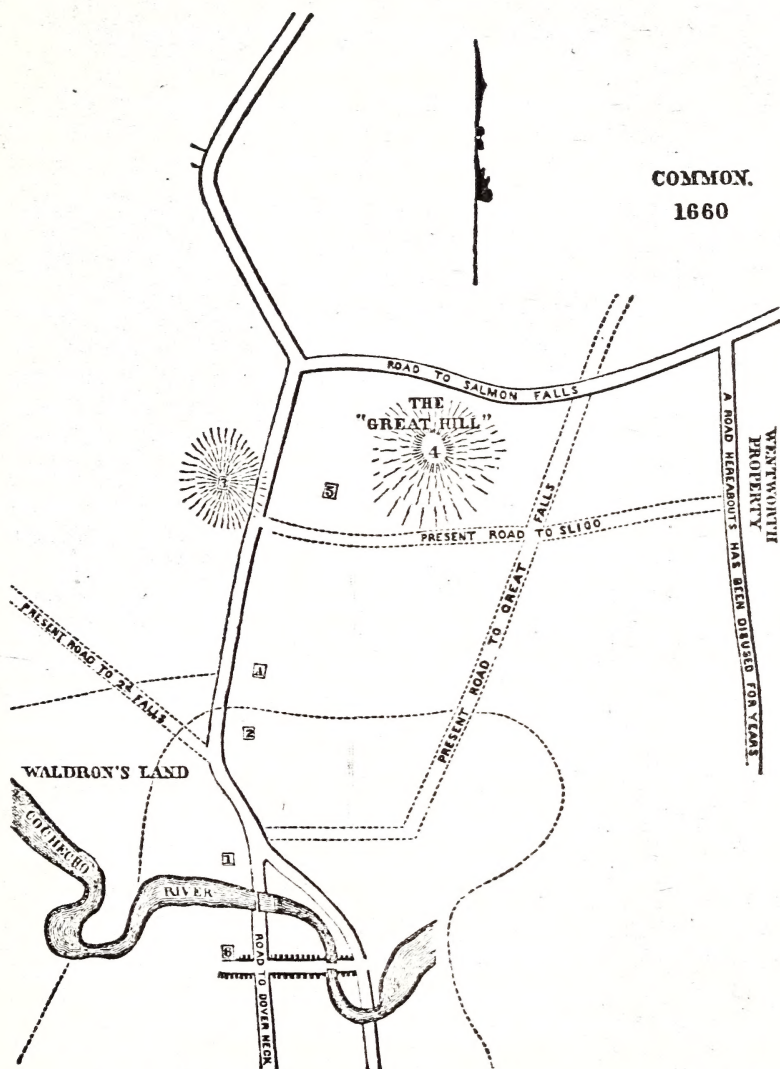


could unlock its maze, presenting its hills and valleys, its lakes and streams, in their natural order and position. The Merrimack, or Sturgeon, river, is formed by the confluence of the Pemigewasset, which rises near the Notch of the White Mountains, and the Winnepisiogee, which drains the lake of the same name, signifying "The Smile of the Great Spirit." From their junction it runs south seventy-eight miles to Massachusetts, and thence east thirty-five miles to the sea. I have traced its stream from where it bubbles out of the rocks of the White Mountains above the clouds, to where it is lost amid the salt billows of the ocean on Plum Island Beach. At first it comes on murmuring to itself by the base of stately and retired mountains, through moist primitive woods whose juices it receives, where the bear still drinks it, and the cabins of settlers are far between, and there are few to cross its stream; enjoying in solitude its cascades still unknown to fame; by long ranges of mountains of Sandwich and of Squam, slumbering like tumuli of Titans, with the peaks of Moosehillock, the Haystack and Kearsarge reflected in its waters; where the maple and the raspberry, those lovers of the hills, flourish amid temperate dews;—flowing long and full of meaning, but untranslatable as its name Pemigewasset, by many a pastured Pelion and Ossa, where unnamed muses haunt, tended by Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, and receiving the tribute of many an untasted Hippocrene. There are earth, air, fire, and water,—very well, this is water, and down it comes.

Such water do the gods distil,  
And pour down every hill  
For their New England men;  
A draught of this wild nectar bring.  
And I'll not taste the spring  
Of Helicon again.



COMMON.  
1660



COCHECO IN 1689





# Cocheco's "Indian Night"

## A Sketch of the Waldron Massacre

By HAROLD D. CAREW

IT HAS been claimed, as a thrust at her military record, that no man fell on New Hampshire soil during the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars. While this is true the Granite State had her share of aboriginal warfare all through the dark and trying periods of the earlier struggles with the desperate red men. First and prominent among these was the frightful surprise given the garrison under that veteran man of arms, Major Waldron, of which the following sketch is a brief resume of the scene of horror, taken mainly from Belknap's New Hampshire.

Early in the fall of 1676, while the Indians of Canada were hammering away at the northern frontier settlements of New Hampshire, the renewal of hostilities along the Pascataqua River from Cocheco to Kittery in Maine occasioned the Alliance of Massachusetts to send out two companies under Capt. Joseph Lyll and William Hawthorne with orders to arrest all Indians who were in any

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The following explanatory notes refer to the plan of Cocheco in 1689, given on the opposite page :

- A. Otis' Garrison.
1. Waldron's Garrison.
2. John Ham's house, 1825.
3. Heard's Garrison, on Little's, afterwards Garrison, Hill, which has been since cut down.
4. Varney's Hill, often improperly called Garrison Hill.
5. Varney's House, still standing. (See GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE for June.)
6. Coffin's Garrison.

The plan has been taken from Drake's Book of the Indians, Author's Edition.—*Editor.*



way concerned in the recent uprisings, and who were known to have killed any Englishmen in that part of the province.

Having set out on their expedition in the middle of the summer, they came in the course of their march to Cocheco, on the fifth of September, where they found four hundred Indians assembled at the garrison of Major Waldron, with whom Wonolanset and his Penacook tribes had made peace, and in whom they confided as their brother and defender. The captains would have swooped down upon the Red Men immediately but for the interference of Waldron, who suggested the following stratagem:

He said that the Penacooks had proven themselves true to the treaty which had been signed previous to the massacres and invasions; that the Indians who were concerned in the wars had come to their brethren in New Hampshire for protection; and that if the strange Indians, as they were called, were to be taken, Wonolanset and his men would have to be taken also, and a separation made after the capture. He therefore proposed to the Indians that they have a sham battle the next day, to which proposal they all readily consented.

Waldron having summoned his men with those of Captain Frost of Kittery, together with the forces of Lyll and Hawthorne, they constituted one side and the Indians the other. By a peculiar contrivance, the English surrounded their opponents, after having allowed them to fire the first volley. A separation was then made. Wonolanset and his men were released while the strange Indians, to the number of two hundred, were taken to Boston, where seven or eight of their leaders were condemned and hanged and the rest sold as slaves in foreign lands. The colonies applauded the men for their valor, but the Indians considered it treachery and, though Waldron did not know it, he sealed his fate on that day.

Thirteen years passed, the call of defence was often heard through the province, the massacre and plundering



wept on, still the revenge of the red foe was not accomplished.

In that part of the settlement of Cochecho which lies about the first falls of the Pascataqua River were five garrisons: three on the north side—Waldron's, Otis' and Heard's; and two on the south side—Peter Coffin's and his son's. Surrounded by high timber walls, and securely fastened by bolts and bars, the houses afforded a safe refuge for all families who were subjected to an attack from the enemy. But by negligence, no watch was kept by night or day, and the Indians who were constantly passing through the town, visiting and trading, as was common in time of peace, watched the movements around the garrisons attentively.

The plan preconcerted for the execution of their revenge was in keeping with their method of warfare. Two squaws were to go to each of the houses and apply for a lodging. The doors were to be unbolted by them when all had retired. Then at a signal the massacre was to begin. Accordingly, on the night of Thursday, the twenty-fifth of June, 1689, the squaws applied for admission to the houses and were admitted to all except the younger Coffins'. They were shown, at their own request, how to open the doors in case they should have occasion to go out during the night.

Mesandowit, one of the chiefs, was entertained at the major's, and while at supper he said, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if the strange Indians should come to-night?"

"I can assemble an hundred men by lifting my finger," answered the soldier.

Thus suspecting no harm from their treacherous guests, the people retired to rest after covering the coals on the hearth.

About midnight, when all was quiet, the gates were opened, the signal given, and the Indians rushed in, set a guard at the door and entered the major's room. Aroused





by the noise, he jumped out of bed and, though past eighty, he drove the intruders back into the kitchen; but, while returning for his other arms, he was struck on the head by a hatchet. Dragging him to the hallway, his assailants seated him in a large, old-fashioned chair and placed him on a table, asking, "Who shall judge Indians now?" They then compelled the people to prepare a meal and, when they had finished, each one cut him across the breast and abdomen, saying, "I cross out my account." Cutting off his nose and ears, they forced them into his mouth and, when he was falling from loss of blood, one of them placed the major's own sword under him, thus ending his misery. They also killed his son-in-law, Abraham Lee, and, taking several others as captives, pillaged the house and burned it. Otis' garrison met the same fate. He was killed and his wife and children taken into captivity. Heard's garrison was saved by the barking of a dog, while Coffin's was spared, as the Indians had no enmity toward him. Proceeding to the house of the younger Coffin, they summoned him to surrender but he refused; they then took his father out, threatening to kill him if the command was not obeyed. The gates were immediately thrown open to the enemy.

Twenty-three people were killed at this surprisal and twenty-nine taken prisoners. After burning five or six houses, several barns and a mill, the invaders left the scene of devastation. They had accomplished the long-meditated revenge, whose record remains a dark memorial in the history of New Hampshire.

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## To the Virgin Mary

By HARRY LEAVITT PERHAM

Thou art my Muse, the author of my dreams.  
'Raptured my soul, if on me brightly beams  
Thy smile benign, exquisite, tender, rare;  
It banishes my doubts, dispels my care  
And from a world of deep despair and pain  
Transports me to a realm of joy again.



# The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have  
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author]

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

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## CHAPTER XIX

### THE COMING OF THE CRISIS

The cloak of charity should fall  
On every one we know,  
As softly as to earth comes down  
The newly fallen snow.

—*Shirley.*

ABOUT the time of this scene at the humble home of Sarah Gooseberry, an affair of equal interest and greater excitement was taking place at Deacon Goodwill's farmhouse. He had barely returned from the hearing at the Center, in no very enviable frame of mind, as might naturally be expected, when he was both surprised and angered at the appearance of the town claimant. The last came on foot but appeared spotless of dirt, as if he had not walked far along a country road. He had in fact been brought by his team to within a short distance of his stopping-place.

"Never see th' beat of him fer downright imperdence," exclaimed Mr. Goodwill in an undertone. "Mebbe he thinks I'm goin' to harbor an' feed him right erlong; but I'm jess goin' to set my foot down, an' I'm goin' to keep it down, too!"





Thus, as he met the other at the door, he said with such sternness as he could muster:

"Onless yeou pay me what yeou owe me I ain't goin' to let you inter my house ag'in. Here I've been a-feedin' an' a-coddlin' yeou an' that good-fer-nothin' scallywag wi' yer, an' what do I git fer it? Th' cussin's of th' town, 't's what I git. Neow I'm done on't."

"I'm sorry to have to part company with you, Deacon," replied the other, as if replying to an apology made by the other rather than a bitter speech against him; "but if you say so, why of course I will go. As I come to think of it, I think I had better go. Of course I can see it puts you in a bad light with the citizens of the town, and I have no desire to injure your good name. Let me come in and get my little trunk, or you can toss it out of the window. I am pretty good at catching, and I will risk its reaching the ground."

"How erbout my pay, Mister Bidwell?"

"All in good time, my dear Deacon. I did think of paying you to-night, but if I take my horse with me, as of course you will expect me to, I am afraid I shall not be able to meet the small matter of our board. But I will see that it is paid soon."

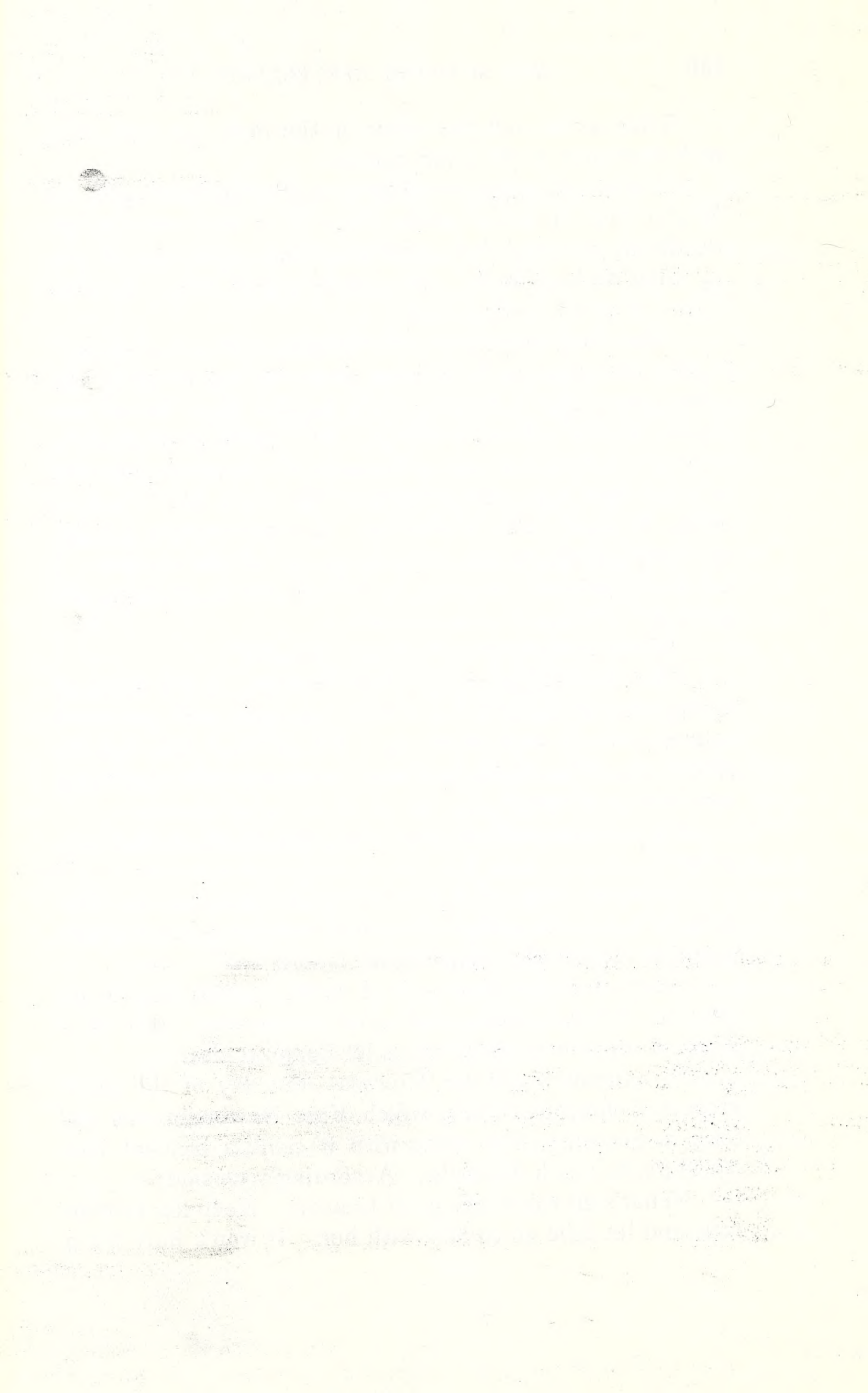
"Yeou're hoss?" repeated the deacon, in evident surprise."

"Yes, old Bet. You know I was to pay you two hundred dollars for her, after allowing you to keep her a month to finish your work. The month is now up."

"But—I didn't think—I—I sorter wanted Abe to go over to Willey's Falls with grist to-morrow. It'll be a great disappointment to me to let her go to-day."

To-morrow would be Thursday, the day of the great race at Coldbrook, a fact which Free Newbegin was not long in grasping, and along with it came a brilliant idea by which to reach his ends. Accordingly he said:

"That's all right, my good Deacon. Keep her to-morrow, and let Abe go to mill with her. It won't hurt her a



bit, for I know Abe is a careful driver. I would advise you to let him take an early start."

"Jess my idee," replied the deacon, rubbing his hands in his exuberance of spirits. "Abe is a keerful driver, an' th' mare will be the better fer the goin'. Come right in to dinner, Mr. Bidwell for I hear mother callin' us."

So another delay was made in the time of settlement, the claimant improving the first opportunity to apprise Abe of the good fortune that had fallen them.

"Willey's mill is right on your way to Coldbrook, if I am not mistaken, and all you have to do is to drive over to the fair while your grist is being ground. So you see everything at this end of the route plays right into your hand. There is one thing you forgot to do, and that was to make your entry in the list. I was over that way, and so I took the responsibility to represent you."

"Crickets! I hadn't thaught of that," replied Abe. "Yeou've done me a turn I shan't forget. I expect it will be a great time."

"It will be in more ways than one. But I want to put you on your guard in regard to a matter which you should understand at the outset. 'Forwarned is forearmed,' you know. There is a movement afoot to keep you out of the race, for a few have got wind of what you are trying to do and think to balk you at the beginning. In this case your only hope will be with Squire Newbegin. He has a horse entered, and a good one, but he will see that you have fair play, if you go to him before it is too late."

Abe's countenance showed marked concern as he listened to the words of his friend, but it gradually lightened as he neared the end.

"I am glad you told me," he said. "I think the squire will help me. He has been very friendly. Here comes your friend," and Abe went into the house.

Free Newbegin had already seen his associate ascending the hill, and he went forward to meet him, asking, as the other came near:





"What news, old boy?"

"There is a storm brewing, and it looks so we were in for a hard time. How is it with you?"

"As serene as the sky of Naples, though, come to think of it, that simple-minded Jew who over-bid me on the Temple place is going to cap the climax of his folly by trying to raise Cain with me for making him pay so much for the farm. I laughed in his face; impolite I know, but I could express my feelings in no other way so well. I never told him, nor any one else, there was gold on the place. In fact, I never believed there was, and it is proving beyond argument that the whole thing is a hoax. But, come, your dinner is getting cold. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the deacon and I have had another tilt, and the feast is to follow."

"I did not expect you back so soon," said his companion. "What have you done with that big lawyer? He fairly frightened the town's people."

"Ha—ha—ha! I laughed in my sleeve all through the farce. Leonard Quiver, our case is as good as won."

"How have you managed to pay so great a lawyer?"

"Pay him? Didn't you know big men were just as cheap as small men? I mean big men physically. It made a grand outing for him, and he is happy over his experience and wants to come again. As for me, well, I can't complain. His clothes were borrowed, and for his wit he didn't need any as long as he kept still and looked wise. The turnout cost me an even ten dollars, and I paid him two dollars a day. Both were worth their hire."

"So he was no great lawyer after all?"

"Lawyer? Blackstone is an unknown name to him. It wasn't a lawyer we wanted. How much good did that weazened Wilcox do them? It was just such a man as we had that we needed, some one who by his very ponderosity to bring terror to them. I think our brick-layer filled the bill to brimming measure. Go eat your dinner and we will look at our new possession, for it is as good as our possession."





While that was an anxious day to many, nothing of sufficient interest to call for description occurred. Abe Goodwill gave old Bet a careful grooming over night, in readiness for his early start the following morning, stopping to whisper in her ear time and again his hopes and his fears.

"Win, old Bet, and I shall graduate from Coe's Academy; lose, and I must settle daown here in ignerence, and be contented I suppose. My! haow they'll stick aout their eyes when we come back with flying colors."

Abe retired early that evening, so as to be promptly on hand the following morning, and it is safe to say he slept very little that night. In his anxiety lest he should oversleep he was up to look at the tall kitchen clock a little past ten, to creep back into his bed, vexed that he should have anticipated any signs of morning light at that hour; but at half-past eleven he was again astir; again at one o'clock; at a quarter of two, and finally half an hour later he dressed and went to the barn to give Bet a feeding of hay and four quarts of oats. An hour later he was on his way, Free Newbegin having risen to see him start, bestowed upon him his good wishes for his success.

A little after eight o'clock Deacon Goodwill went down to the village to consult with some of the leading citizens in regard to the best course to pursue at the town meeting, which was set to take place on Saturday at ten o'clock. Then he learned, to his intense surprise, that Abe had gone to the races at Coldbrook. A little later in the day he was told that Abe had entered Bet for the races.

At first he angrily rejected the claim, but gradually the truth was impressed upon his mind, and as it gained ground his anger grew accordingly. He came home an hour earlier than he had intended, like a kettle on a hot stove, boiling over with his pent-up rage. In this unenviable state of mind he stormed about the house, looking earnestly, ever and anon, down the hill for a sight of his disobedient son, until the darkness became too great for



him to see across the yard. Still he stood, almost continually now, looking and hearkening with strained sense, occasionally breaking forth into a torrent of words. It was a period of agony for him, to say nothing of his family.

That morning Freeland Newbegin started down the road leading to Sunset, moving at a slow gait, as if absorbed in deep meditation. As a matter of fact his mind was busy with the reflections of his experiences since his return to Foxcraft. In spite of his rather exciting undertakings, it all seemed like a dream to him. Everything appeared so unreal, so unsatisfactory. As far as he had been able to learn no one had recognized him except Mary Temple and his father, and the latter's refusal to acknowledge his identity was worse than the ignorance of the others. But the sharpest pain which had come to him had arisen from his hopeless meetings with Mary Temple. In spite of the years which had slipped away during his absence abroad, he found that he loved her as devotedly as upon the day when he had left her in a moment of anger,

It was a beautiful morning, the gold of early autumn touching softly the birches that fringed the highway, while from a distant wild cherry a blue jay made the welkin ring with its saucy cry. Somehow the note of the bird found a responsive echo in his heart, and before he knew it he was humming the air of a gypsy verse which he had picked up in his travels through Russia. A strange mood indeed for a lover to meet his sweetheart of other days. But he had barely finished the last note, and he was about to repeat the wild expression of a care-free nature, when he found that he had reached the turn in the road where it passed the home of Mary Temple. Ay, at that moment she was rapidly coming toward him without apparently discovering his close proximity.

They had approached to within a few yards, when she suddenly noticed him and paused, with a look of fright upon her countenance, which, however, quickly changed to an expression of joy.





"Don't be alarmed, Mary! it is only poor I, though glad to meet you. You have been weeping, Mary," he added, as he saw her eyes were reddened with tears. "What has happened?"

"Oh, Free! you cannot understand the cause of my grief any more than I can understand the reason for this strange home-coming of yours."

"Thank God, Mary! I have found some one to call me by my name. I am glad you were the first to speak it. So you, at least, recognize me?"

"I did from the first, Freeland. But I do not recognize your object in coming as you have."

"How could I do differently, Mary. Even father refuses to know me, and I come home in worse plight than the Prodigal of old. There is no fatted calf for me unless I find him myself."

"I do not understand it, Free, I do not understand it. Neither am I in a condition of mind to discuss it with you. I have just received word that my husband is dead. He died several days ago, it seems."

His countenance instantly changed. The cloud which had overshadowed it was chased away by the look of relief given by the thought of what her words suggested. Then the sight of her tears, the deep grief which at that moment swayed her whole being caused him to hesitate, and again he felt a swift power o'ermastering him. His sunburned countenance showed that he meant what he said, while he held out his hands to her and said:

"Forgive me, Mary; I feel for you in your grief. If he was a worthless man he—"

"Was still my husband, Free. I knew him as he was when I married him, but I thought I could make him a better man. Alas! it was beyond my power, and he died as he had lived. The money that I got from the sale of the place only made him worse, and he constantly begged for it. Ten days ago he came to me for more, and in my weakness I gave him twenty-five dollars. It proved his end."



"It was not your fault, Mary. You have been a good wife. It is useless for you to repine over that which cannot be helped. I am so glad to be with you now. Look up, Mary, in the midst of your sorrow, and smile."

"Leave me, Free, lest I prove myself the weak woman I am. Go away and leave me in my despair. I shall soon leave Foxcraft forever. Only yesterday the man who bought our home for the gold he imagined there was in its soil tried to have me buy it back for as many hundred dollars as he paid thousands, through what you did. But I refused it, for I have no heart to live here longer. Somewhere mother and I will find a place to live the few years left us."

"No, no, Mary. You will think differently after a little time. I have not waited these twenty years—"

"Hush, Freeland Newbegin! You do not realize what you are saying. I may have loved you once—I may now, but what you would propose can never be."

"Why, Mary? Pardon me, for I would not seek for an answer now. But at the proper time—"

"I command you, sir, to stop! I will not listen to the man who dishonors the good name of my father, who was an honest man."

"I do not understand you, Mary."

"Because you will not. Go, go, Mr. Newbegin, and do your worst. If he is unable to answer, I will defend the good name of my father."

In a moment now he understood, and for the first time he saw the folly of his action. Yet could he abandon a scheme so promising and full of satisfaction to him? Must he become the laughing stock of the town?

"I will do nothing to injure the reputation of your good father, Mary."

"Then you will give up this foolish claim against the town?" and her countenance brightened.

"I did not mean exactly that, Mary, but I promise you I will do nothing to harm the memory of your father."



"How can you avoid that and continue? It all reflects back upon him."

"Not all. My father was the agent, and he—"

"Everybody believes he paid the money over to father, who was the treasurer."

"He has not even hinted that he has done it."

"No, he has not, because he is loyal to the name of poor father. Ay, they may say what they will against Squire Newbegin, but he is always true to his friends."

"Which is more than you think of me," he said with a pang of regret. "But it was he I was trying to humble. I did not think of others."

"I do not suppose you considered the hardship it was going to place upon the town's people, Mr. Newbegin."

"I will never keep the money, or even demand the payment. So you see there will be no real harm."

"The memory of my father would be none the less maligned. It would always be thought that he had kept the money, but I am sure he never did. He was honest."

"I believe it, Mary."

"And you will drop the matter?"

"I wish I could. Alas! I have gone too far."

"You will find that you have, sir, if you continue. Good day."

"Stop, Mary! I have more I wish to say. I—I— ."

But she did not turn back or show any intimation of stopping; while he continued to gaze after her until she disappeared behind the shrubbery that grew by the roadside; murmuring unconsciously:

"What shadows we pursue."

*(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)*







# Literary Leaves

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The Gorham Press, Boston, Richard G. Badger, manager, sends us an invoice of poetry, good and indifferent, done up in tasty packages. We must profess a certain weakness for poetry, or is it a mark of higher appreciation of the beautiful in thought and expression? Let that be as it may, we feel that we belong to a goodly company, for if poets exist as plentifully as the adage-maker would have us believe then readers of rhyme and measure are even more common. But let us see what we have in the half dozen dainty little 12mos., in demure dress and gilt tops. Outwardly they stand upon an equal plane, and they are uniform in price, \$1.25 each, postpaid. So far so good.

SONGS OF THE STEEL AGE, by William Hurd Hillier. We opened this dainty volume with the expectation of slight reward for our pains, but find ourselves happily surprised. There are over fifty poems in the book, and we have yet to find one that does not please. Rugged, at times, in expression, possibly halting in measure here and there, yet withal there is ring of true steel and the throb of earnest endeavor in them all. We gladly give space to one, which thrills with truth as well as rhyme and rhythm.

## THE REVENGE OF THE FOREST

Ere ever the sound of the sinister axe rang out where the wild birds dwell  
Or ever the rodman's wand adverse had broken the ancient spell,  
The old gods ruled in the plotless woods, and the song of each bearded  
pine

Was blent with the splash of a fountain that flowed from an immemorial  
shrine.

They were splendid days, those ended days, when the vast wind wheeled  
and whirled

To the violet verge where the cloudy surge broke white at the edge of the  
world;

And the storm flames flickered to east and north, and the host of the rain  
marched by:

And anon the red disk of the sun looked forth from the land of the west-  
ern sky.

Now what do you hear them saying;—

The oaks and the poplars tall?

Brother of leaves, when the twilight grieves,

What say they all?

What whisper they when the dusk hangs gray

And the moon motes fall?



They speak of the restless vandal tribes that harried the silent grove,  
Of the turbulent timber chiefs that hard for the splendid pillage strove;  
Of trees by the hundred million slain, through a cycle of threescore years;  
And of warnings sounded forth in vain by a few unlauded seers.

But most of all do they moan and call when the midmost dark sweeps  
low,

And noiselessly in the gnarled gloom the tree-wraiths come and go;  
They call and moan, with a pious fear of a deity shadow-shrined,  
And at length they tell of the vengeance drear that the wood-gods  
wrought mankind.

Now what do you hear them saying,—

The oaks and the poplars tall?

Brother of pines, when the blurred moon shines,

What say they all?

When the thin mist rolls 'mid the somber boles

And the stark owls call?

They tell how the legioned clouds came out from the camps of the storied  
hills,

And sought the fair populous plain with its fields, its towns and dissonant  
mills,

Then the flood dropped down, gray sheet on sheet, from the melting  
firmament,

And river and sky in mid heaven high were as one dread chaos blent;

And the long steel bridges writhed with pain and at length with a shriek  
went down

And the people woke and cried in vain, from the roofs of the fated town,  
But beyond the pale of the desolate vale the world no message heard,

And the throbbing fires on the broken wires died out with a half-formed  
word.

Now ever we hear them sighing,—

The oaks and the poplars tall;

Brother of leaves, when the mad wind grieves,

What say they all?

On whom and where do the high gods swear

Must the next curse fall?

SATIRES. By Edwin Sauter. The author, in his Advertisement to the Satires, says he had certain thoughts. These he has decided wise to publish, and then very considerably acknowledges that he does not ask any man to read or, reading, believe, etc. This gives us courage to open the book that we may come to an understanding with this poet who holds at least one attribute that is not common. We read at the beginning:





When, every muse seduced, a partial age  
 Vaunts itself perfect in its putrid page;  
 When hirelings bawd for prostituted print,  
 Authors yclept, prolific without stint;  
 When critic swarms the venal mart control,  
 Vermin obsequious to the bibliopole;  
 When men exalted, of superior mind,  
 In rabble tastes must inspiration find,  
 Or, these condemned, in proud obscurity  
 Live with their ideals, with their ideals die—  
 How then, ye gods! can satire hold its tongue,  
 Nor lash these evils, all to long unsung?

**DRAMAS OF CAMP AND CLOISTER.** By Archie E. Bartlett. This volume costs the buyer a quarter of a dollar more than the regular price of \$1.25, while *Satires* sells for an even dollar. This work contains five "dramas." The longest and most ambitious of these is the "Empire of Talinis," which fills three-fourths of the book. This piece contains many strong places and, what is of quite as much importance, few really weak places. It is a love theme treated in terse yet tender manner.

**BIRD ECHOES,** Alice Crooker Waite, has an inviting title, and we find that the author has not dealt impartially with the whole feathered family, from the lark to the starling. Nor are all of the poet's endeavors centered upon birds, for we find her felicitously reporting

#### THE SIGN OF RAIN

Over the hazy ridge the billowy clouds pile high,  
 Trailing wavering shadows over fields of rippling rye;  
 Softly the poplars turn silvery leaves to cloud-flaked sky,—  
 Softly the poplars sing, whispering of the coming rain.

**DIVINE ADVENTURES,** John Niendorff, leads us to expect something out of the ordinary, and we find our guiding star in these metrical experiences to be those immortals, Cupid and Psyche. It is more or less of an adventure to stumble through the twenty-odd pages devoted to this soulful poem, in which the woes and gladness of the passion of love is pictured in vivid measure. Minor poems (by that we mean shorter) complete the volume, in one of which we catch this spirit of universal verse, which makes up in truthfulness if it lacks in poetry:

A lack-wit if the Time—  
 A foolish piece and niddy-noddy,  
 To teach her gentle daughter, Rhyme,  
 To flirt and dance with everybody.

**NANNIE, A Song of the Heart.** By Louis M. Elshemus. The author unblushingly (we haven't seen him so can't vouch for the truth of this statement) states in his Foreword that his work is a "Rhapsody." We seldom read anything of this kind, so are likely to remain in ignorance of his efforts. We trust the book will meet with the success it deserves. Probably it will.





# GONE.

BY

John S Barrows.



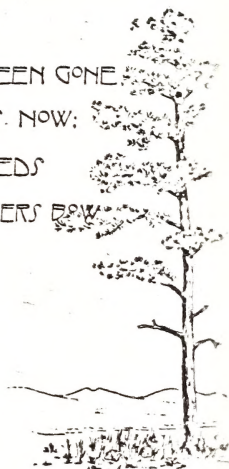
THE PATHLESS FORESTS KNOW THEE NOT.  
NOR RIVER WHERE THY CANOE STRAYED  
THE POND'S WHITE BEACH BEARS NOT THY TRACK.  
ITS WATERS FEEL NO PADDLE-BLADE.







THY MATCHLESS RACE HAVE LONG BEEN GONE.  
THY PATHS ARE TROD BY OTHERS NOW;  
FORGOTTEN ARE THY VALIANT DEEDS  
AND OER THY GRAVE THE WILD-FLOWERS BOW.

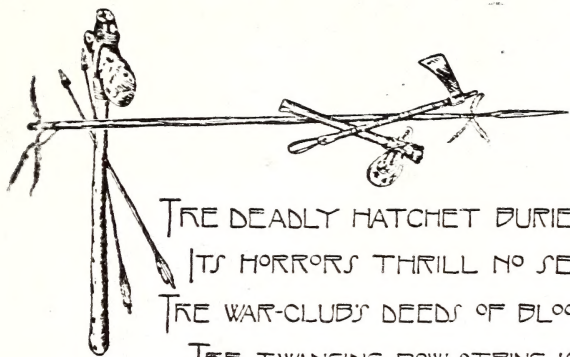


THE DEER STILL ROVE THE LEAFY WOODS.  
THE LOON STILL CRIES ACROSS THE LAKE.  
THE BEAR STILL HOLDS ITS DEN UNSCARED,  
AND WILD-FOWLS FEED AMID THE DRAKE.









THE DEADLY HATCHET BURIED LIES  
ITS HORRORS THRILL NO SETTLER'S BREAST:  
THE WAR-CLUBS DEEDS OF BLOOD ARE DONE  
THE TWANGING BOW-STRING IS AT REST.



THY CAMP-FIRE SMOKE NO LONGER CURLS  
MID BRANCHES GREEN OF TALL PINE TREES;  
NO WIGWAM STANDS ABOVE THE BANK,  
NO CORNFIELDS BOW BEFORE THE BREEZE.



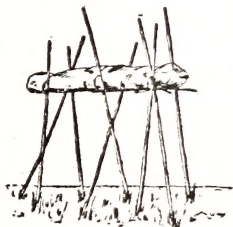


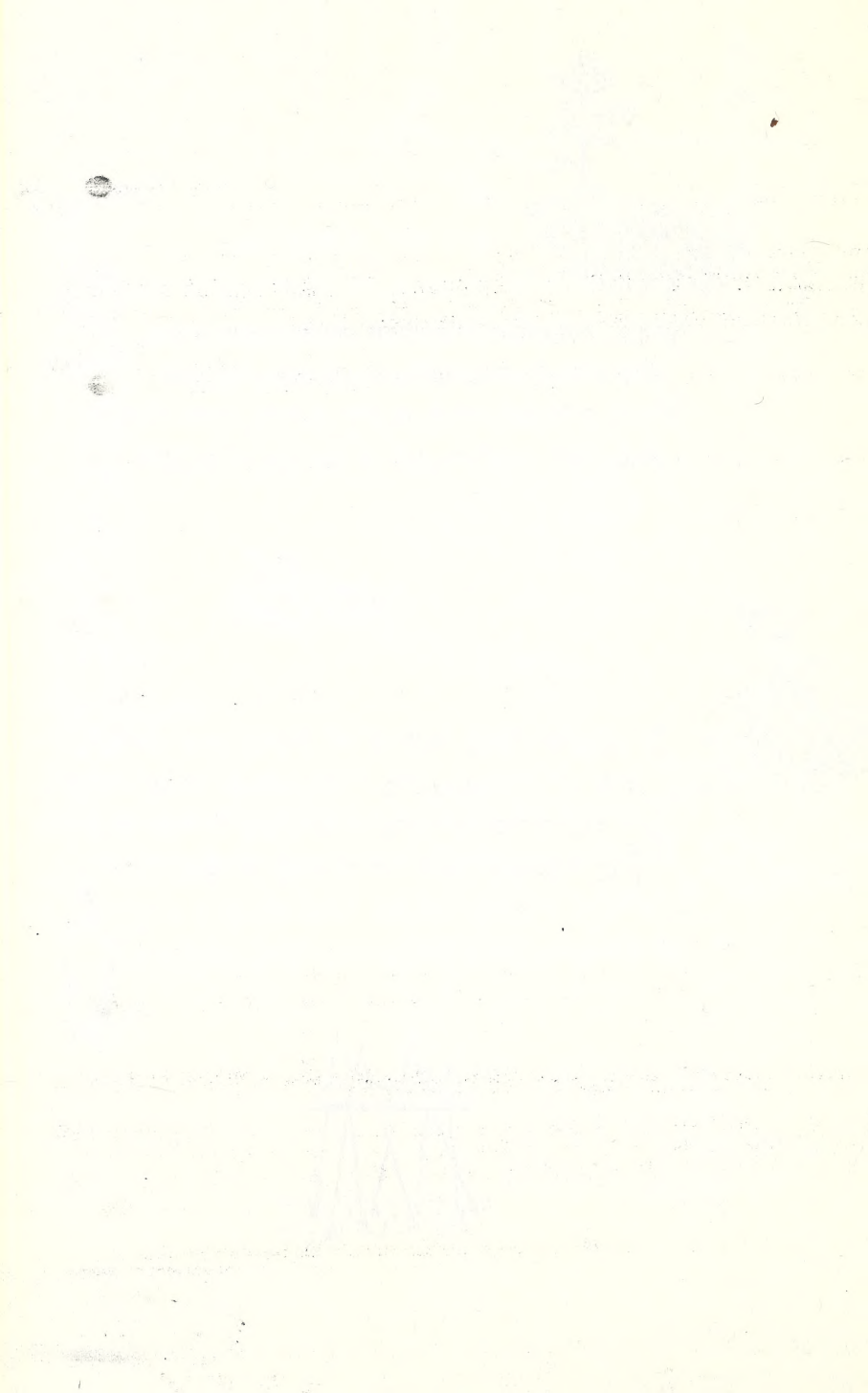


STILL MOUNTAINS TOWER ON EITHER HAND,  
AND NEAR THE WINDING RIVER SWEEPS  
STILL STANDS THE CLIFF AMONG THE PINES  
AND O'er THE PLAIN A WATCH IT KEEPS.



IT SCANS THE WEST, IF THOU ART THERE  
AND IF 'T WOULD BID THEE BACK ONCE MORE:  
BUT HUNTING-GROUNDS NOW HOLD THEE BLEST—  
THE INDIAN'S DAY OF FAME IS O'er.

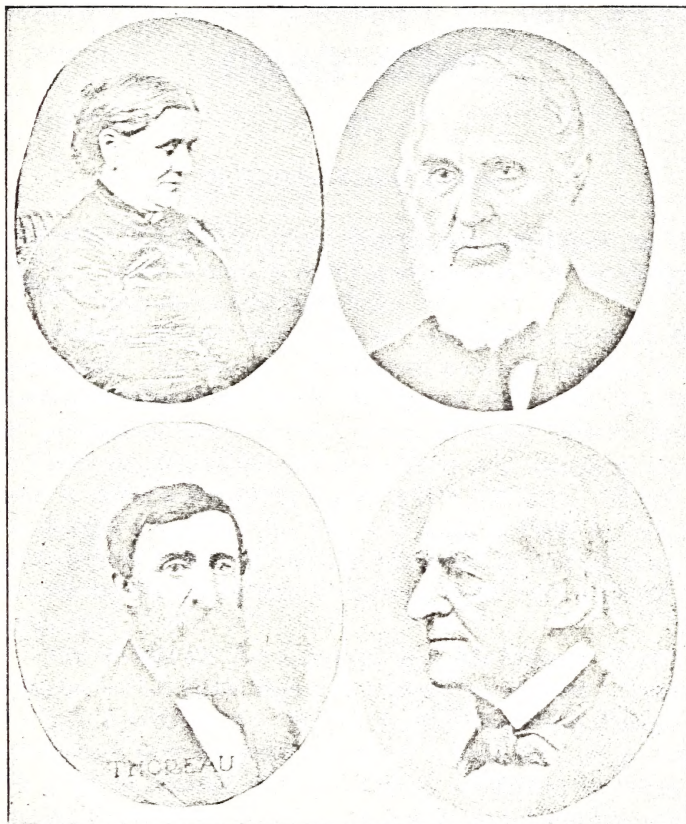






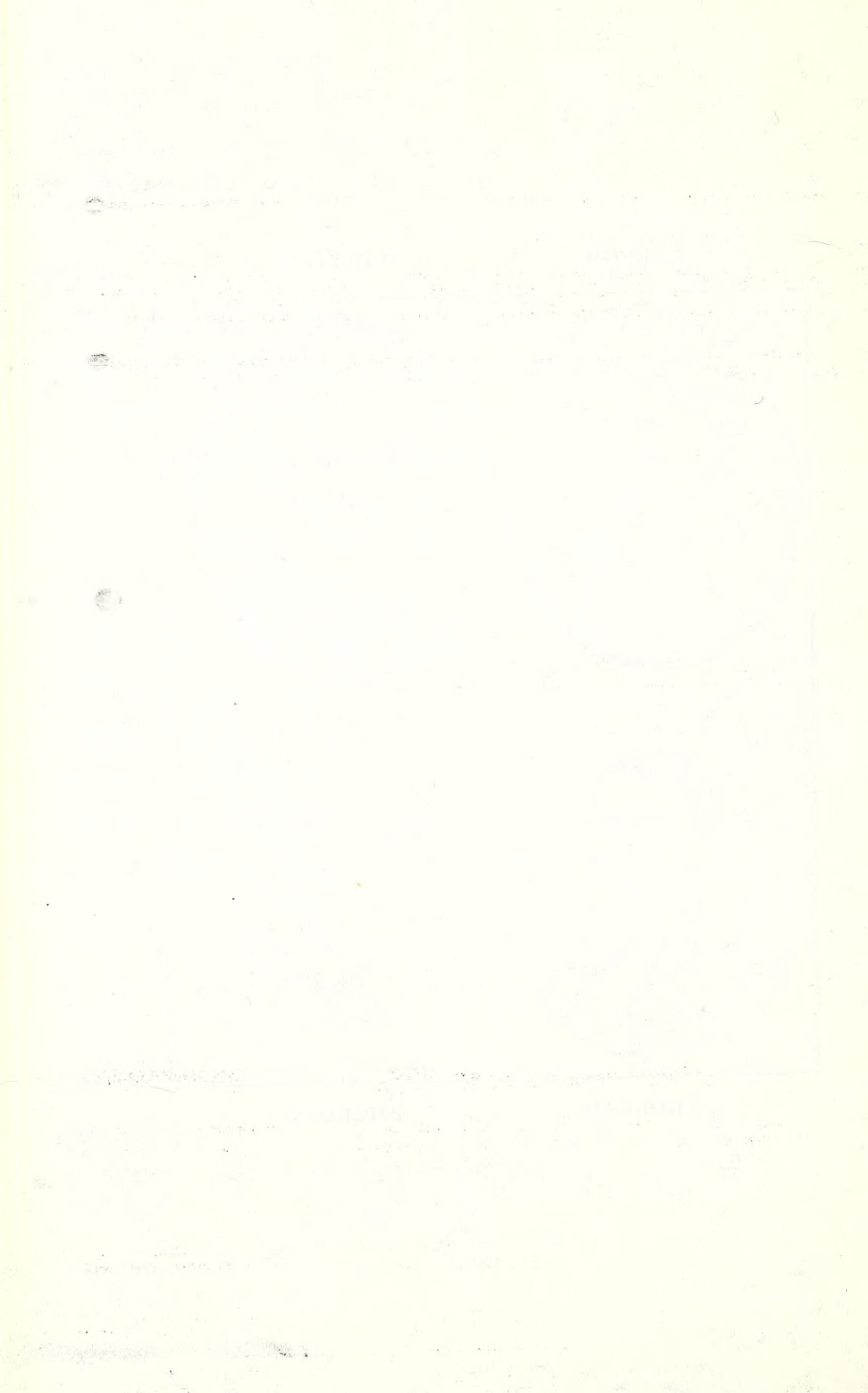
LARCOM

WHITTIER



THOREAU

EMERSON



# Granite State Magazine

VOL. IV.

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No. 4.

## Literary Associations of the Merrimack River

### III

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

THOREAU'S vivid description continues in the same strain, in making his passage of the dangerous section of the river:

Falling all the way, and yet not discouraged by the lowest fall. By the law of its birth never to become stagnant, for it has come out of the clouds, and down the sides of precipices worn in the flood, through beaver dams broke loose, not splitting but splicing and mending itself, until it found a breathing place in this low land. There is no danger now that the sun will steal it back to heaven again before it reaches the sea, for it has a warrant even to recover its own dew into its bosom again with interest at every eye.

"A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," Thoreau's first book, was not a financial success. I think the entire edition was not far from a thousand copies, of which over nine hundred remained unsold for a long time. He used to remark that his library consisted of about a thousand volumes, of which he wrote nine hundred. The failure of this work caused him not a little pecuniary embarrassment, and compelled him to give up thoughts of writing for a time and return to his surveying, at which he was skillful. Is it the irony of fate that to-day these same volumes sell for twenty dollars each?



He was not inclined to associate in mixed company to any extent, remarking at one time, "I had rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than to be crowded on a velvet chair." Yet he was a brilliant conversationalist when the company was congenial and he was in the mood. With one of his abstemious manner of living and careful husbanding of his physical resources, it seems incongruous that both he and his beautiful wife should die in the prime of life of that dread scourge of New England. The splendid courage of neither failed until the dread summons came.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious.

With toil and strife he stormed the house of Fame.

In other sense this youth was glorious,

Himself a kingdom wheresoe'er he came.

Nor is it sufficient that we should mention Thoreau and Emerson\* in the associations of the Merrimack and its literature. Others of the Concord immortal galaxy of literary stars helped to link its name with theirs and immortality.

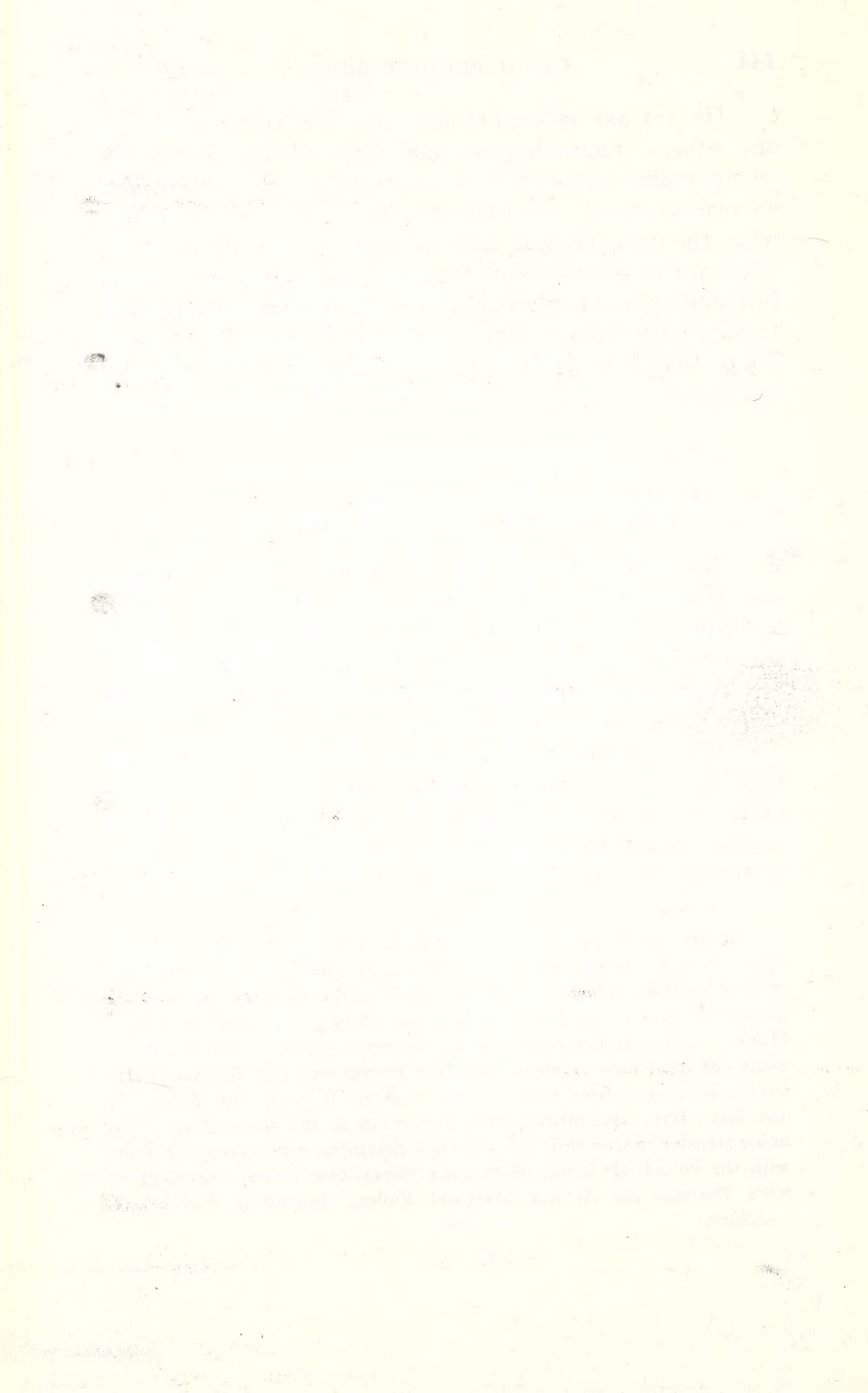
Again the author catches the latent spirit of the joy of his surroundings and exclaims:

"Traveling on foot very early one morning due east from here about twenty miles, from Caleb Harriman's tavern in Hampstead toward Haverhill, when I reached the railroad in Plaistow, I heard at some distance a faint music in the air like an Æolian harp, which I immediately sus-

---

\*Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, and died April 27, 1882, his place of repose in Sleepy Hollow marked by a huge granite boulder. He became a resident of Concord, which seemed the natural center for the circle to which he belonged, in 1835. The "Old Manse" was his abode when he wrote his first book, "Nature," and it was made yet more famous when Nathaniel Hawthorne and his young bride became its tenants from 1843 to 1846. "Mosses from an Old Manse," by the first named, was written here, in a room on the second floor. The noble mansion in Concord, which became Emerson's earlier home, has rung with the voices of Concord's famous group, conspicuous among which were Thoreau, the Alcotts, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, and others.  
—Editor.





pected to proceed from the cord of the telegraph vibrating in the just awakening morning wind, and applying my ear to one of the posts I was convinced that it was so. It was the telegraph harp singing its message through the country, its message sent not by men but by gods. Perchance, like the statute of Memnon, it resounds only in the morning when the first rays of the sun fall on it. It was like the first lyre or shell heard on the seashore,—that vibrating cord high in the air over the shores of earth. So have all things their higher and their lower uses. I heard a fairer news than the journals ever print. It told of things worthy to hear, and worthy of the electric fluid to carry the news of, not of the price of cotton and flour, but it hinted at the price of the world itself and of things which are priceless, of absolute truth and beauty.

“Still the drum rolled on and stirred our blood to fresh extravagance that night. The clarion sound and clang of corselet and buckler were heard from many a hamlet of the soul, and many a knight was arming for the fight behind the encamped stars.

Away! away! away! away!  
Ye have not kept your secret well,  
I will abide that other day,  
Those other lands ye tell.

Has time no leisure left for these,  
The acts that ye rehearse?  
Is not eternity a lease  
For better deeds than verse?

No mention of the literary associations of the Merri-mack would be complete without including Whittier. In fact, we have already, half unconsciously, quoted liberally from him. While New Hampshire may not claim this gifted poet as a son, she is fortunate in having his name closely connected with her rivers, lakes and mountains. It was equally fortunate, too, that he knew these attractions of nature at their best, ere they had been robbed of the poetry of a primeval past by the prose of the present day, forever pounding with its hammer of toil.



He knew the Merrimack as "the stream of my fathers,"  
and glorified it as,

"Type of the Northland's strength and glory,  
Pride and hope of our home and race,—  
Freedom lending to rugged labor  
Tints of beauty and lines of grace."

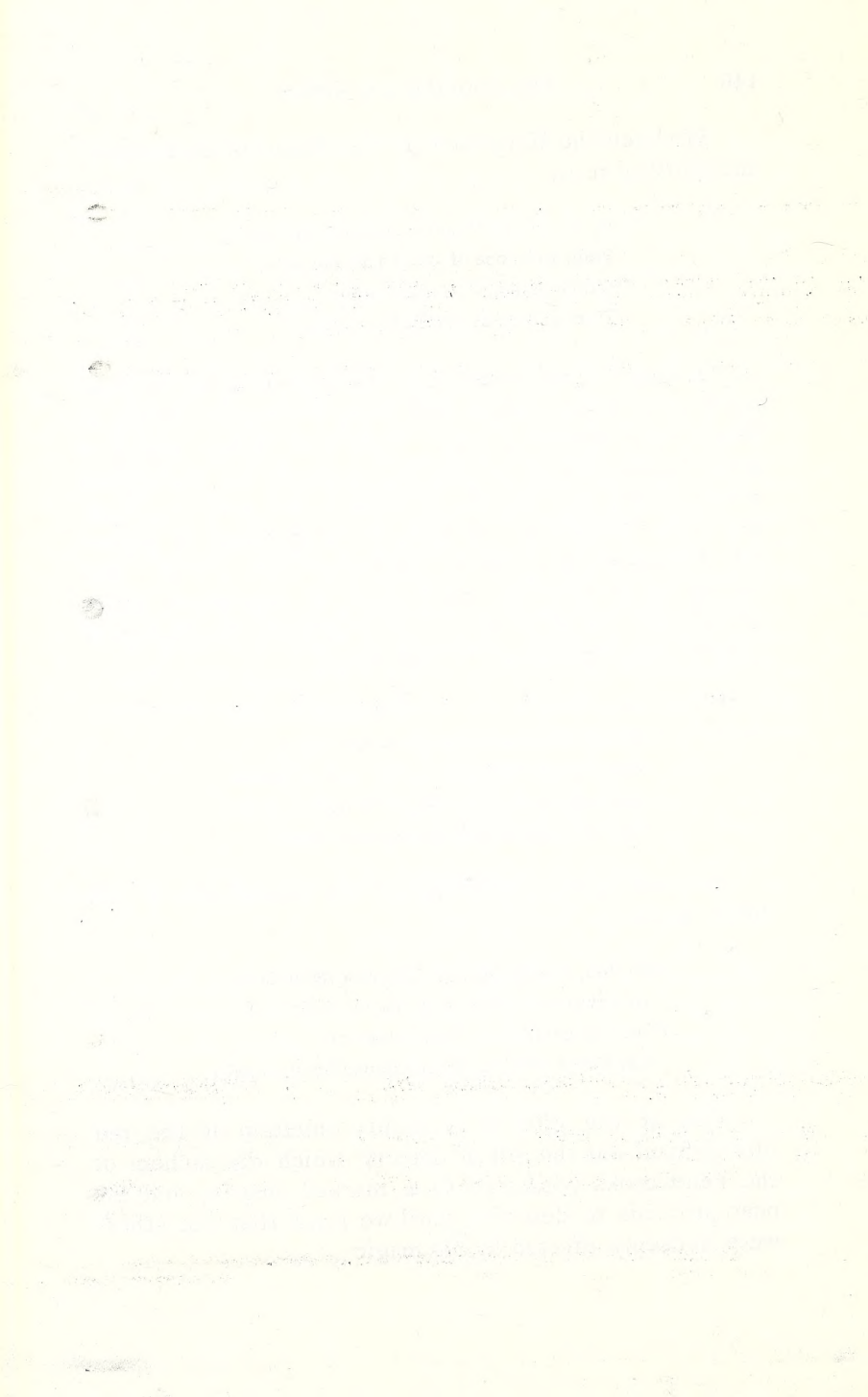
Among the more ambitious offerings made to the literature, none takes higher rank than Whittier's "Bridal of Pennacook," written in 1848. This is an Indian legend of great beauty, though marred in places by his abominable nomenclature, and the date ascribed to the story is at least fifty years too recent. In 1662 we have reason to believe that Passaconaway was at Pawtucket, now Lowell. But leaving these matters, which must be considered trifles with a poet, the poem opens with a fantastic description of a bewildering transposition from where

"The moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,  
Like a great Indian camp fire; and its beams  
Spanning at midnight with a bridge of silver  
The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls."

We are given a glimpse of the storied era of the dusky days,

That dim, strange land of Eld, now dying fast;  
And that which history gives not to the eye,  
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
Let Fancy with her dream-dipped brush supply.

One of the gifts of a mighty chieftain of the red brotherhood was the gift of sorcery, which the sachem of the Pennacooks possessed to a marked degree, and the poet proceeds to describe, until we learn that the others were so deeply affected by his magic





Nightly down the river going,  
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
When he saw that lodge fire glowing  
    O'er the waters still and red;  
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,  
And she drew her blanket tighter,  
As, with quick step and lighter,  
    From that door she fled.

The proud old chieftain, somehow we like that title better than bashaba or sagamore or sachem, which indicated a somewhat lower dignity than Passaconaway held—let us begin over again. Passaconaway, according to the poet, was a widower, but this loss was made good by having a very beautiful daughter.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
    The tempest smitten tree receives  
From one small root the sap which climbs  
    Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
So from his child the sachem drew  
    A life of love and hope, and felt  
His cold, rugged nature through  
    The softness and the warmth of her young being melt.

We suppose there were really beautiful Indian maids. This dusky heroine, very properly for a story, became the object of the affections of a chief of one of the tribes living lower down the river. He seemed to find the maid an easy victim to his wooing, for soon comes the wedding

When along the river great wood fires  
Shot into the night their long red spires,  
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,  
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.



The trapper that night on Turee's brook,  
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,  
Saw over the marshes and through the pine,  
And down on the river the dance-lights shine.

The wedding must have been a grand affair, and the feast that followed worthy of so proud an occasion. Fish and game were brought by cunning hands from the four sections of the questland of the dusky hunter

And drawn from the great stone vase which stands  
In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,  
Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

This happy event passing without a shadow to mar its beauty and solemnity, the bride goes to her new home, which is described with minute fidelity. She seems to have been happy in an Indian way, until her father sent a messenger declaring that he would be pleased to have a visit from her; that he pined for her in his loneliness, and hoped she had not forgotten him. Like a dutiful daughter she started for her paternal home, following the road of the wilderness,

Till rolling down its wooded banks between,  
A broad, clear mountain stream, the Merrimack was seen.

The visit was a happy one, but when it came time for her to return to her liege lord by the marshes of the lower river, her stern parent failed to offer such an escort as the young husband felt was due her. This created a family breach at once, and stern old Passaconaway swore by such gods as he knew that she should never return to his upstart of a son-in-law. The latter would not relent and so the poor wife was left to grieve over her unhappy fate. The summer fled

And on Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow  
Hung its white wreaths; with stifled voice and low



The river crept, by one vast bridge o'ercrossed,  
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

Unable to bear the separation longer, with the breaking up of the river the following spring, the young wife set out alone upon her return in a frail boat down the river which bore on its angry bosom the ice-ruin of winter.

Down the vexed center of that rushing tide,  
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

No more than the failing arm of the faithful wife was the slight craft equal to the task imposed upon it, and ere the rapids were passed

Empty and broken circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below—but, where was Weetamo?

In close association with Whittier was the work of his protege, Lucy Larcom,\* the sweet authoress of the mills of Lowell, while Mrs. Rebecca I. Davis of Haverhill, Mass., left his admirers a beautiful token of her esteem in two modest volumes called "Gleanings of the Merrimack Valley."

We cannot better close this rather hasty sketch than by quoting from Mr. George S. Dorr's† beautiful poem, "The Minstrel's Summer Home," and inscribed to the Merrimack's immortal bard:

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\*Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1826, and died in Boston in 1893. She worked in the Lowell and Lawrence mills, thus acquiring by personal experience many of the descriptions of real life she penned so sweetly. While an operative at the Lowell looms she edited the journal by mill girls since floated as the "The Lowell Offering." Whittier was her staunch friend, and her best-known public works, outside of her work as editor of *Our Young Folks*, include "An Idyl of Work," "As It Is in Heaven," "The Unseen Friend," and "Poems."

†A native of Wakefield and founder of the *Carroll County Pioneer*, which he has published for several years.—*Editor*.





Sweet singer of our northern hills,  
 Our valleys and our streams,  
 You throw around us, by your words,  
 The happiness of dreams;  
 And each New England heart shall call  
 For thee a blessing down,  
 And weave a spray of amaranth,  
 Within thy laurel crown.

You love the scent of birch and pine,  
 We read it in your song;  
 You love the Bearcamp's winding stream,  
 That gently flows along;  
 You love the hills of Ossipee,  
 You love the elm-tree's shade,  
 And love to worship at the shrine  
 Which nature there hath made.

And in your pleasant home, beside  
 The smiling Merrimack,  
 You hear the call they send to you,  
 And gladly answer back;  
 In many seasons past and gone,  
 Thy feet have wandered there,  
 And through the heart there ran a joy,  
 'Mid verdure soft and fair.

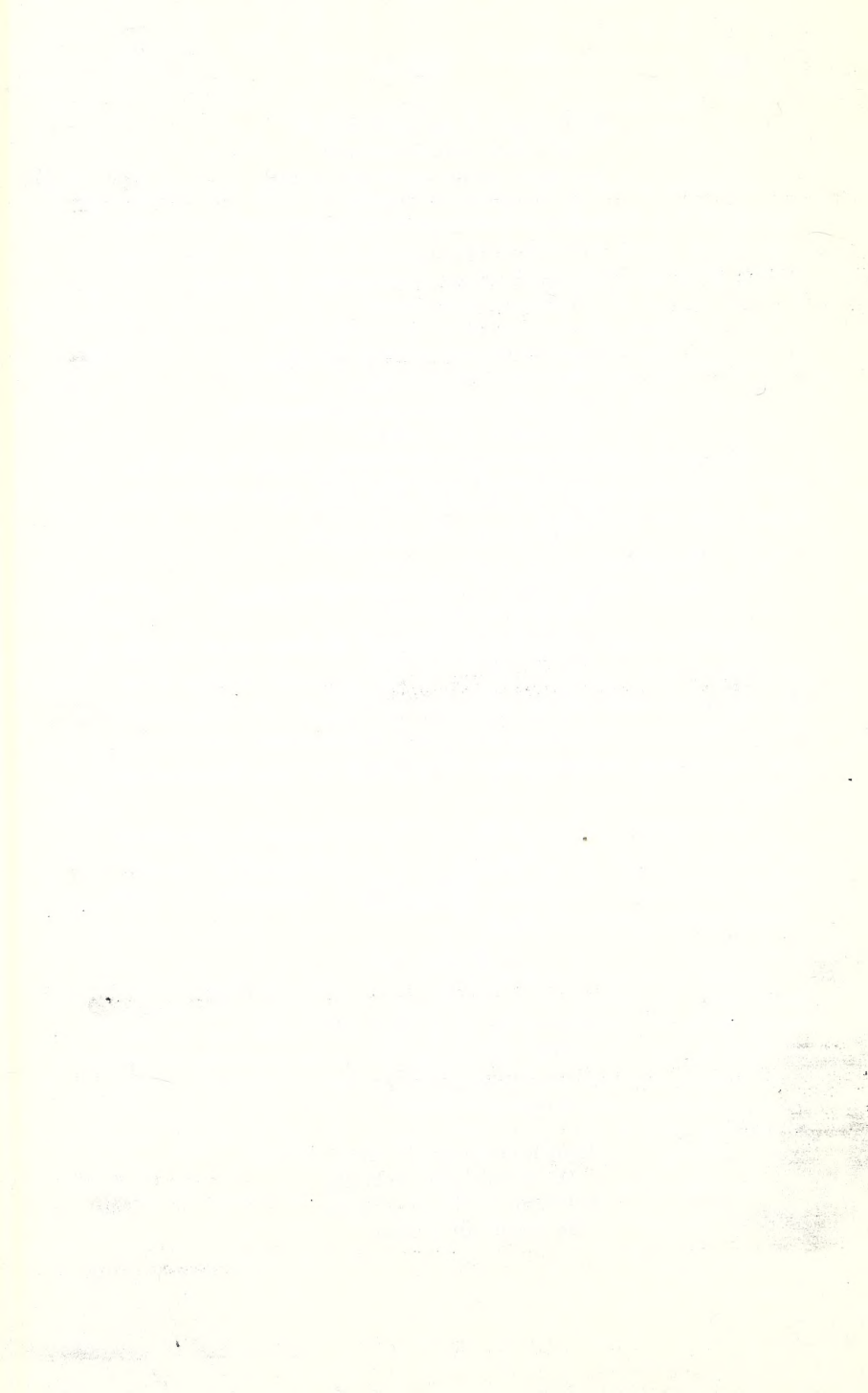
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## Peace

By AMY LEVY

Deep in the grass outstretched I lie,  
 Motionless on the hill;  
 Above me is a cloudless sky,  
 Around me all is still:—

There is no breath, no sound, nor stir,  
 The drowsy peace to break;  
 I close my tired eyes—it were  
 So simple not to wake.



# ==SCENES==

ALONG THE



PICTURESQUE

MERRIMACK



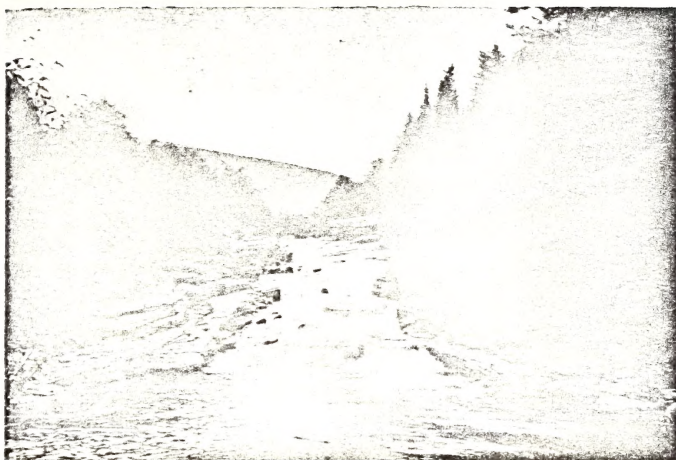




These cuts used through courtesy of the B. & M. R. R.

## THE POETRY OF WOODS AND WATERS



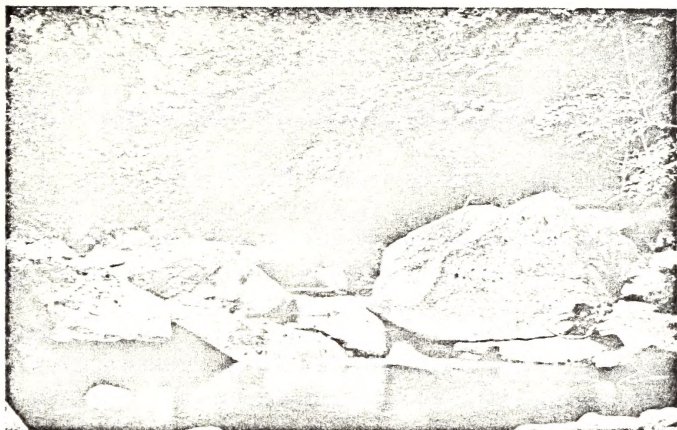


COMING FROM THE HEART OF THE HILLS



BY SINGING WATERS





BELL CASCADE, WOODSTOCK



PARTING OF THE WATERS





# Folk-Lore of the Connecticut Valley

By JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D.

**I**N THE year 1800 my father purchased one hundred acres of "wild land" in Grafton county, N. H., lying upon the Connecticut River. For many years he struggled in the virgin forests, and paid for his farm; afterwards adding to it, by purchase, other lots of land partially cleared. He endured many hardships of pioneer life, without much of a chance for education; and it was not until the early settlers had paid for their farms, and had raised a surplus of produce, that any great interest was taken in educational matters. In such neighborhoods it was not strange that myths, belief in witchcraft and reliance upon signs should exist in a certain measure. Visiting among the neighbors was very common, particularly on autumn and winter evenings, without formality or invitation. Their "latch-strings were always out," and when the rap was heard at the door the almost invariable reply was the welcome words: "Walk in." Conversation was on farming interests, politics, religion, neighborhood gossip, the "district school," and now and then a bit of folk-lore received their attention, and that, too, without any reserve.

My father's house stood on the west side of the main road, on a broad interval; east of the road rose a high hill partly covered with evergreen trees, among which, only a few years before, roamed deer, black bear, and howling wolves. One of the most memorable and pleasant occasions in my youthful days was one winter evening, when some of our friends came in for a visit. The family occupied one large room, on one side of which was a large brick fireplace; in this was a good roaring and snapping fire, which afforded sufficient light without any candles. Our



family and friends sat in a semi-circle around the fire. There had just been a heavy snow storm, and the trees were covered with snow. The full moon rose through the snow-laden evergreens, and shone brightly into our room through the east windows. Over the hard-wood fire, on the crane, hung a pot of bean-porridge, from which we all commenced our supper, each one stepping up and dipping out what he wished, and returning to one's seat in the semi-circle; the last course being pumpkin pie and cheese. Later in the evening we had popped corn, butter-nuts, apples, and cider. In the course of this rural visit several ghost and witch stories were related, half to keep up the conversation and half to make those stare who might take stock in their genuineness. Some of those that were related, on that occasion and at other times, I will relate as I heard them.

A woman of the neighborhood was at my father's house one evening, when some singular noise turned her attention to the subject of witchcraft, and I heard her relate, in substance, the following account:

"I was out alone in the door-yard\* one bright moonlight evening last summer, gathering up some chips to build a fire with the next morning, when I heard several female voices, talking and laughing merrily, apparently coming down the road. They seemed to be rapidly approaching, and I waited to see who they were; when they got near me, I could see no one, but they were heard directly overhead in the air. I looked up and saw nothing but the bright stars. I could hear their talking and laughing as they passed along overhead. Their voices grew fainter and fainter as they passed off in an opposite direction from whence they came, until I could hear them no longer."

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\*Front yards were called "door-yards" in the rural districts in the country. They were large enough so the wood was left there and chopped in the spring. The chips were left till the following summer, when they were picked up and burned as they were wanted.





This woman was free to state, with perfect confidence, that these voices were a company of witches going through the air to some unoccupied house to hold a frolic and have a dance. She believed they could go invisibly in spirit, separate from the body, and were possessed with muscular power, equal if not superior to that in the body, to perform any diabolical acts they might fancy. And, however decrepit they might be in the body, they were as lively and buoyant in the spirit as they ever were in their youthful days. She believed that witches had the power to disengage the spirit of an individual from the body, when found asleep or unawares, and could take that spirit along with them, when it would be perfectly under their control, and could be made to perform any service they desired; and sometime such stolen spirits were made the butt of fun at their evening's entertainments at some haunted house. The spirits of those individuals would in all cases be returned to their own bodies before morning; and although the subjects may have slept soundly all night, they would be either sick or affected with great lassitude the next day. I have myself heard the question asked, both in sobriety and half in jest, if one "was rode" by witches the night previous. I have heard related that the witch throws the bridle upon the face of the sleeper, and then repeats an incantation before the spirit will disengage and be ready for a journey, and if the sleeper will only awake and throw the bridle upon the witch's face while she is repeating the incantation, her spirit is subdued, and must obey the will of the sleeper, and continue in that service until the bridle is taken off, or as long as her master or mistress shall remain silent; but if one word should be spoken aloud the witch is freed from servitude, and she is gone.

I was well acquainted with a farmer who had a large family of children: all believed in witchcraft. I have heard him relate the following story several times: One day in March he and his sons went to one of his neighbors, with a yoke of oxen, horse, and sled, for a load of hay. On



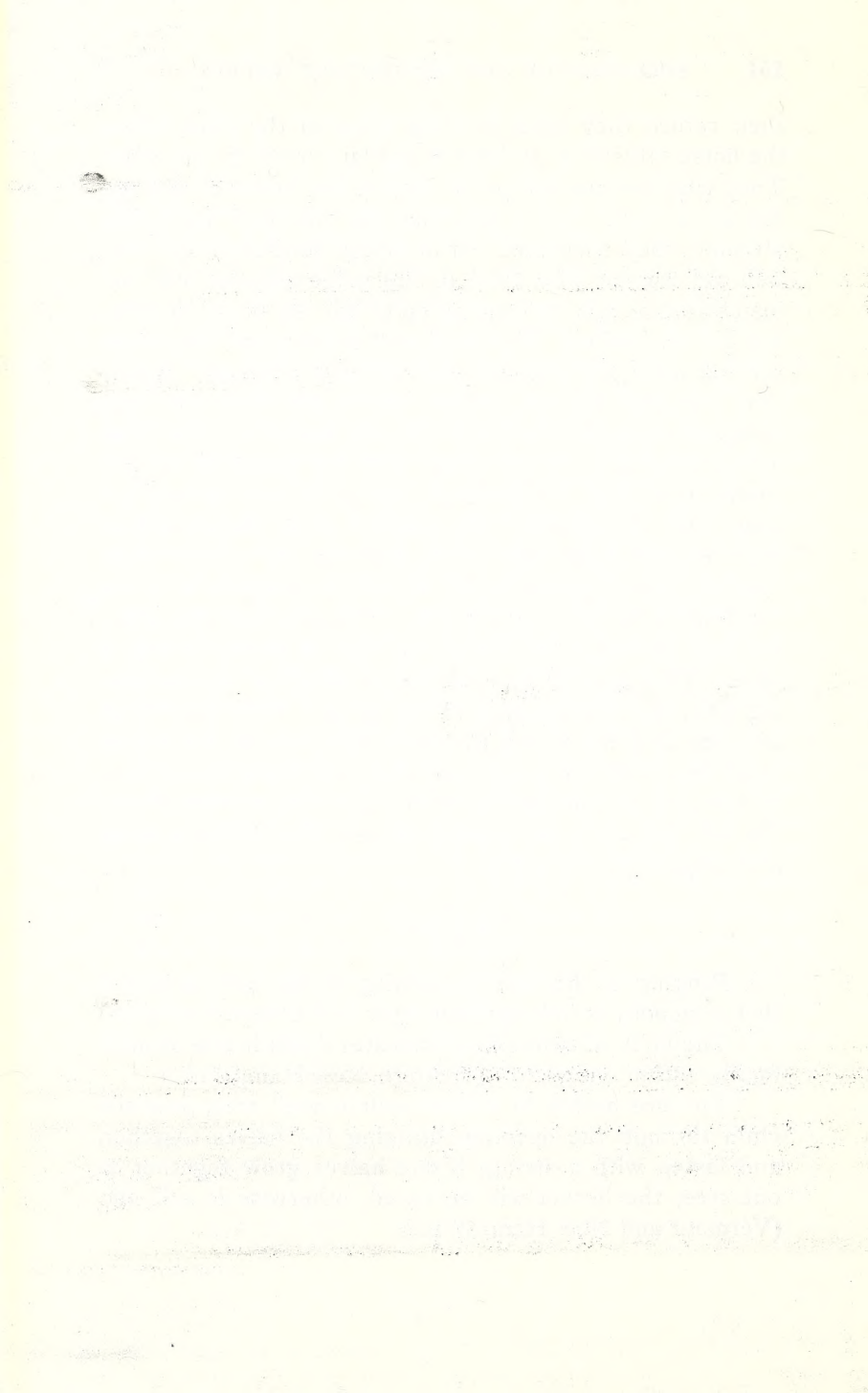
their return they came to a bad place in the road, where the horse refused to go farther and laid down in the road. They tried various means to induce the horse to get up, but all in vain. After spending over one half day in the attempt, they suspected her of being bewitched by a certain old woman who lived in the neighborhood, and the man seized an axe and attempted to kill the horse by beating out its brains. The skull was broken, and the horse was left upon the roadside until the next morning. Just at that moment the old woman had a bad spell, her head dropped to one side and a doctor was sent for. She lived only a few days. In the mean time the family of the old woman sent down to the man's house for some favors, but they were all refused. He believed, if he should accommodate them in the least thing, that the old woman would recover, believing that he had struck the death-blow to the witch when he struck the horse. The next morning after, he went down to the horse and was surprised to find it alive. This survival he attributed to blows of the axe falling upon the witch instead of the horse. This man firmly believed that he struck the death-blow to the old woman when he struck the horse, and that she would have recovered had he accommodated the family with the least favor. He told this story with evident pride in his skill in gaining advantage over the witch.

#### BREVITIES

Ringling in the ears or burning of the ears indicates that somebody is talking about one. (Northern Vermont.)

The birth of twin calves indicates death in the owner's family within one year. (Western New Hampshire.)

To cure hernia in a child, split a small tree, pass the child through the opening, bringing the halves together, and fasten with a string; if the halves grow together as one tree, the hernia will be cured, otherwise it will not. (Vermont and New Hampshire.)





If a death occurs in the family of an owner of bees, they must be informed of the fact by addressing them in a loud voice in front of the hive; otherwise they will die off, make but little honey or produce no swarms. (New Hampshire.)

If one kills a snake by shooting it, that gun will ever after be likely to miss other game. If the first snake seen is killed, that person will have good luck in killing others met with during the rest of the year. (Grafton county, N. H.) This last sentence alludes to the custom among early New England people of killing every snake that is met with.

When one is troubled with cramps, the toes of the boots should be turned toward the street at night, to cure the disease. (Orleans county, Vt.)

Timothy Boardman was an early settler of Rutland, Vt. He was engaged in privateering along the Atlantic coast during a portion of the Revolutionary period. On his cruises he kept a journal of important events and of the ship's log. After he settled in Rutland he used the blank leaves of these books to keep various accounts and note down various memoranda. The following rule for clearing land we copy in full:

"Janr 1782 How to Clear Land. Girdle y<sup>r</sup> Timber in the full of the Moon in June & full of Moon & Sine of the Hart in August To kill it Quick Jacob Safford."

The following story about cucumbers I have heard told as a wise saying of many a doctor in Vermont, and each one is believed to be originator of the recipe: Take a cucumber and peel it, cut it into very thin slices, put on vinegar, salt, and pepper, then *throw it out to the hogs*, and it will not hurt one. The italicized words are spoken more rapidly than the others, accompanied with a cunning smile.

Another smart saying I have heard repeated in many towns: Eat dried apple for breakfast, drink cold water for dinner, and let the apple swell for supper.





Children should not be allowed to rap in sport at their own door for admission, for it is a sign of sickness or death in the family.

If the lungs of a sister or brother who has died of consumption be burned the ashes will cure the living members of the family affected with that disease.

A short time ago I was visiting a patient one evening\* in a family, when one of her neighbors related the following incident: About five years ago she and her husband were at home alone on Sunday afternoon, the children all being away, when they heard a moaning noise in the wood-box. They both heard it distinctly. It sounded like the groans of one in distress. They examined the box to see if any cause could be found therein. Finding none, they went into the cellar underneath the box; also went around the house, but nothing was discovered that could explain the moaning. When the cover to the box was lifted up, the noise ceased; when let down, and they went away from it, the noise began again. This was repeated several times, then ceased entirely. During that week they received a letter announcing the death of a relative's wife, who died on Sunday, and just at the hour when they heard the moaning in the wood-box. It was confirmed in their minds that that moaning was a warning of the death of their relative.

In the summer of 1852 I was at a farmhouse in a rural town in Grafton county, N. H., when a traveling woman, coarsely dressed, called to get a glass of water to drink, and inquire the distance to the next village. She drank the water and started on her journey. Scarcely had she gone thirty rods when the woman of the house said she believed the traveler was a witch, and she was going to try her. She immediately took a knitting needle from her work, found one of the traveler's tracks in the path, and stuck the needle into it. Almost immediately the traveler

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\*I have always noticed that these wonderful witch and ghost stories flow more freely in the night than in the day time.



stopped, turned around, stood still, and gazed towards us, who were watching the trial. The woman of the house said she would not remove the needle from the track, even if the traveler should never move again; but she turned soon, and went on without stopping. The woman with the needle believed the steel had power to fasten a witch in her tracks so she could not move, and when she saw that the woman went on her way, she believed the power was lost by her speaking; so she tried another track with her needle, but without effect.

At the foot of a steep and rugged mountain in a New Hampshire town, where the highway has scarcely room to be built between the precipitous ledges and the Connecticut river, lived a woman, between 1840 and 1850, who believed in all sorts of witchcraft. Every pain she had she thought was caused by witches. Every perplexity of life was caused by evil spirits. When she was sick she was often overheard talking to and threatening the witches, whom she could not see, but did not doubt their presence. For years she constantly wore a string of beads of mountain ash around her neck to keep off the witches. These beads were made from the small branches of the mountain ash (*Pyrus Americana*, D. C.), sometimes called witchwood. They were cut about three-eighths of an inch in length, the bark being left on, and strung on a string running through the pith. She was careful to keep them concealed, but sometimes they would work up above her collar and be conspicuous. This species of tree was once quite popular among New England witch-believers as a charm against witches.

In one of the inland towns in Grafton county, N. H., the following story was told of a woman, between 1830 and 1845, who was accused of being a witch. She called one day at the house of one of her neighbors, who had ten fine pigs only a few days old, and wanted the owner to give her one. She was informed that all of them had been promised and sold, so that he could not accommodate her. She





replied that if he did not give her one he would be sorry for it. The woman left the house, and in about two hours afterwards the ten pigs jumped upon the rail fence and scampered off like squirrels, and never returned, nor were they ever heard from.

In another town in Grafton county, N. H., in about 1820, lived a family who believed in witches. One day their oldest child, a boy four years of age, was taken sick. The mother at once suspected that he was bewitched by a neighboring woman; and, while she was caring for him, the boy looked out of the window across a ravine, and he saw the woman suspected coming over the hill to trouble him, and called her by name. The mother looked out but could not see her, being invisible to her but perfectly visible to the boy, who dreaded her. The woman suspected was a particular object of hatred to the mother, who was the more exasperated because of the invisibility to her and visibility to her boy. The boy recovered as soon as the suspected woman left his presence.

In the town of Ryegate, Vt., in 1846, lived a man who believed in witchcraft, warnings, ghosts, etc. I heard him remark one day that he had observed a white bird flying slowly in circles over a neighboring graveyard. He expressed himself very confidently that it would not be long before there would be several burials in that yard. He said he had observed the occurrence many times, and never knew it to fail. I have heard this belief expressed many times since in other New England towns, and think the belief among the uneducated is more prevalent at the present time than is generally supposed.

Between 1845 and 1855 there lived a blacksmith in the town of B——n, N. H., who was a firm believer in witchcraft. One day a man came into his shop to get a small job of work done forthwith, being in a hurry to return to his work. The blacksmith suspected him possessed with powers of witchcraft, and determined to try him under some of the popular rules for the detection of his art; so





M. BROWN 2-10-5

NEAR TO NATURE





he nailed a horseshoe over the door, believing that if so possessed he would be unable to pass out of the shop under it. The man's job was immediately finished; but, instead of starting for home, he lingered in the shop nearly all the forenoon, and seemed in no hurry to get away, pretending that he was waiting to see a man who, he thought, would shortly pass that way. This sudden change in the plans confirmed the blacksmith in his suspicions of the man's character, and he removed the shoe from over the door, and the man started for home at once.

In 1846 I was informed by an intelligent woman, in a rural town in New Hampshire, that she was weaving one day when all at once her loom and web began to act badly; she tried to "fix" it, but it persisted to get out of fix just as often as she could set it right. She believed it was bewitched, and threatened to heat some water and scald the witch that was the cause of her trouble. The water was put upon the stove to heat, but before the water had time to boil the witch departed and the web worked as well as ever.

On another occasion this same woman churned three days on some cream before the butter would come, and then only after she had threatened to throw the cream into the fire.

If candles are dipped on Friday, there will be a death in the family within one year.

—*Journal American Folk-Lore.*

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## Heart of Childhood

By MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?

The free, the pure, the kind?

So murmured the trees in my homeward track,

As they played to the mountain wind,





# The Siege of the Wolves

An Incident in the Early History of Tamworth

By JOSEPH GILMAN

This article, written about seventy-five years ago, is here reprinted from the *Boston Transcript*, as it is believed to be the best account of the stirring scene depicted which has been given. Mr. Gilman lived in Sandwich, and though summoned to the assistance of those fighting the wolves, he was unable to respond on account of illness.—*Editor*.

THE fourteenth day of November, 1830, is a day long to be remembered by the inhabitants of Tamworth, N. H., for on that day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, [sic] the startling and thrilling cry, "The wolves are coming down from the northern mountains in countless numbers," was spread through the length and breadth of the town by numerous couriers mounted on the swiftest horses, who in an incredibly short space of time spread the alarm into adjacent towns full twelve miles distant, thoroughly arousing the sleeping people to the threatened danger, who in an instant freed themselves from the sleepy god Morpheus, and hurried on their apparel as best they could amid the darkness of midnight and the crying and screaming of the affrighted women and children who expected never to see them more, but thought that they would all be torn in pieces by the ugly beasts.

It appeared upon investigation that about the time specified above, a pack of wolves was seen to enter a wood lot and sap yard of about twenty acres entirely surrounded by cleared land, upon Marston Hill. The neighbors were quickly notified, and commenced posting sentinels at all sides of the woods, at first at long intervals, but as fast as the people were notified and arrived the posts were shortened, and numerous fires were kindled along the lines,



which lighted the country around for miles. By almost superhuman exertion and vigilance the enemy was kept from making good its retreat to the mountains. The continual and hideous howling of the wolves within the enclosure and the answers back by their numerous comrades on the mountains round about, caused cold chills to run over all of the sentinels, as they kept their lonely vigils throughout that long and wearisome night, exposed to the full blast of the autumn's chilly winds which swept over the mountains and down the valleys. Had it not been for the kind sympathy of the ladies in the neighborhood, their trials and sufferings would have been vastly more severe. These ladies brought hot coffee and other refreshments, and liberally supplied the soldierly citizens during the whole of that eventful night which so tried men's souls.

Re-enforcements were constantly arriving all night long, when by daylight it was estimated that there were upon the ground fully six hundred warriors of all ages, from the age of ten to the gray-haired veteran of fourscore years, armed to the teeth, some with guns, some with pitchforks and others with clubs.

At this time a council of war was held by the chiefs and officers, when the following program was agreed upon: First, the chief command was conferred upon General Quinby of Sandwich, an old and experienced warrior, in whose judgment and ability for a desperate enterprise all had the fullest confidence.

The general immediately gave orders for the detailing of twenty-four sharpshooters to be stationed ten paces in advance of the main line, six on each of the four sides of the woods, fully equipped and ready to march when the order should be given. He also sent out a general order through his aids to the entire army composing the lines of circumvalation that every man should stand transfixed to the spot he then occupied, not to fire a gun, suffer the enemy to escape, or to make a shout, at the peril of being immediately shot.





After the aids had made the circuit of the entire lines and saw that every man would give a good account of himself, and had reined up their fiery steeds in a circle around the general, who was mounted upon a high rock, with the stillness of death upon the army, the order was given in a stentorian voice which might have been heard for miles, "Sharpshooters to the center! Advance!" That order sent emotions to the soul that must be felt to be realized, for it cannot be described. In a few minutes the sharp reports of the rifles and the unearthly howling of the wolves plainly told that the work of death had commenced and would be pursued to the bitter end.

The wolves, frenzied by their numerous wounds, would rush with lightning speed from the thicket to the lines, seemingly fully intent upon forcing the lines and making good their escape or perishing in the attempt, but the dauntless courage of the troops never for a moment gave way, although incessantly endangered by the charges of the enemy in the endeavors of the wolves to run between the legs of the sentinels or leap over their heads.

After having made hundreds of fruitless attempts to scale the lines the wolves doggedly kept in the woods, although they never slackened their speed from the first moment to the last, thus the reason why more than twenty shots had to be made to every wolf slain. In about one hour from the firing of the first gun the same order was given to the main army that was given to the sharpshooters at the commencement of the battle, and when the entire hosts met in a solid body in the center, they for the first time in sixteen hours raised their voices from a whisper to the wildest hurrahs and made the old wood ring with the shouts of victory.

Soon the troops returned to the headquarters bearing in triumph the trophies of their victory, four immense wolves, and laid them at the feet of the commander-in-chief, when thrice three cheers were given in thunder tones, which made the welkin ring for miles around, so effectively



scaring the wolves back upon the mountains that there has not been one of them or their descendants seen or heard of in town since, and no doubt but what the rough handling they received on that occasion will be handed down to their posterity to the latest generation.

Immediately the troops were formed in line, headed by the commander in a barouche, in which the spoils of victory were deposited, and in a rapid march of thirty-five minutes they arrived in the village and formed a hollow square in front of Remick's Hotel, with the commander-in-chief in the center, mounted upon the top of his carriage. Amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies in the windows and on the balconies, he made a speech befitting the occasion, after which a run was made upon the bar, which, although holding out like the widow's cruse of oil, had to succumb to the excessive thirst engendered by a total abstinence of twenty hours. Then the stores in their turn were compelled to show the white feather, which, of course, brought the glorification to a dead halt, and every man returned to his own tent feeling in his imagination that a greater hero than himself could not be found.

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## The Appletree

By CHARLES A. STICKNEY

From the time when the mild May breezes  
Call forth your blossoms rare,  
Filling the world with fragrance,  
Inspiring the song-bird's air,  
To the time when the southron-cheeked jewel  
Hangs ripe on your bending bough,  
I have watched you and loved you since childhood—  
Your lover I'm proud to be now.



Holding fast your cradled offspring,  
 As close as maternity's fold,  
 Shielding from summer sun torrid,  
 And the east wind stormy and cold;  
 Hushing to rest when the darkness  
 Envelops the earth and sky;  
 Keeping time with your billowy branches  
 To the night wind's lullaby.

Many lays have been sung of the linden—  
 Of the pine tree, stately and tall;  
 Of the oak, gigantic and sturdy;  
 Of the ivy that clings to the wall;  
 Of the elm, with its willowy pendants;  
 Of the palm tree over the sea;  
 But my song and my heart bring their homage  
 To you—only you—Appletree.

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## Westward, Ho!

By NATHAN HALE, ESQ.

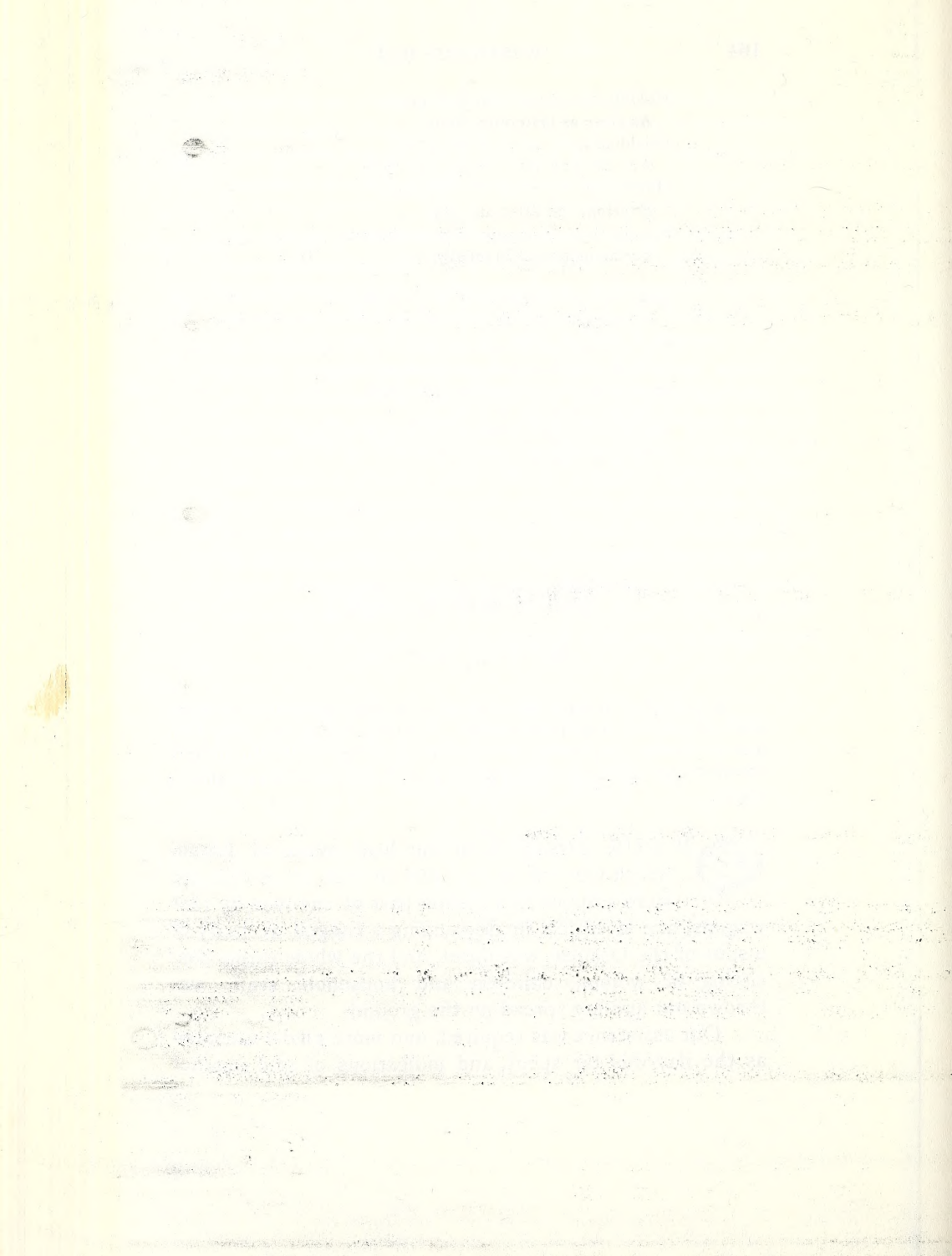
A generation or more ago this was a favorite expression, and much was said and written upon the subject. The following passage taken from a work entitled "Excursion to Winnipiseogee," by a "Gentleman from Boston," aptly expresses an incident connected with one of these flights.—  
*Editor.*



OUR passage from the lead mines of Eaton, which General L—— had invited us to visit, we were stopped in a narrow part of the road by four wagons, one of which, in descending a rugged declivity of a spur of the Ossipee, was upset, and the whole cargo, consisting of women, children and household stuff, was thrown out and lay spread on the ground.

Our assistance was required, and more gladly accepted as the day was far spent, and indications of foul weather





appeared in the sky. Besides, they were fearful of not arriving at any place of shelter; preparations for lodging in the wagons having been deferred until they had passed into the woods, where no tavern was yet to be found.

Their equipage consisted of four wagons covered with sailcloth, and drawn by two horses each. Two of those contained the luggage; and two were appropriated separately, to the accommodation of the men, and the women and children.

It appeared that they were migrating to Indiana, where land had been purchased and several log huts erected by the young men, and were in readiness to receive their families. Three of these young men had returned from Indiana for the purpose of conducting the removal of the four elderly men and women—three younger women and six children.

After helping them to refit, we left them to pursue their tedious journey; with which, however, the old men and women seemed not to be perfectly reconciled; but the young men and women were in fine spirits; full of animation, and not doubting of a prosperous termination of their labors.

Such emigrations have lessened within a few years, and perhaps it is well for New England that they have; for had they continued, such as they were, during what were called in Maine, "The years of famine," that is, between 1810 and 1816, they would have drained the country of much of its youthful strength. Such was the emigration at that period that four thousand families were said in the journals to have passed one of the bridges in the western part of New York in one season. We presume, however, this to be incorrect, and that four thousand persons was meant. A group of those emigrants passing through the main streets of Boston excited much attention.



# "Bound for Kansas"

By ED. BLAIR

G'lang there, Jerry,  
Whoa haw, Buck,  
Bound fer Kansas,  
Dern my luck.  
Hed three fortunes  
In my grip,  
But I had ter  
Take a trip;  
G'lang there, Jerry,  
Whoa haw, Buck,  
Bound fer Kansas,  
Dern my luck,

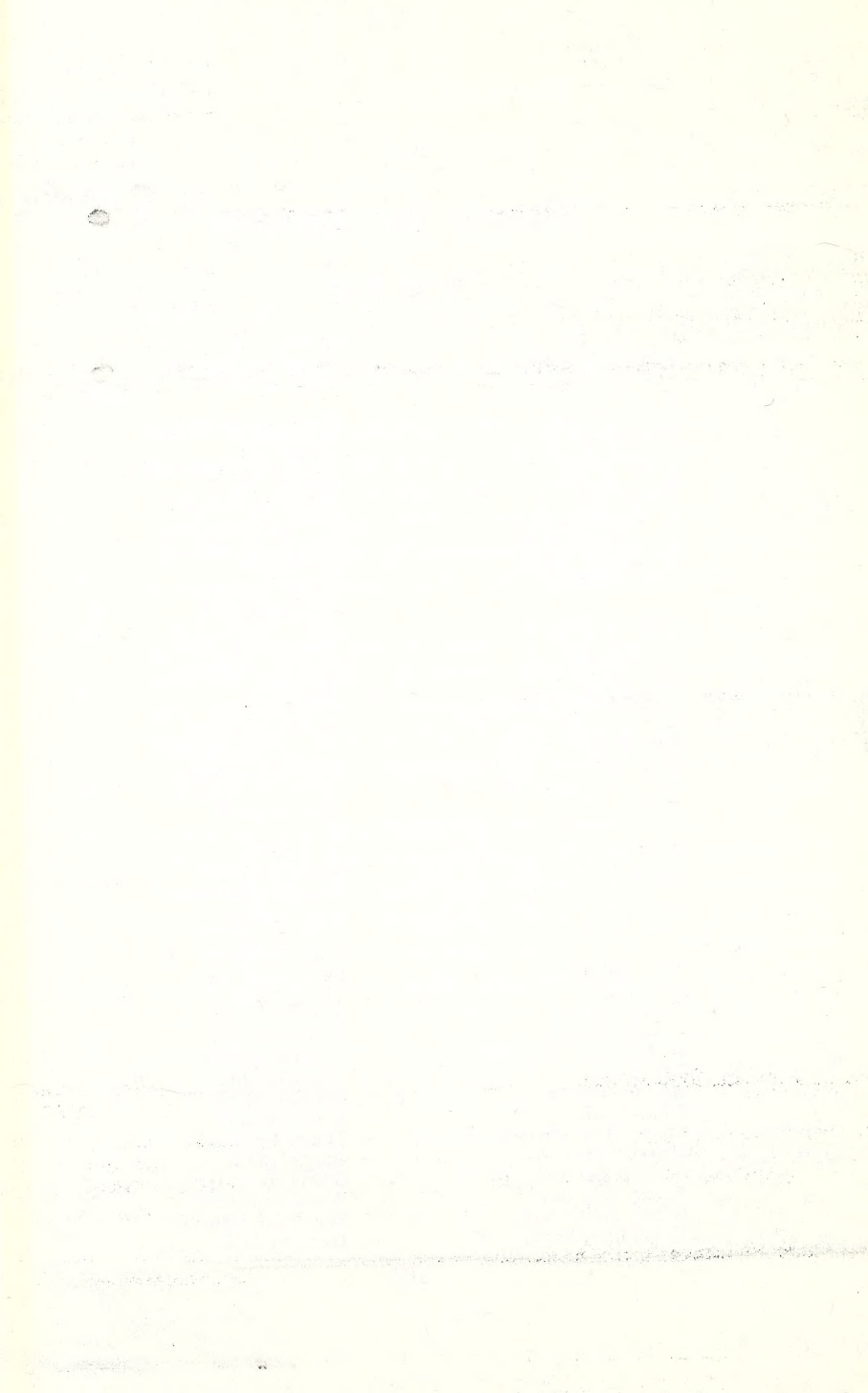
Owned a farm there  
Long ago,  
Hundred feet of  
Salt below.  
Couldn't rest, though,  
Scarce a minute,  
Though there was a  
Fortune in it.  
Pulled up stakes fer  
Further West,  
Well, I 'spose ye  
Know the rest.  
G'lang there, Jerry,  
Whoa haw, Buck,  
Bound fer Kansas,  
Dern my luck.

Then got weary  
And went back,  
Bought again  
Another tract,  
Down where they have  
Gas 'n' oil  
And the richest  
Kind o' soil.  
Stayed three years 'n'  
Moved away;  
Gushin' gas well  
Found next day.  
G'lang there, Jerry,  
Whoa haw, Buck,

Bound fer Kansas,  
Dern my luck.

Then moved down to  
Pleasanton,  
Swore this move wuz  
My last one.  
Bought a quarter  
Where there's lead,  
Raised two crops 'n'  
Got ahead.  
Didn't know that  
Lead was there,  
Lead and zinc now  
Everywhere,  
Left that farm for  
Arkansaw,  
Now I'm goin'  
Back—whoa haw,  
G'lang there, Jerry,  
Whoa haw, Buck,  
Bound fer Kansas,  
Dern my luck.

Ef I git In-  
Side that State  
(And I'll git there  
Soon or late).  
Bet your life I'll  
Take my stand  
Somewhere on a  
Piece o' land,  
And I'll not be  
Moved an inch.  
'Nless a cyclone  
Gits a clinch,  
Fer if I should  
Loose my hold  
They'd begin to  
Diggin' gold.  
G'lang there, Jerry,  
Whoa haw, Buck,  
Bound fer Kansas,  
Dern my luck.





# The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have  
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author]

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

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## CHAPTER XX

### SECRETS OF THE STORM

Tho' old we may wander and lonely may roam,  
Forsaken and hopeless, an outcast from home,  
Tho' manhood has dark'ned the childhood of truth,  
Yet burns in our bosom the embers of youth.

—*Browne.*

THE tall, old-fashioned clock standing in the hallway of Deacon Goodwill's home was doling forth the hour of eleven following the scene described at the close of our last chapter when the rumble of wagon wheels, which was not to be mistaken by the subtle deacon, was heard in the distance. Flinging open the door he stood on the threshold, candle in hand, trying to catch a glimpse of Abe, calling out as soon as the shadowy figure of his son loomed indistinctly down the road:

"Look here, yeou graceless scamp, where hev yeou bin?"

Abe, in the exuberance of spirit, failed to heed the ominous tones of his father and, regardless of the question asked him, cried:

"Bet has beat, dad, and the ring is broke!"



"Idiot!" screamed the irate father, leaving the house bare-headed and hastening his steps toward the team entering the yard, "what d'yeou mean by this unregenerate bizness? Yeou hev ruined us all."

"The money is mine—two hundred dollars!" cried the overjoyed Abe, jumping from the wagon and beginning to dance about in wild delight. He seemed to forget his father's disapproval; in fact, to forget everything except his great victory won at Coldbrook. This indifference to his angry words was such a surprise to the deacon that he knew not what to say or do. But the stern and humiliating fact remained that Abe had been racing horses, and he had become so hardened that he had made no pretence of denying it. The good man groaned in anguish, while he ran his eye over the gaunt form of the mare, as she stood with almost human meekness before him.

"Look at her!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Abraham Goodwill, yeou hev been racin' hosses—that most ungodly thing—at Coldbrook? Don't yeou dare to deny it to me, yeour father, who has tried to bring yeou up in the path of righteousness! Oh, that I should hev lived to meet this disgrace."

"Dad, I'm sorry yeou think I've done wrong, but I jess felt like doing it. I did want to go to Coe's Academy, and that prize money will pay all my bills."

"Who talks about prize money? Et's racin' hosses yeou hev been, an' look et that mare. Yeou hev sp'iled her, th' best hoss I ever owned! Sich—"

"Who claims to own old Bet, Deacon Goodwill? The horse is fairly mine, bought for two hundred dollars, and the time has come for me to claim possession."

The speaker, as must be naturally inferred, was Free Newbegin, who had hastened to the scene as soon as he had become aware of the return of Abe. He was closely followed by his friend. It was too dark to see the change which came swiftly over the sun-burned countenance of Deacon Goodwill at this sudden announcement of the town



claimant, but something of the state of his mind was apparent in the inflection of his voice, as well as in his words, while he retorted impetuously:

"Bought ol' Bet for two hundred dollars, Mr. Bidwell? Yeou ain't paid me th' money, an' I ain't goin' to take it neow! I wouldn't part with old Bet for a farthin' less 'n five hundred dollars—not for any money! She's the best hoss I ever owned."

"Right, my good Deacon; now you talk good hoss sense. But if you ever conclude to sell her, please let me have the first offer."

Deacon Goodwill made no reply to Newbegin, but it was evident that his anger had in a great measure subsided. He began to pat old Bet, though he did not look toward Abe. The latter, feeling that the worst had been passed, hesitated in addressing his father, fearing lest he might say something which would awaken his old spirit of indignation against him for his undutiful course. Understanding the critical situation and the temper of those with whom he was dealing, Newbegin quickly said:

"I am glad that things have turned out just as they have. Now Bet has earned the best supper we can give her, and let us take hold and see that she is both comfortably housed and fed. After that we will listen to Abe's explanation, which I am sure he is anxious to make. You had better go into the house, Deacon, for I fear this damp air will bring you another attack of your old enemy."

The suggestions were carried out to the letter, and while they cared for the tired mare Newbegin and Abe discussed the outcome of the affair at Coldbrook, the latter freely unbosoming himself to the former, who showed such a hearty appreciation in his interest. Upon reaching the house, whither Deacon Goodwill had gone, they found him impatiently awaiting their coming. All traces of anger had disappeared, and in the place of this unhappy element was a feeling of humiliation and resignation to an evil of which he was as yet unable to fully comprehend. That





he had been discussing the situation with Mrs. Goodwill was apparent from her words, as she greeted Abe upon his entrance into the house:

"Your father and I, my son, are very anxious that you shall explain all that has been done both at the fair and before you went. You cannot help knowing that he is very sorry for what has taken place. You may remain with us, Mr. Bidwell, if you wish."

The latter, followed by his friend, had started to leave the room and they both thanked her for her words, but feeling that it was a family meeting that should not be profaned by strangers they politely withdrew. As soon as they were gone, Abe began:

"I do not know where to begin, mother. I did not mean to do anything really wrong, but I did want to go to Coe's Academy so much, and when I found out about the prizes offered at Coldbrook and that old Bet could trot so fast I—"

"Why didn't yeou ask me about goin' to Coe's—"

"Hush, Timothy, hush," admonished Mrs. Goodwill. "Let Abraham finish his story. When we know the whole we shall be better able to say what is proper to say."

So Abe resumed his explanation, confessing in detail the manner in which he had trained the mare for the race, interrupted slightly, at intervals, by groans from his father, until that morning he left the grist at Willey's mill to be ground, while he drove hastily over to Coldbrook.

"I think that was the first time I begun to feel queer about what I was doing, dad, and I almost wished I hadn't gone. But there was the prize money, Coe's Academy, and the sight of the crowd made me sorter forgit. I never see so many folks together in my life. I had hard work to get through to where the men who were running the fair stood. I was hooted at, and some tried to stop me. But I jess riz up in the wagon, and when I swept the old whip over their heads they sort of fell back. Yaou oughter seen how s'prised the men were at the front, and I see Jock



Jenness and Johnson a-putting their heads together, a-nodding and a-pointing at me. I don't know what they said, but I was told to get out of the way, and when I told 'em I was there to race old Bet they larfed till their boots shook. Then they ordered me to drive out of the way or they'd get officers to show me the way. I told 'em again I was there to get the prize money, and they right up and told me I couldn't race old Bet, 'cos she didn't have any record. I was only a boy and not responsible. My dander riz then, but I soon found that I was of no more account 'n a thunder-bug a-butting against a rock. I hadn't looked for that, and I felt blue.

"Just then along come Squire Newbegin, and I seemed to go right up. He weren't long in finding aout about it, when he says sharp like:

"'Who says this boy is not to have a fair show here to-day? I know him as a neighbor. If his hoss has no record she will make one to-day that'll be a surprise. Yes; this boy and his hoss will have fair show here or there'll be no race at Coldbrook this year.'

"I tell you they stood aout their eyes, but no one answered. I knew the squire had a hoss there, and a good one, and I could see if Bet won it would take the prize from him. So I edged up to him and I said:

"'Yaou have got a hoss here, Squire, and I think I'll take old Bet aout. I ain't no bizness here again—'

"He stopped me right there, and stooping over he whispered: 'Abe, don't lose courage nor step aside for any man. If you hold old Bet up to her best the prize is yours. I had rather you'd have it than I.'

"So old Bet went into the race and, dad, I honestly think what the Squire said helped to win. I kept thinking about it all the time, and they say old Bet was handled well. You oughter heard 'em holler when we come in half a length ahead, with the squire's hoss close behind. 'Pears like their shouts air ringing in my ears naow. The squire was the only one to speak to me, but he come along and,





slapping me on the shoulder said in his most friendly tone:

"'Yaou did that well, Abe, and the old mare won squarely. I will see that you have the prize money, and I hope yaou'll put it to good use.' Then he sorter stopped, as if he was thinking of something else to say, and speaking very low, so no one else could hear him, he said:

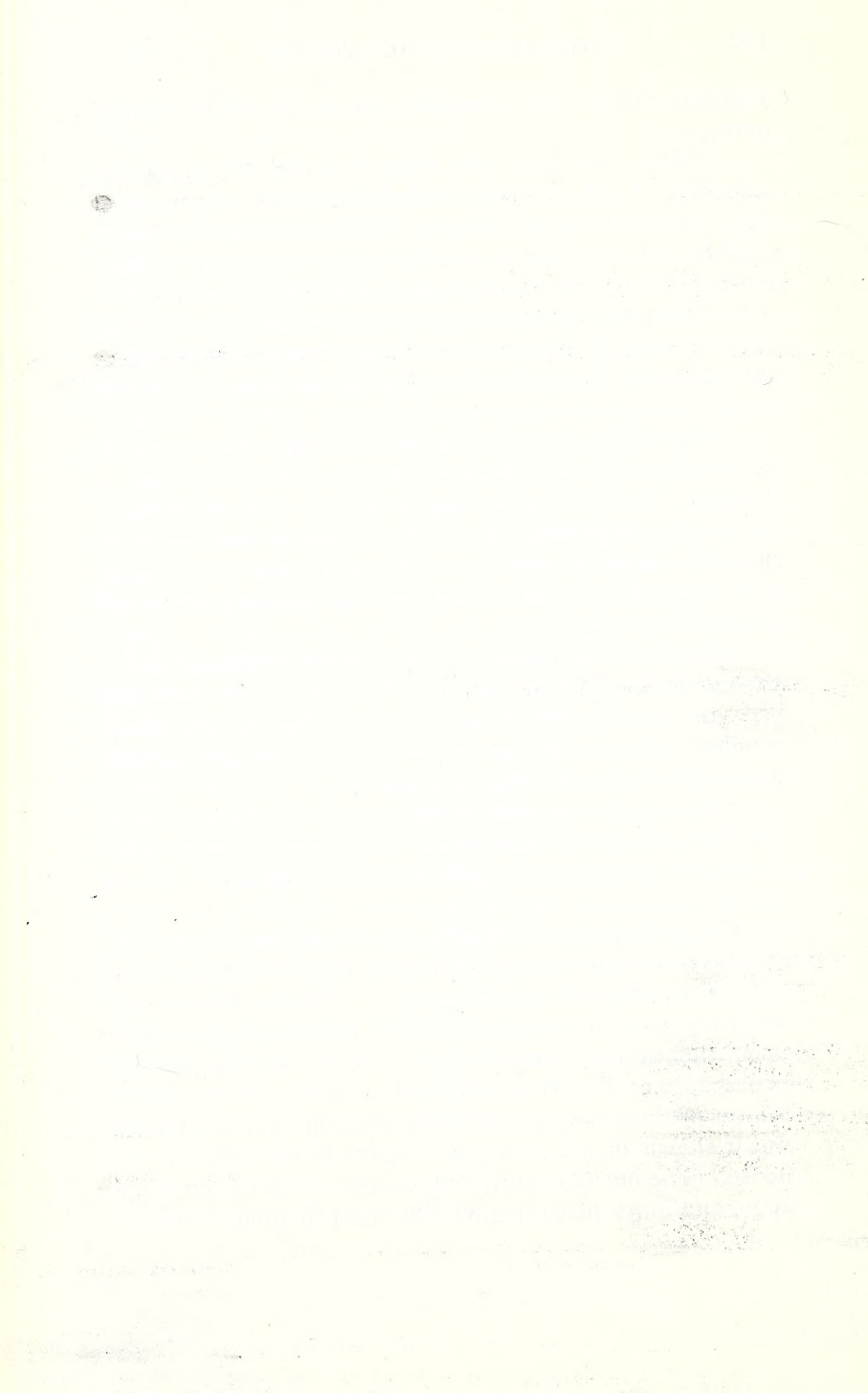
"'This will make yaour father feel bad, Abe, and I want yaou to promise him that you'll never race hosses again, and that old Bet shall stay upon the farm as long as she lives.'

"Everybody's praising Squire Newbegin for the way he broke the ring at Coldbrook, and he told me that he is going to plow up the common at Sunset and set it out to trees, each to bear the name of a citizen of the taown, so that the Flatiron shall be a beautiful park. He wants yaou to set aout the first tree, and there's going to be one named for old Bet."

Possibly it was five minutes before either of Abe's parents spoke. Enoch, who would not go to bed until Abe had got home, looked from one to another in speechless wonder. Finally Deacon Goodwill said in a slow, measured tone, as if weighing each word:

"My son, we air all frail mortals, an' th' weakest when we think we air th' strongest. As I would hev the good Lord deal with me so I'm goin' to deal with yeou. Let us pray."

The prayer of the deacon was so deep and long that the guests overhead heard plainly his supplication, and they knew that Abe had been forgiven. This was evident the following morning at the breakfast table, plainly pictured upon the radiant countenance of Abe, in the childish exuberance of Enoch and the other children, in the cheerfulness of their mother's beaming gaze, and not less plainly was it shown in the tone and manner of the head of the house. The old stern formality seemed to have been swept away, and in its place reigned the spirit of home freedom.



When the meal was over the entire family, including the transient members paid a visit to old Bet, who was caressed with loving hands and showered with praises.

"I hear that Captain Fok'sle is going to sail his new ship, Halcyon, to-night," said Mrs. Goodwill. "I expect a large crowd will be there to witness it. Are you going, Mr. Bidwell?"

"Most assuredly I shall go, and so will my friend. Though I have never met this inland shipbuilder, I must confess I have felt a deep desire to do so. I am afraid now the weather will not be propitious for his venture."

The day passed uneventfully, except that the storm predicted by Free Newbegin began to make itself apparent on the sky a little before night. Still it was generally expected that this ominous warning would not deter the old sailor from undertaking his visionary project, so that curious, anxious spectators began to gather on the shore of the little inland sea by the time the sun had set. Some came prompted solely by curiosity; some came to help, if they could, in an affair which they but dimly comprehended; and some came out of pity for the deluded shipbuilder, with an uneasiness and foreboding of evil they made no attempt to understand. Among the last were the town claimants.

This was the first time either of them had seen this wonder of the quiet country town and the sight was one neither would ever forget. They had seen many vessels in their wide travels, hundreds larger than this little, full-rigged schooner; hundreds that rode more gracefully at their moorings. They had seen them in strange ports, and afloat in mid-ocean, but never had they found that craft which bore such an air of mystery as this lonely ship fretting with her bonds here in this little body of water nearly a hundred miles from the wooing caress of the salt water breeze.

The gathering gloom of night veiled her too deeply for them to see clearly even her outlines, but her shadow showed that her masts were set with a rakish sweep, and





that she was rigged to bear an enormous top of canvas, which was close-reefed now, but in readiness to be flung to the rising wind. It was evident, also, that the sunken pond, noted for rough waters at times, was breaking into one of its most ugly moods. Waves that would have been more naturally expected on some larger body of water dashed against the shore and retreated with a sullen roar, not loud but deep. Owing to the abrupt falling away of the shores of the "Old Man's Mirror," this inland vessel rode close into the bank; so close that ever and anon she bumped against the land.

"The harbor light!" some one cried, as our heroes were trying to discern more minutely the sight before them, when they instinctively looked off to the left, toward the humble cottage of the owner of this ship. They saw that a bright light had been recently placed so as to send its beams out over the waters. Just then a gale of wind hurled itself in fury upon the treetops overhead and whipped the lakelet into foaming ridges that in turn lashed the shore in spiteful fury.

A lull in the rising gale a few minutes later allowed the spectators to catch the sound of feet coming in that direction, and after a moment of waiting they discerned three figures coming into shape out of the shadows beyond. In the semi-darkness Free Newbegin and Leonard Quiver distinguished the stalwart figure of a man passing the prime of life, though he still carried his herculean form erect, as he advanced with the peculiar rolling gait of a man who has spent the better years of his manhood on ship-board. He held in one hand a stout staff of oaken wood, though he did not use it to lean upon or as a gentleman would carry a cane, but rather as one used to command would handle a weapon of defense.

A woman a few years his junior, with a sweet face saddened with the sorrow of years, walked beside him on his right, while on the other hand a woman less than half of her age, young and beautiful, but with a countenance





wet with tears, kept along with him. She was speaking at this moment, no one of the three seeming to have discovered the crowd of curious spectators collected about the scene:

"Oh, father! I beg of you to go home with mother and me. See! the storm is rising. You will—"

"Cease such prattle, cheeld! Think ye th' auld man will sit idle down with his brave lad at the mercy of the sea? Ay, ill fares the soul that pales at human duty. Stand by, lass, and if ye will stay behind the auld man must go alone."

"No, no! I will go, father. But you, Vinnie, must go back. May God spare us all."

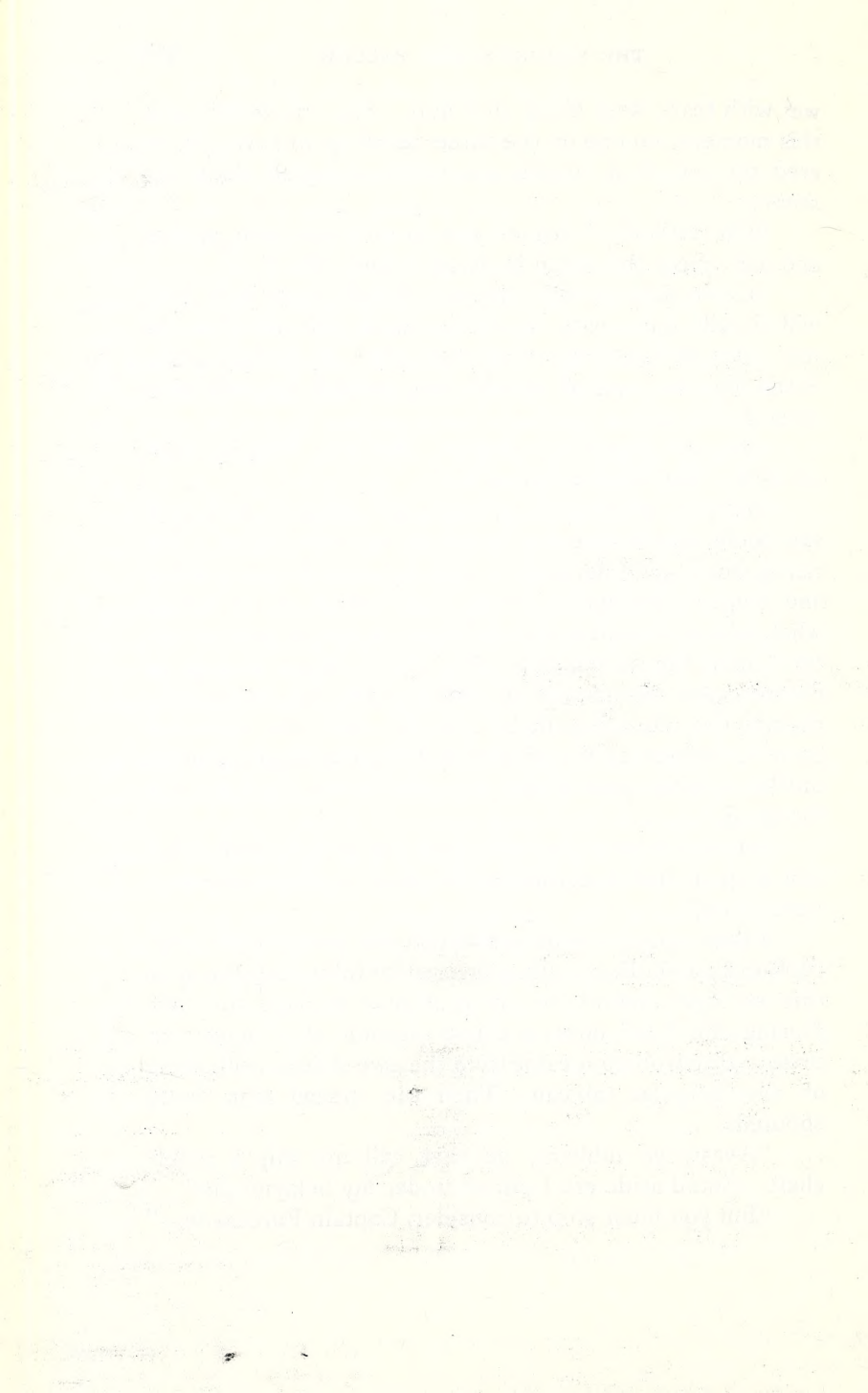
The younger woman screamed and clung to both as if she could and would not be separated from either. The rising storm grew fiercer and the lowering clouds blacker and deeper. Suddenly it came to the minds of our heroes what this movement meant to him who should dare to venture upon the schooner at this time. More prompt to decide upon his course of action than his companion, though not more firm in his purpose once the other had become aroused to his situation, Free Newbegin stepped quickly into the path of the approaching trio, saying to the foremost:

"Hold, old man! you take your life in your hand when you step on board of that cockle shell in this land-bound water hole."

Taken completely by surprise at this unexpected interruption Captain Forecastle glowered for fully a minute upon this stranger before he could recover enough to reply. During this brief interval a low murmur of mingled surprise and approbation came from the awe-stricken beholders of this singular tableau. Then the crazed man fairly shouted:

"Avast, ye lubbers! ye that call my ship a cockle shell. Stand aside ere I put ye under my belayin' pin!"

"But you must stop to consider, Captain Forecastle—"



"Mutiny, by the rock of Gibraltar!" thundered the irate skipper. "I'll kill every dog of ye who dares to disobey my orders," swinging over his head as he spoke the heavy stick.

Thinking that he was about to strike his friend, Leonard Quiver, who had kept close beside his companion, lifted his hand to give him assistance, when the crazed captain aimed a blow at his head with all his power. The latter dodged so as to escape the full force of the descending club, but he was felled at the feet of his friend unconscious. Thinking that his associate had been killed, and feeling that he was dealing with a desperate man who neither knew nor considered the result, our hero seized hold of the oak stick, wrenching it from the grasp of the other and flinging it far out over the water. With a cry of rage Captain Forecastle seemed at first about to tear him limb from limb, but he suddenly broke from Newbegin's hold and, plunging into the growth skirting the pathway, quickly disappeared into the night.

Anxious for the fate of his friend, the former dropped upon his knees to make a hasty examination of his condition, speedily finding that his heart was still beating, and that he would likely soon recover his senses. Meanwhile the women, recovering from their fright, joined him in his care for the insensible man. Some of the spectators began to crowd about the place, until Newbegin commanded them to fall back.

"I do not think he has been hard hit," he said; "he will soon come around all right."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Forecastle, who maintained a self-control quite remarkable. Her daughter, or more properly speaking, her adopted daughter was still trembling with fear. Fortunately some one came forward with a lantern at this moment, and by its aid it was found that the blow received by Leonard Quiver was not a very severe one.

In the midst of this scene a stentorian voice cried,





heard plainly above the rising fury of the storm:

"Let loose the moorings, lads! Fling out the sheets, and let her stand bravely out to sea!"

"It's Cap'en Fok'sle!" declared an onlooker. "He has got on board his ship, and is getting away from the shore."

Other orders to his imaginary followers came from the frantic skipper, and it was soon seen that the schooner was slowly moving away from the land, her cordage creaking and groaning as it was unfurled by him who comprised both master and crew. As if to baffle the wild sailor in his maddening attempt to get away, the storm, now reaching all the violence of an October gale, caused the ill-manned ship to reel and plunge headlong into the foaming water that had now assumed a frightful and ominous appearance. The Old Man's "wash bowl," noted for its tempestuousness at times, had never seemed so wild and broken as on this night. In the narrow confines of its waters the schooner could not long stand up before the wind sweeping down from the mountain side with increasing wildness. Huge drops of rain, starting out like sweat from the dark brow of night, now began to fall. As if fascinated by the wild sight the spectators stood along the shore, unable to lift a hand if it had been of avail. In a moment the hoarse cry reached their ears:

"Port your helm, lads; lively, too!"

Then, pitched in a responsive tone came the reply:

"Ay, ay, port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Ay, ay, steady it is."

It was difficult for the listeners to realize that the same tongue uttered both command and reply, but all knew it must be so. And while they stood spell-bound by the weird power of the stormy scene, the thunder tone again rang above the howling tempest:

"Cut away the wreckage! Work for your lives, lubbers, or we are lost!"

*(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)*



# The Editor's Window

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Nathan Hale, writing seventy-five years ago, says:

"New Hampshire has some singular phrases, one of which has acquired celebrity from its being used by General Miller, who, being asked by the commander-in-chief whether he could take a certain fort, replied, 'I'll try.' Singular customs of employments likewise discriminate the people of different places. Stop a Vinyard sailor or a Portsmouth loungee at your door and inquire if the one wants a voyage or the other a service—if engaged they will both give a short answer, and pass on—if disengaged, and a penknife is in the pocket—haste to close your bargain or your house will be cut down."

\* \* \*

## Origin of the Seal of the State

### STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

AN ACT to establish a Seal, to be used as the Great Seal of this State.

Whereas the Committee\* appointed by the General Court to prepare a device and inscription for a State Seal, did on the first day of November last, lay before said Court a device, with the following inscription, viz. A field encompassed with laurels round the field in capital letters SIGILLUM REIPUBLICÆ NEO-HANTONIENSIS, on the field a rising sun and a ship on the stocks, with American banners displayed, being two inches diameter,

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\*The committee consisted of Hons. George Atkinson, John Pickering and Maj. Gains, on the part of the House.



which was then voted to be received and accepted, and accordingly hath since that time been used as the Great Seal of the State; but as doubts have since arisen, whether the vote for establishing said Seal was sufficiently explicit; for removing such doubts; Therefore.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:*

That the said Seals with the above recited inscription, be fully established and used in all cases, as the Great Seal of this State, and considered as having been such from the first day of November last.

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In Senate Feby. 11, 1785.

The foregoing bill having been read three times, Voted: That the same pass to be enacted. Sent down for concurrence

W. J. LANGDON, Prest. P. T.

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In House of Representatives Feby 12, 1785.

The foregoing bill was read three times and concurred.

GEO: ATKINSON, Speaker.

\* \* \*

### **Yankee Wit**

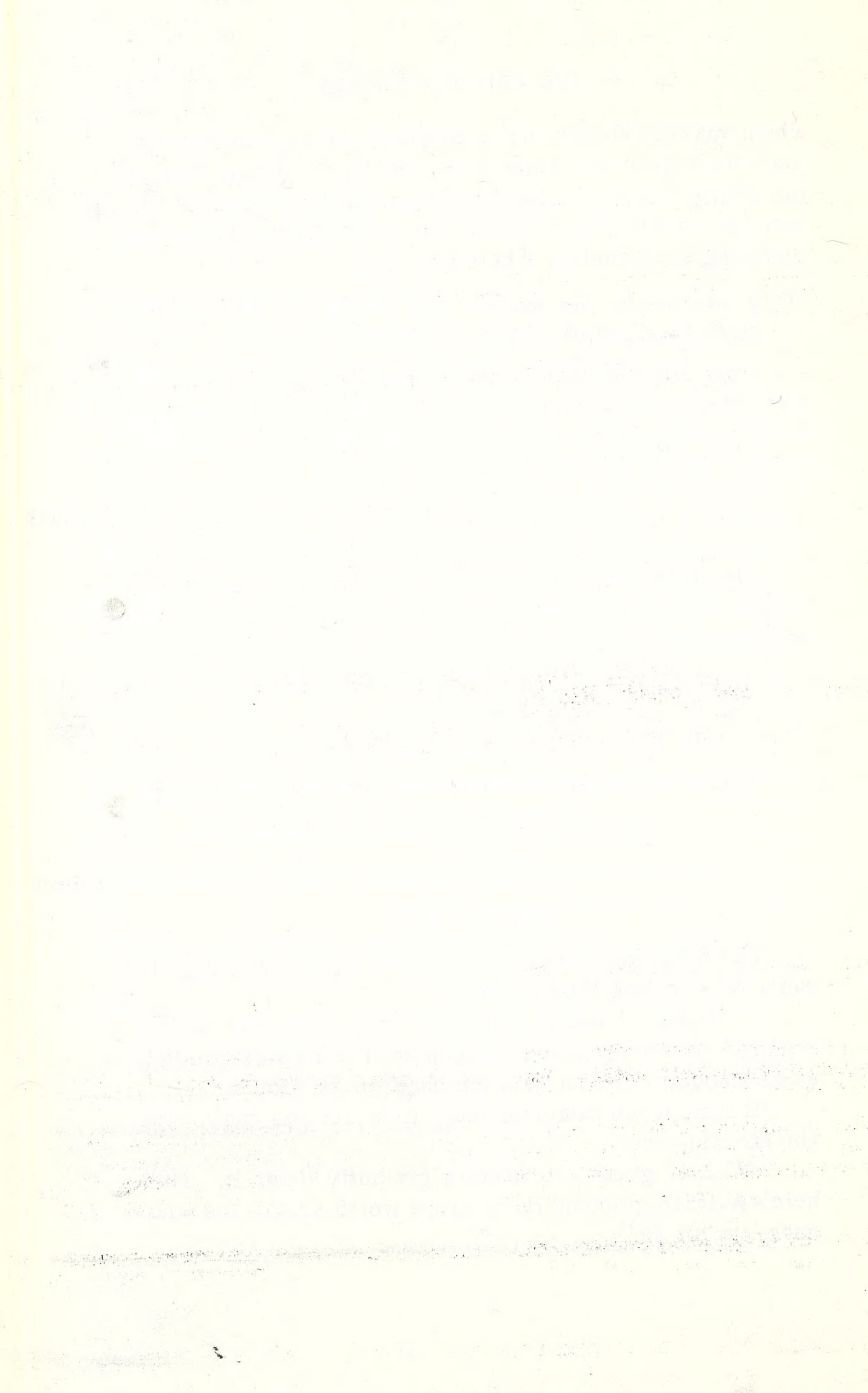
The following anecdote illustrates the peculiar significance of so-called Yankee wit:

"I reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day, Square," said a "ginooine" specimen of a Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you needn't git huffy 'bout it. Now here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops worth \$2.50; you may have 'em for \$2."





"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wall, now look here, Square, I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a by-stander, The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now," said the merchant, I'll give you a picayune (sixpence) for the strops."

"They're yourn," said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes.

"But," said he, after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops. Give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence. "A trade is a trade, and now you are wide awake. The next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops."

And away walked the peddler with his strops and his weger, amidst the shouts of the laughing crowd.

\* \* \*

### Dayside Notes

The first fort captured from the British, in Revolutionary times, was that at Newport, R. I., when forty cannon were seized and carried away on December 6, 1773.

The first duel in New England was fought June 18, 1621, with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leicester, two servants, both of whom were wounded. They were punished by having their heads and feet tied together and being kept without food for twenty-four hours.

THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

AND THE ONLY WAY TO SALVATION

IS BY FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST

THE SON OF GOD WHO DIED FOR US

AND RISEN AGAIN FOR OUR SALVATION

AND WHO WILL COME AGAIN TO JUDGE THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE FATHER

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE LIFE OF THE WORLD

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE GLORY OF GOD

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE HEAVENLY CITIES

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE ETERNAL LIFE

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE KINGDOM OF GLORY

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE LIFE OF THE WORLD

AND WHO IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE GLORY OF GOD

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The first American to fire a gun on the day of the Battle of Lexington was Ebenezer Lock.

The first degree of D. D. was conferred on Increase Mather in 1692.

Thomas Lote was the first man in this country who built a fire engine that was used.

—*Mary L. D. Ferris.*

\* \* \*

### Literary Leaves

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO? By Frank West Rollins; Decorated cloth, 12mo., 339 pages. Little, Brown & Company, publishers, Boston. Price, \$1.50. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This attractive volume by ex-Governor Rollins is designed to help a young man in selecting a calling, and contains a valuable amount of information, not only for this particular seeker after knowledge but to the general reader. To a far greater extent than we are apt to consider does the choice of one's vocation decide his failure or success. Many a man who, at the meridian of life, looks back upon unfulfilled dreams realizes that his failure in life was not caused by his lack of earnest effort but through his unfitness for the calling into which he fell by accident more than purpose. Thus a book of this kind, written by one who has carefully studied the situation, is worthy of study by every young man. The forty-four chapters cover a wide scope of industry, and in addition to the author's own summing up of the subject he has had the assistance of specialists in different fields. The price of the work places it within the reach of all.

THE GRAVES WE DECORATE. Prepared for Memorial Day, 1907, by Joseph Foster, a member of Storer Post, Portsmouth, N. H. Octavo, 76 pages, paper. Price, fifty cents. For sale by the Author.

This is a record of the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines who served the United States of America in the War of the Rebellion, and in other wars, buried in the city of Portsmouth, N. H., and in the neighboring towns of Greenland, New Castle, Newington and Rye.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the industry of the author of this valuable work. Not only are the names of the soldiers arranged in groups alphabetically, but an Appendix containing a list of graves prepared in 1893 has brief biographical sketches of many of the patriotic sons of Old Strawberry Bank and vicinity.

THE STARS AND STRIPES AND OTHER AMERICAN FLAGS, by Peleg Harrison, as it deserves, continues to meet with a good sale. It is seldom





we find stronger evidence of the thorough study of his subject than Mr. Harrison has bestowed upon this work. The completeness with which he has covered the field is shown by the following list of chapter captions:

Origin and Development of the National Standard, Colonial and Provincial Flags, Pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary Flags, The Stars and Stripes, Army Flags, Colors, Standards, and Guidons, Special Flags, The First Displays of American Flags on Land and Sea, Notable Displays of Foreign Flags, The Return of Battle Flags, Flag Making, Flag Display Regulations, Salutes, Tributes to the Flag, Honoring the Flag, Flag Legislation, The Flag of Truce, Displaying Flags at Half-Mast, Improvised Flags, Unique Flags, Origin of the Name of "Old Glory," The Name of "Old Glory," Secession Flags, The Stars and Bars, The Confederate Battle Flag, The Second Confederate Flag, The Third Confederate Flag, Stories of Confederate Flags, Songs and Their Stories, "The Star Spangled Banner," The American Flag, Barbara Frietchie, The Bonny Blue Flag, The Conquered Banner, The Apron Flag, Index.

This volume has eight illustrations in colors of the leading flags and is published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. Price, \$3. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

**CHRISTY OF RATHGLIN.** An Entertaining and Exciting Story of the Life of an Irish Lad. By James Riley. Cloth, gilt top, 12mo., illustrated, 343 pages. Price, \$1.50 net. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This story opens amid troublesome times in Ireland, and the hero, a lad then of only five, finds himself thrown among exciting scenes and the excitement of his environments continue to increase as the years roll by. Finally the scene changes from the old country to the Cape Cod region, where it finds a pleasant denouement. This is a strong story, and leaves a wholesome influence upon the reader.

Some years ago, when Sam Walter Foss was editor of *The Yankee Blade*, once a leader among the many story papers that made Boston their home, he received contributions from a western writer named John H. Whitson. Strange to say, he returned them with the comment that they were "too good" for the readers of *The Yankee Blade*. Years elapsed, and now Mr. Whitson has left the West for the East, to find himself well reputed as an author and Mr. Foss ensconced in the congenial chair of the librarian of the Somerville Public Library. Naturally they have met and have talked over the days when Mr. Whitson was too good for *The Yankee Blade*. When Mr. Whitson lived in the West he wrote western stories, "The Rainbow Chasers," "Justin Wingate, Ranchman," etc., but now that he is in New England he has forsaken the plains for the streets of New York and Boston. His latest story, "The Castle of Doubt," is a fantastic tale of dual personality.






How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view !.  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well !  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.







That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well. 







How sweet from the green  
mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it  
inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from thy loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.







REV. HUMPHREY MOORE







MAIN HALLWAY OF MOORE MANSION, MILFORD, N. H.



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## Milford's Pioneer Pastor

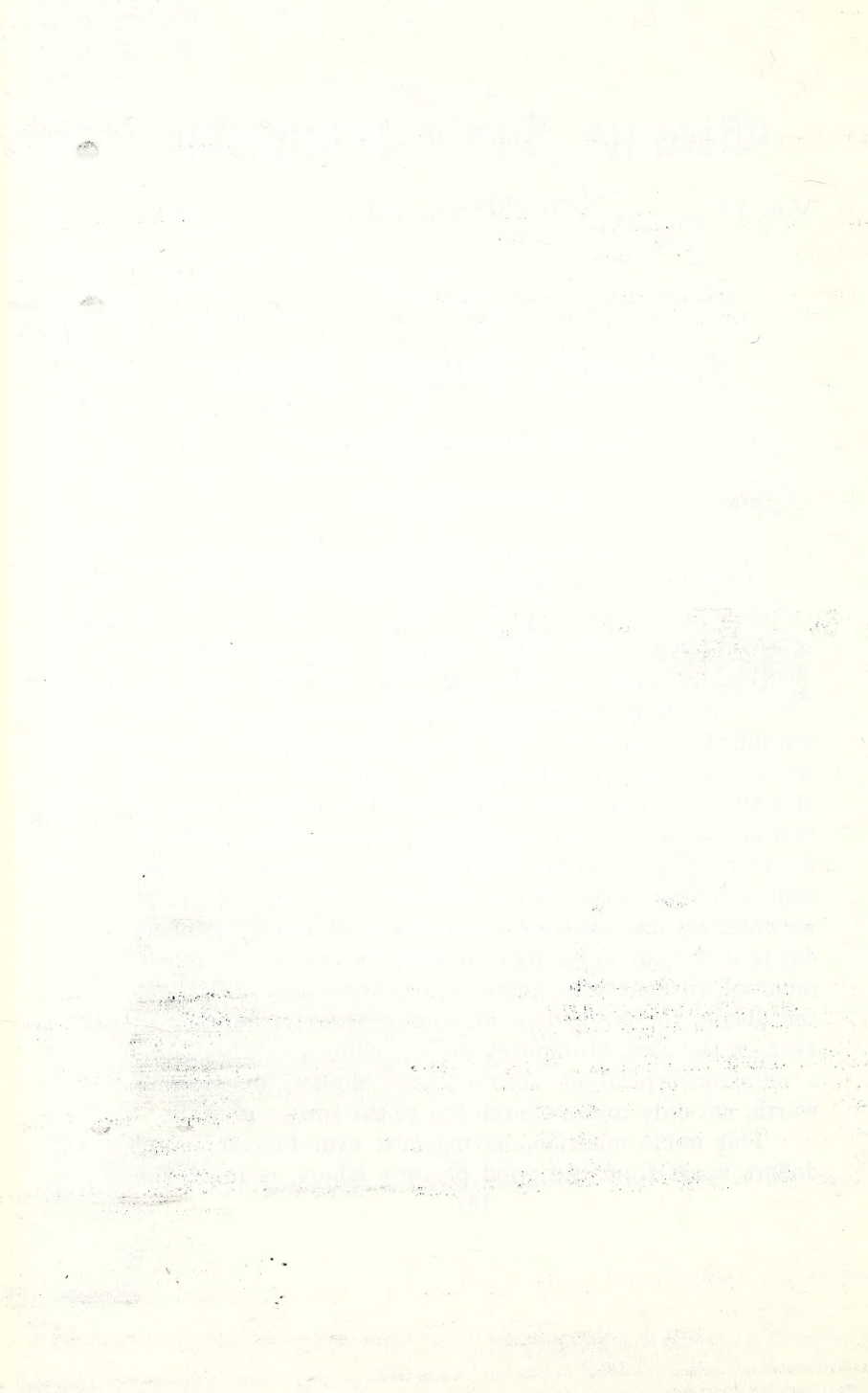
And His Colonial Homestead

By CHARLES B. HEALD

"The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in."

**A**N EASY walk from Milford's busy center up the elm-bordered street that overlooks and meets the winding Souhegan as it comes down from the Wilton hills is another of New England's old historic homesteads;—a solid type of dignity in brick with wooden ells of a later build at either end, and a wide colonial front of two stories with a balcony as wide, supported by pillars of Doric plainness. A big hospitable door admits to a spacious corridor that extends midway of the manse, and as we enter we seem to leave behind the quickening life of to-day to drift back in reality into the quiet and courtly refinement of an American home of a century ago. This was the abode, for more than fifty years after its building in 1820, of the Rev. Humphrey Moore, Milford's early pastor, a minister typical of all the name implies, of sterling worth, not only to the church but to the town and state.

This noble mansion, having cost over four thousand dollars apart from the good pastor's labors, is much the





same as when "Priest" Moore, as he was called, lived here. It is now the residence of Carl E. Knight, Esq., with whom lives Mrs. Gillis, a surviving sister-in-law of the builder. It is largely due to this lady and her daughter, Mrs. Knight, that much of the old-time associations have been retained. The rooms are large and made cheerful on wintry nights by fireplaces. The main hallway is a delight to the lover of the quaint, with the antique landscape paper on the walls; though put on over sixty years ago, as fresh in color and detail as when it came from the French maker. On both sides of the long corridor is a picture panorama of such wonders as the Natural Bridge and Niagara Falls, or a spirited array of a host of straight-laced soldiery on martial parade at West Point, "Godey's Fashion Plate" like figures in tight-fitting waistcoats and tall hats or gay dresses are much in evidence everywhere, on foot, on prancing steeds, or in highly decorated coaches drawn by dashing Arabians. In fact, if we trust the truthfulness of the artist across the water, whom we fear, though, mixed his colors too freely with his own native chic, one might be led to think that our grandsires were not always the stay-at-homes we have thought them to have been. The northern end of the hall opens to a balcony that overlooks the wide meadow of the Souhegan, once the bed of a glacial lake; gentle hills rise to the northward, dotted here and there with farms, and on the highest summit is the crown-like village of Mont Vernon; from the pine sheltered burial ground by the river's bend to the foothills of grand old Monadnock in the sunset land, the scene is one of peace and beauty. In the springtime, save a gleam at intervals, the river is hidden by a fringe of green that turns to rainbow tints as the ripening sun of autumn warns the fields that reach down to its low banks of the approaching harvest. Winter brings to the scene other charms, under a coverlid of pure white that glistens and sparkles in the morning glow like a mantle of precious gems, or changes to a more somber robe in the evening twilight.





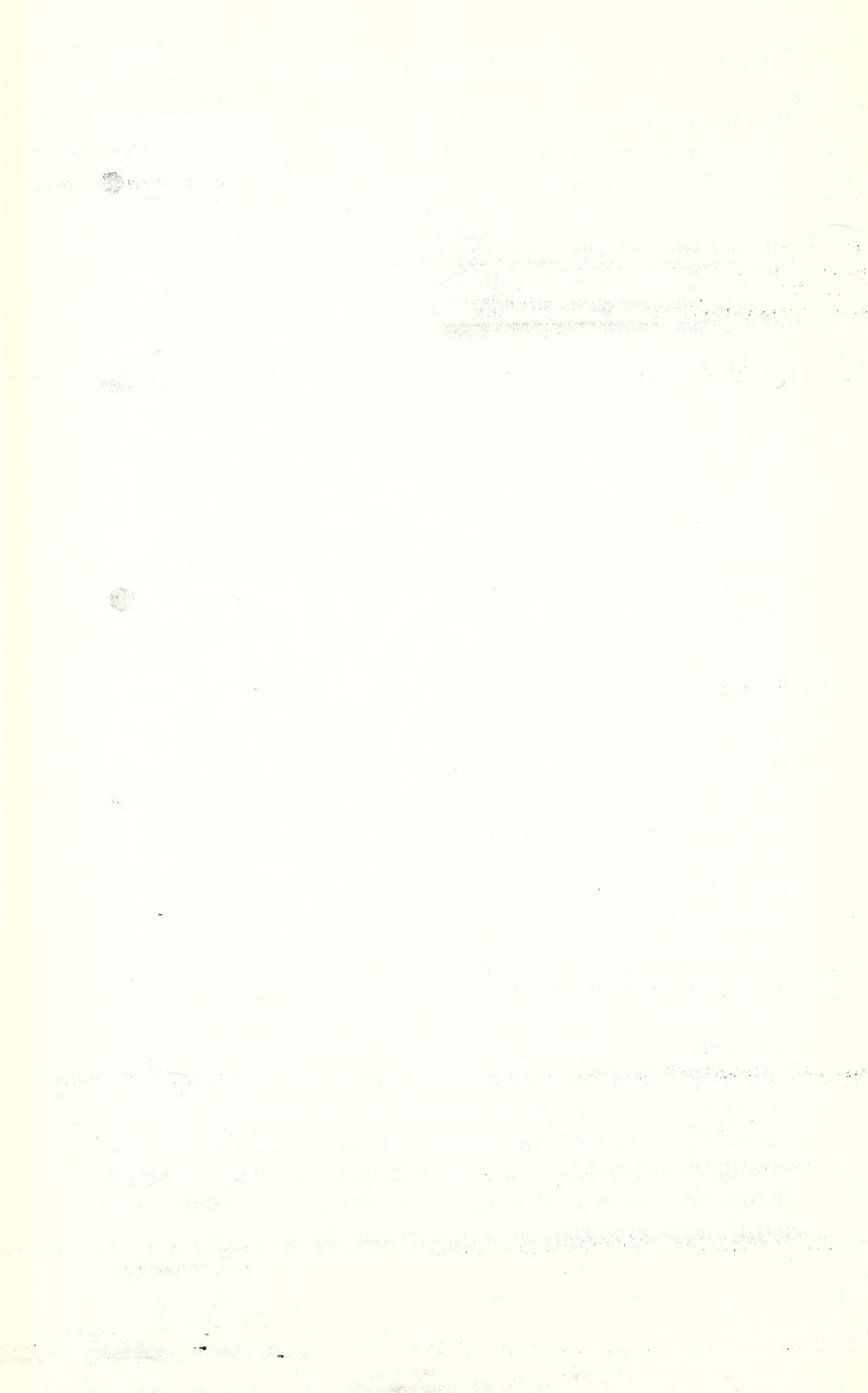
To live for a half century amid such scenes as these, characteristic of all New England, came the young pastor and his wife. Hannah Peabody, who became Mrs. Moore in 1803, a year after her husband's ordination as first pastor of the parish, was the granddaughter of William Peabody, who came from Boxford, Mass., as early as 1740 and settled on the north side of the river, and was undoubtedly the first permanent settler to build a home in what is now Milford, though the Scotchmen John Burns and John Shepherd, with Benjamin Hopkins, were close followers. Ever since the unsuccessful attempt at church building, in 1758, near the site of old Monson on Federal Hill, while it was yet to pass in and out of the township of Amherst, the settlement that was to become Milford was without an established ministry. The erection of a church in 1784 had not improved matters, as several had been "called" but none had responded until the coming of Humphrey Moore. From that time, however, ecclesiastical affairs took on a different aspect, for Mr. Moore not only became a strong ministerial factor, but his executive force at once placed him as a leader in the material development of the town.

Mr. Moore's ordination took place October 13, 1802, and was a general holiday of a rather surprising mixture of piety and gaiety, for we read that the same band that escorted the candidate for ministerial honors furnished music during the very midst of his sermon for a dance in a nearby hall, and furthermore Captain Osgood with six others were detailed to "keep order," a rather necessary precaution we think after reading in the records that eight others than the regular eight annually permitted were licensed "to sell liquor mixed or otherwise for the day before, the day of, and the day after." Judging from an account of a previous occasion, the church "raising," when "one barrel of rum, two barrels of cider" were provided by the committee there could not have been much of a "day after." At the time of the coming of the new minister, this meeting-house, just mentioned, stood on a grassy

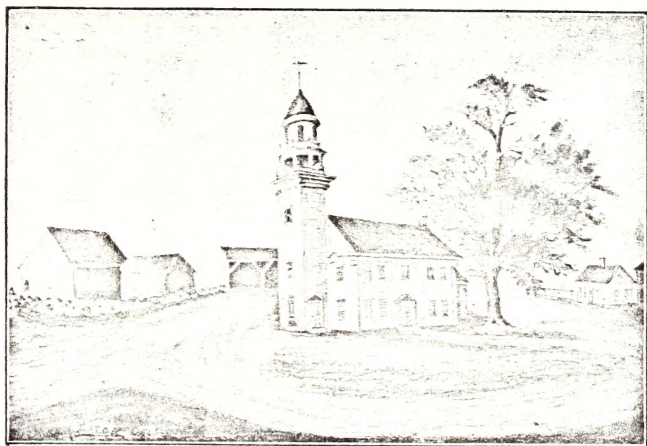


knoll that overlooked the river's bend to the northward. This land, known later as the "Oval," was given to the parish by William Crosby. Crosby was the son of Capt. Josiah Crosby, who had come in 1752 and settled a mile out on the Wilton road. William married the daughter of John Shepherd, the early settler of 1741, whose grist-mill by the Amherst ford was the seed from which grew the town. The Shepherd house at the head of Mont Vernon street is still standing and is the oldest in the village.

But one or two houses were on the meeting-house green at the incorporation of the town in 1794: one where now is the town house, and one at least on what is now the Livermore estate. A square wooden building stood on the southeast corner. In it was the store of the late William Wallace; above the store was a hall, which resounded with the merry laughter of gay young folk, dancing out some Yankee morris to the merry tune of the band that had lately escorted, with solemn step, the new minister to the platform erected for the exercises of the day. The pioneer scene that greeted the newly ordained pastor, then a young man of twenty-four, as he stood on the platform that Indian summer afternoon, was a decided contrast to the classic environments of Harvard from which he had just come. The church in which he was to labor many years was still unfinished. It was a plainly boarded structure of two and a half stories high without a belfry, though one was added the next year. This can be seen to-day in the now much altered Eagle Hall, the remodelled old meeting-house moved a few rods to the eastward on Union Square. The interior was of the same plainness as the outside. The pews were square, box-like partitions with seats on all four sides and gave only a small part of the congregation a direct view of the pulpit. High up at the end was the sounding board that was to re-echo many, many times the strong, manly voice of the pioneer parson, who now stood before the yeomen who had gathered from far and near, hardy men and women, represented by such names as







FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN MILFORD, N. H.



MOORE HOMESTEAD, MILFORD, N. H.



Crosby, Burns, Wallace, Shepherd, Towne, Foster, Jones, and Hutchinson, who were building for themselves homes along the winding river or on the cleared sides of the valley of autumnal beauty, over which the speaker could look far to the westward where distant Monadnock was seen in the clear, crisp October air as a pyramid of blue lowering over a notch in the Temple Hills.

No wonder that he who had just come among them should have caught the inspiration of the moment as he looked into the faces before him, that here was to be the beginning of his life work. Every one of those gathered would become his friends and co-laborers with him in building a town foremost in the state for moral and industrial worth. Other thoughts of a sterner nature must have come to him also, for beyond his attentive listeners was a scene about the village tavern that must have determined the strong temperance attitude that he at once followed, first to abolish rum at "raisings" when it took courage for even a minister to take such a stand. Humphrey Moore later showed the same fighting spirit for right in his attack of slavery as a state legislator in 1841.

Dr. Moore had been elected to this body by the joint union of the Whigs and the Anti-Slavery parties, and at once became their leader. Amid the strong opposition, alone he fought the ablest lawyers of New Hampshire in that dark time when human slavery was upheld by both church and state. Of his speech on the passing of the "Fugitive Slave Act," he writes in his autobiography:

"A majority of the members had no sympathy with the remarks I made. They used very imaginable effort to put me down. They shuffled and stamped with their feet. Some kicked the spit boxes about them. There was a roar of confusion. But I was neither intimidated nor embarrassed. I raised my voice to the highest pitch and to its greatest strength, but it was overwhelmed by a flood of mixed noises. . . . At length an enraged opponent, to sweep me from the floor, called me to order. The speaker



decided that I was in order, and that I might go on. I went on till I had finished my speech amidst the clamor of the opposition."

Dumb animals also in the kind doctor had a warm friend. The story is told of a meeting of his fellow clergy, at which he talked long and earnestly in their behalf, a sort of sounding note of the later work done by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After the good-hearted pastor had ended, a colleague leaped to his feet and exclaimed, "Every jackass in the land would praise Brother Moore for these remarks." "Yes," replied the quick-witted minister, "but I didn't think, Brother Davis, they would be heard from so soon."

There is no doubt that he of whom we write was a minister much abreast of his times. Though he never severed from the creeds of Congregationalism, "Priest" Moore's sermons were meant for all, every day lessons delivered without flourish, expressed in common language, practical talks on the dignity of living and labor. From the pulpit he could step to the plow. An ardent lover of nature and growing life, he became authority on agriculture, and was one of the first to recognize it as something more than the means of just gaining a livelihood. His deep study into the matter resulted in his publishing in 1822 the first state agricultural report.

In 1804 began the purchase of the estate of Thaddeus Grimes, an early keeper of a tavern on Elm street. Later other lands were added until he owned over three hundred acres of fertile meadow land along the Souhegan. This was known as the "Old Dominie Farm," and even to-day the land shows traces of a skilled agriculturist, especially so in the magnificent line of wide spreading elms, all of his planting, that make an arch of leafy shade for passers by. In 1836 his pastorate of over a third of a century came to an end, and the veteran preacher retired to his Elm-street home, where he passed away some thirty-five years later, April 8, 1871, at the advanced age of ninety-three years,





physically and mentally hale and hardy to the very last, a type of the sturdy oak, somewhat bent by the storms of years, but not broken until its falling.

Reverend Moore was twice married, his first wife dying in 1830. He subsequently married Mary J. French of Bedford, who survived him by a score of years or more.

Personally, Humphrey Moore was a man of fine mental and physical development, a perfect balance of brain and muscle. Of commanding presence, he was a leader among men. His portrait shows a kindly face but a determined mouth, tempered, however, with a smile that denoted wit and love of companionship and conversation. A high forehead with deep-set eyes marked a thoughtful, keen intellect. A slight lisp added quaintness to his bright sayings, which were oft-times repeated, so applicable and to the point were they. One will bear the retelling again, as it expresses the key-note to his character. St. John's Day, 1826, was a red-letter event to the Masonic fraternity of southern New Hampshire, for Benevolent Lodge was celebrating its removal to Milford, having but just taken abode in the very hall over the village store where we saw the merry dancers on the day of his ordination. A banquet of "pig and punch" was being served in a near-by orchard, fragrant with the bloom of apple blossoms, and Minister Moore was called upon to offer blessing, though not of the craft. Undaunted he arose and gave the laconic response: "O Lord we pray for that which we know not. If it be good, bleth it. If it be evil, curth it. Amen." This was in the same liberal spirit he manifested throughout life, ever tolerant beyond those of his generation for others, every effort of his strenuous nature was exerted to its utmost to crush wrong-doing in his deep love of God and his fellow man.





# A Legend of Winnepesaukee

By L. J. H. FROST

Full many a weary year ago,  
Ere white men came to plow and sow  
The land they call the Granite State  
(Home of the noble and the great),  
A beauteous Naiad, fair and wild  
As any wayward, petted child,  
Sought for herself a home to make  
Beneath the waters of some lake.

She wandered till at last she found  
A valley closely nestled down  
Among the hills. "Now here," said she,  
"I'll make my mansion broad and free."  
Her mantle, then, she quickly took  
And spread it at the mountain's foot;  
When lo! through valley far and near,  
Came the element we call a tear.

Here, many a long and happy year,  
The Naiad dwelt without a fear;  
At last within her palace deep  
The water spirit fell asleep.  
Now mortals claim her cherished home,  
And freely use it as their own;  
Where late the Naiad danced and sung,  
The steamboat's signal bell is rung.

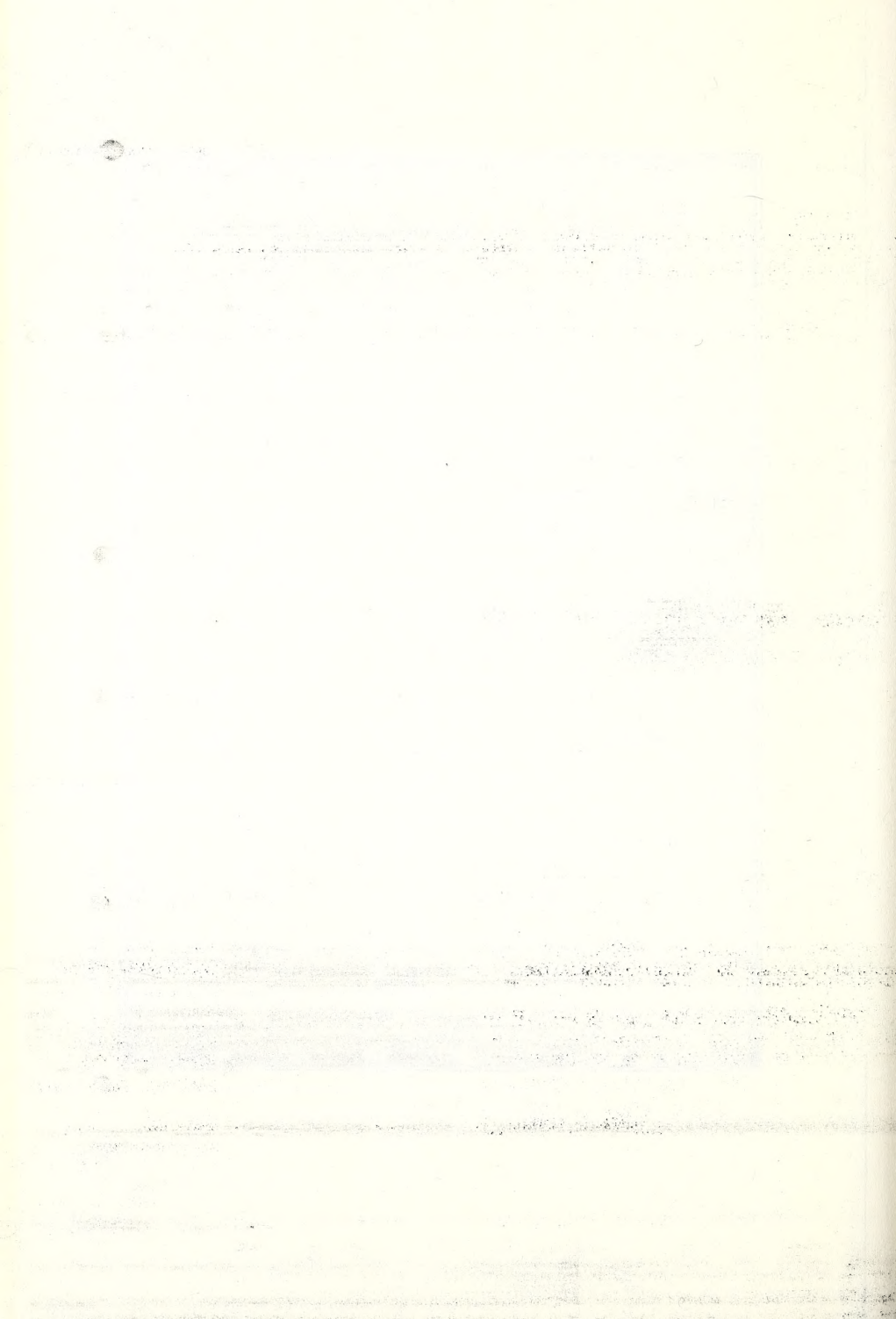
They tell us that the lake's fair breast  
Seems sometimes to be ill at rest;  
While 'mid the hills, all still and lone,  
The night winds make a sullen moan;  
And angry billows come and go,  
Their faces pale, ah! white as snow,  
As sadly watch they where she sleeps,—  
The Naiad's lonely vigil keeps:







From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.  
IN THE DAYS OF THE VOYAGEURS



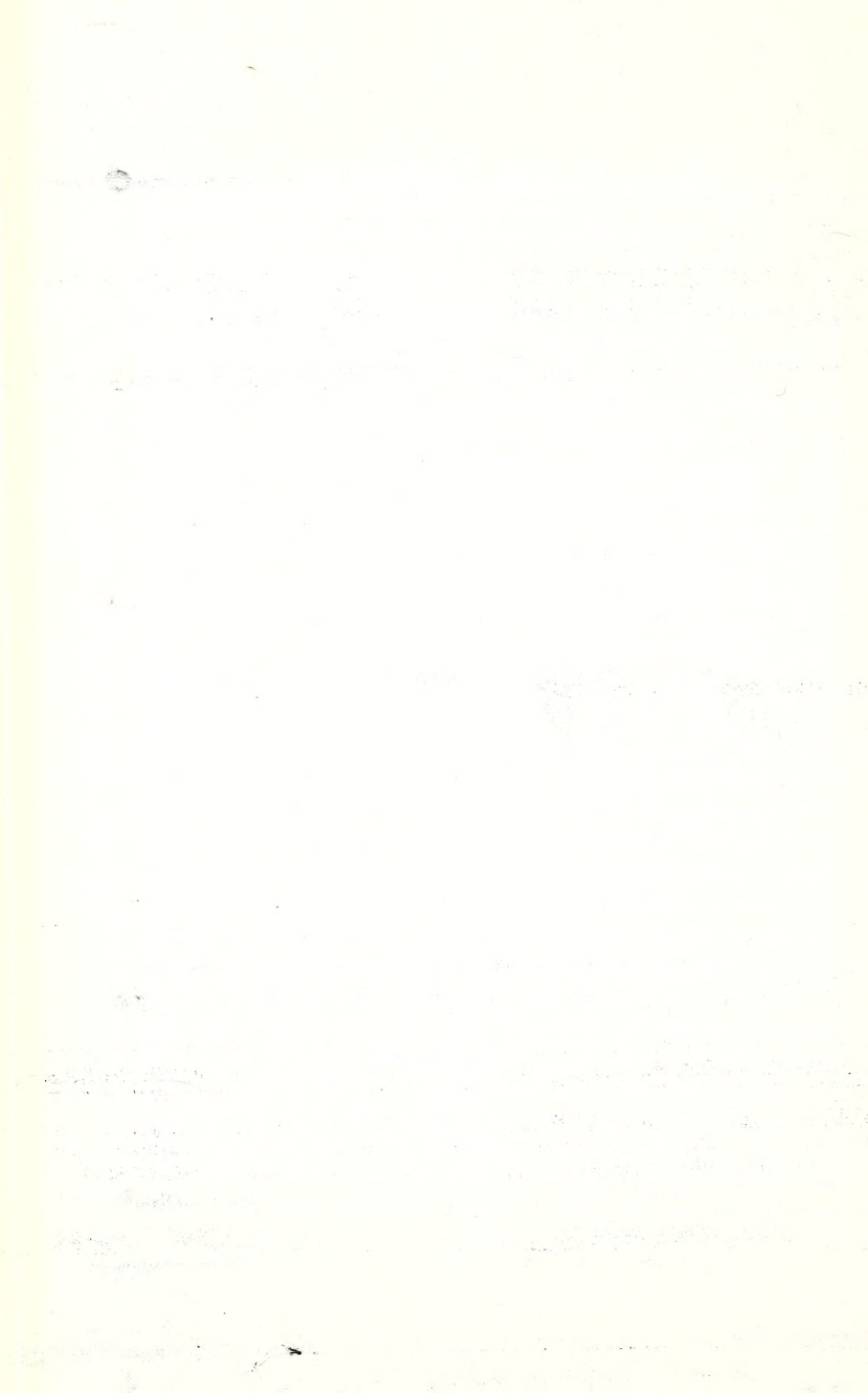
# The Early Voyageur

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

THE biography of this picturesque character, perhaps the most unique in American history, takes us back to the days when the primeval forest was pathless and its silence unbroken save by the warwhoop of some dusky Amerind, the slow-curling smoke of his lonely bark dwelling the only representative of a human habitation. Since that day, not so very far removed, a new order of events has dawned, and the towns of a civilized people have risen where the lonely hunter once builded his camp-fire, and the church spires of a Christian race proclaim to God and man the brighter dispensation reared upon the ruins of paganism.

The way for this more promising existence was led by those bold associates of the fur-traders known as the Canadian voyageurs. They were quick to see the possibilities of the rich gamelands of the interior at a period when the only other source of great revenue of profit was the fishing-grounds, and they were swift to improve the opportunity. First, trading stations were established on or near the St. Lawrence River, and the Indian hunters were obliged to become the movers of their furs. As the business grew trading posts were established farther up the tributaries of "the great river," and then was begun that series of hazardous voyages by the men who undertook to bring to market these great inland stocks in trade.

These boatmen were sometimes of Indian blood, more often half-breeds, and yet more frequently men of French-Norman or Breton descent. Whichever the class it could be safely counted that they became inured through years of training to the wild, perilous vocation, and that they





looked lightly upon the risks that became in reality a part of their lives. Thus they became seasoned to the rigors of the climate, and thoroughly toughened to the hardships of their voyages. No danger was too great to daunt them; no suffering too keen to rob them of their freedom of spirits.

The dress of these nomads of river and forest consisted of a cotton shirt, made lively by bright colors, cloth trousers and leather leggins, with deer-skin moccasins for the feet. This garb was rendered more picturesque by the scarlet *capot*, or small cloak, worn lightly over the shoulders, each movement of the wearer marked by the gentle lifting and falling of the garment in graceful imitation of the owner. A wide, worsted belt with flowing ends banded the waist of the man, from which were suspended a stout knife and tobacco pouch. In case he belonged to one of the numerous brigades that from time to time followed with system the calling, he would wear affixed to his cap a feather of the favorite color of his band.

The canoe was builded with a view to its lightness as well as its strength and durability, and one of these crafts, capable of bearing several hundred weight, could be transported over the portages that frequently made broken links in their journeys, upon the shoulders of its owner. Of course, there were heavier boats for moving greater loads of freight, some of these being equal to carrying from three to four ton burden.

The starting of one of these parties of river-boatmen was an event celebrated by a feast given by their friends and families, hallowed by the presence of wives, children, and sweethearts, when at their close many a tear was shed and husky farewell spoken with a hopeful *bon voyage*. The ordeal of separation over the voyageurs quickly threw off the spell of thoughtful sadness, and as the boat was propelled against the stream one would strike up *chanson de voyage*, speedily joined by his companions, until the welkin would ring with the song which made up in volume what it may have lacked in melody.





The songs of the voyageurs were invariably selected with regard to the fitness of their situation and surroundings. Were the boat struggling against the current of one of the many rifts of these rapid streams, the foam upon the water was no surer indication of the approach to some furious cataract than the quickening notes of the singer and the increased volume of the song, ringing with the zest of men ready to do and dare all. If the arms of the rowers weakened, or spirits flagged, some gay song fervid with new-born activity, or burning with love, would be opened, and swiftly the tired limbs would respond to the airy inspiration of the singers. And ever the paddles kept time to the notes of the singers.

At the upper end of these journeys the voyageurs reached a rendezvous, where a large wooden building had been erected by the fur-traders to accommodate them, as well as a storage for the peltry brought in by those dusky hunters known as the *coureurs de bois*, another class as wild or wilder than the voyageurs themselves. Here, a feast outrivalling that given at the start was prepared, the most select viands from nature's store-house of game being furnished, while the passions of the reckless partakers were loosened by the flowing bowl, until it seemed as if the fiends from regions infernal had been let loose.

Then, the cargoes already loaded, and everything in readiness for the return voyage, the last toasts were drunk, the parting hand-shakes given, when the voyageurs would again give themselves over to the mercy of the elements. If loaded with furs, they were now assisted in their passage by the current, while their songs rang with the air of joyous expectation of reaching home and meeting loved ones :

"The river runs free,  
The west wind is clear,  
And my love is calling to me."

There was not a stream of any size in Canada which was not followed by the boats of these hardy rivermen,



but the Saguenay and the Ottawa are the most eloquent with the story of their hardships, and many a lonely spot is marked by some cross telling with its silent tongue the fate of one of their number. Among the most dangerous and exciting sections of their journeys was that portion of the Ottawa where it is blocked by two long islands known as the Calumet and the Allumette.

Despite its anticipated perils the voyageurs were never as happy as when they were well started upon some long voyage into the interior of the unknown country, stemming the angry tide of the rapid river, bearing upon their shoulders their canoes with all their freight, around some rift that could not be conquered; anon gliding silently over the glassy surface of an inland sheet of water, camping when Night softly drew her curtain upon the primeval scene by its shore, the deep melody of their songs blending with merriment and pathos wafted far and wide upon the invisible wings of the summer zephyrs that to-day, a century and a half later, alone keep alive the memory of those careless, adventure-loving followers of the fur-trade, whose history has passed into legend, and whose deeds belong to a calling that has vanished.

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## Castles in the Air

By HARRY ROMAINE

With frescoes and costly gildings;  
With tapestries soft and rare,  
I have furnished those noble buildings—  
My Castles in the Air.

But I turn from the halls that glitter,  
And sparkle with every gem,  
For I know that his lot is bitter,  
Who tries to live in them.





# Slavery in New Hampshire

By ISAAC W. HAMMOND

**N**EGRO slavery was never established in New Hampshire by any law of the province or state, nor was it ever abolished by any legislative enactment. A province law enacted in 1714 forbade the importation or bringing into the province by sea or land any male or female Indian of any age to be used as a servant or slave. The caption of said act alleges that "Notorious crimes and enormities have of late been perpetrated and committed by Indians and other slaves within several of Her Majesty's Plantations in America," and that it "is a discouragement to the Importation of White Christian servants." The word servants here undoubtedly means paid laborers, some of whom had their transportation expenses paid on their arrival here by residents of the province who desired their services; in consideration whereof they agreed to serve for a specified time for no further pay except a proper amount of food and clothing. Negro slavery existed in New Hampshire to a limited extent during the last century; during the closing decade thereof probably none were forcibly detained, and only those remained in enforced service who were advanced in years, and who by reason of kind and humane treatment, and the assurance of being cared for in their old age preferred to do so. By the census of 1767 the number of "negros and slaves for life" was 633; in 1773, 681; in 1775, 449, and in 1790 the number of slaves was 158. It is uncertain whether the enumeration given under the heading as quoted included free negroes, but I am strongly of opinion that it did, and that the number held in actual slavery was much less than those figures represent. The fact that there is no comma after



the word negroes in the original heading is no proof of the unity of the heading, as it is well known that the people of that time were no more proficient in punctuation than those of to-day.

The census of 1790 was more explicit, having one column for "Other free persons" (meaning undoubtedly free colored persons) and another for "slaves." In 1779 an attempt was made to secure the passage of an act granting freedom to the slaves. The matter was presented to the legislature in the form of an ably drawn petition, dated November 12, 1779, to which the names of nineteen negro slaves were signed.

The date of that document is several years earlier than that of the convention which produced the Federal Constitution, and I have copied it entire from the original preserved in the state archives. It is as follows:

#### STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

To the Honorable, the Council and House of Representatives of said state, now sitting at Exeter, in and for said state:

The petition of the subscribers, natives of Africa, now forcibly detained in slavery in said state most humbly *sheweth*, That the *God* of nature gave them life and freedom, upon the terms of the most perfect equality with other men; That freedom is an inherent right of the human species, not to be surrendered, but by consent, for the sake of social life; That private or public tyranny and slavery are alike detestable to minds conscious of the equal dignity of human nature; That in power and authority of individuals, derived solely from a principle of coercion, against the will of individuals, and to dispose of their persons and properties, consists the completest idea of private and political slavery; That all men being amenable to the Deity for the ill-improvement of the blessings of His Providence, they hold themselves in duty bound strenuously to exert every faculty of their minds to obtain that blessing of freedom, which they are justly entitled to from that donation of the beneficent Creator; That through ignorance and brutish violence of their native countrymen, and by the sinister designs of others (who ought to have taught them better), and by the avarice of both, they, while but children, and incapable of self-defence, whose infancy might have prompted protection, were seized, imprisoned, and transported from their native country, where (though ignorance and unchristianity prevailed) they were





born free, to a country where (though knowledge, Christianity and freedom are their boast) they are compelled and their posterity to drag on their lives in miserable servitude; Thus often is the parent's cheek wet for the loss of a child, torn by the cruel hand of violence from her aching bosom; Thus, often and in vain is the infant's sigh for the nurturing care of its bereaved parent, and thus do the ties of nature and blood become victims to cherish the vanity and luxury of a fellow mortal. Can this be right? Forbid it gracious Heaven.

Permit again your humble slaves to lay before this honorable assembly some of those grievances which they daily experience and feel. Though fortune hath dealt out our portion with rugged hand, yet hath she smiled in the disposal of our persons to those who claim us as their property; of them we do not complain, but from what authority they assume the power to dispose of our lives, freedom and property; we would wish to know. Is it from the sacred volume of Christianity? There we believe it is not to be found; but here hath the cruel hand of slavery made us incompetent judges, hence knowledge is hid from our minds. Is it from the volumes of the laws? Of these also slaves cannot be judges, but those we are told are founded on reason and justice; it cannot be found there. Is it from the volumes of nature? No, here we can read with others, of this knowledge, slavery cannot wholly deprive us; here we know that we ought to be free agents; here we feel the dignity of human nature; here we feel the passions and desires of men, though checked by the rod of slavery; here we feel a just equality here we know that the God of nature made us free. Is their authority assumed from custom? If so let that custom be abolished, which is not founded in nature; reason nor religion. Should the humanity and benevolence of this honorable assembly restore us that state of liberty of which we have been so long deprived, we conceive that those who are our present masters will not be sufferers by our liberation, as we have most of us spent our whole strength and the prime of our lives in their service; and as freedom inspires a noble confidence and gives the mind an emulation to vie in the noblest efforts of enterprise, and as justice and humanity are the result of your deliberations, we fondly hope that the eye of pity and the heart of justice may commiserate our situation, and put us upon the equality of freemen, and give us an opportunity of evincing to the world our love of freedom by exerting ourselves in her cause, in opposing the efforts of tyranny and oppression over the country in which we ourselves have been so long injuriously enslaved.

*Therefore,* Your humble slaves most devoutly pray for the sake of injured liberty, for the sake of justice, humanity and the rights of mankind, for the honor of religion and by all that is dear, that your honors would graciously interpose in our behalf, and enact such laws and regulations, as you in your wisdom think proper, whereby we may regain our liberty and





be ranked in the class of free agents, and that the name of slave may not more be heard in a land gloriously contending for the sweets of freedom. And your humble slaves as in duty bound will ever pray.

Portsmouth Nov. 12, 1779.

Nero Brewster,	Pharaoh Rogers,	Romeo Rindge,
Seneca Hall,	Cate Newmarch,	Peter Warner,
Cesar Gerrish,	Pharaoh Shores,	Zebulon Gardner,
Winsor Moffatt,	Quam Sherburne,	Garrett Cotton,
Samuel Wentworth,	Kittridge Tuckerman,	Will Clarkson,
Peter Frost,	Jack Odiorne,	Prince Whipple.
Cipio Hubbard,		

The foregoing petition was read in the house of representatives, April 25, 1780, and a hearing appointed for the next session, of which the petitioners were to give public notice by publication in the *New Hampshire Gazette*.

In this action the council concurred.

That matter was again before the house on Friday, June 9, 1780, and was disposed of in the manner shown by the following extract from their daily journal.

"Agreeable to the order of the day the petition of Nero Brewster and others, negro slaves, praying to be set free from slavery, being read, considered and argued by counsel for petitioners before this House, it appears to this House that at this time the house is not ripe for a determination in this matter: Therefore, ordered that the further consideration and determination of the matter be post poned to a more convenient opportunity." I find no further mention of the matter in the journals of the legislature, and it was probably not again considered by that body.

The constitution of this state, as adopted in 1784, declares, that "All men are born equally free and independent," and that declaration has been construed by some to have prohibited the holding in slavery any person born subsequent to that date. The sentiment contained in this extract was obviously borrowed from the Declaration of Independence of 1776, and I question its having been used with any reference to negro slavery, in either case. There were less than 150 slaves in New Hampshire in 1792, and



there is a strong probability that most if not all of them were in that position voluntarily, for reasons before stated. Had any persons been held in slavery against their own wills at that time, it is reasonably certain that the matter would have been considered by the constitutional convention held in that year. Public opinion in the state demanded its extinction, and in obedience thereto it gradually died out; those who were aged and preferred to remain in the families they had served for years were permitted to do so, and were cared for until they died.

The subject was before the legislature of this state on one subsequent occasion, and an act approved June 26, 1857, provided that no person should be deprived of the right of citizenship in this state on account of color or because such person had been a slave. The act also provided, that any slave who shall come into this state with the consent of his master or mistress, or who shall come or be brought into or be in this state involuntarily shall be free. Any person who held or attempted to hold a person in slavery, to be deemed guilty of felony, and on conviction to be confined to hard labor not less than one, nor more than five years. Provided, that the law should not apply to any act lawfully done by a United States officer, or other person in the execution of any legal process.

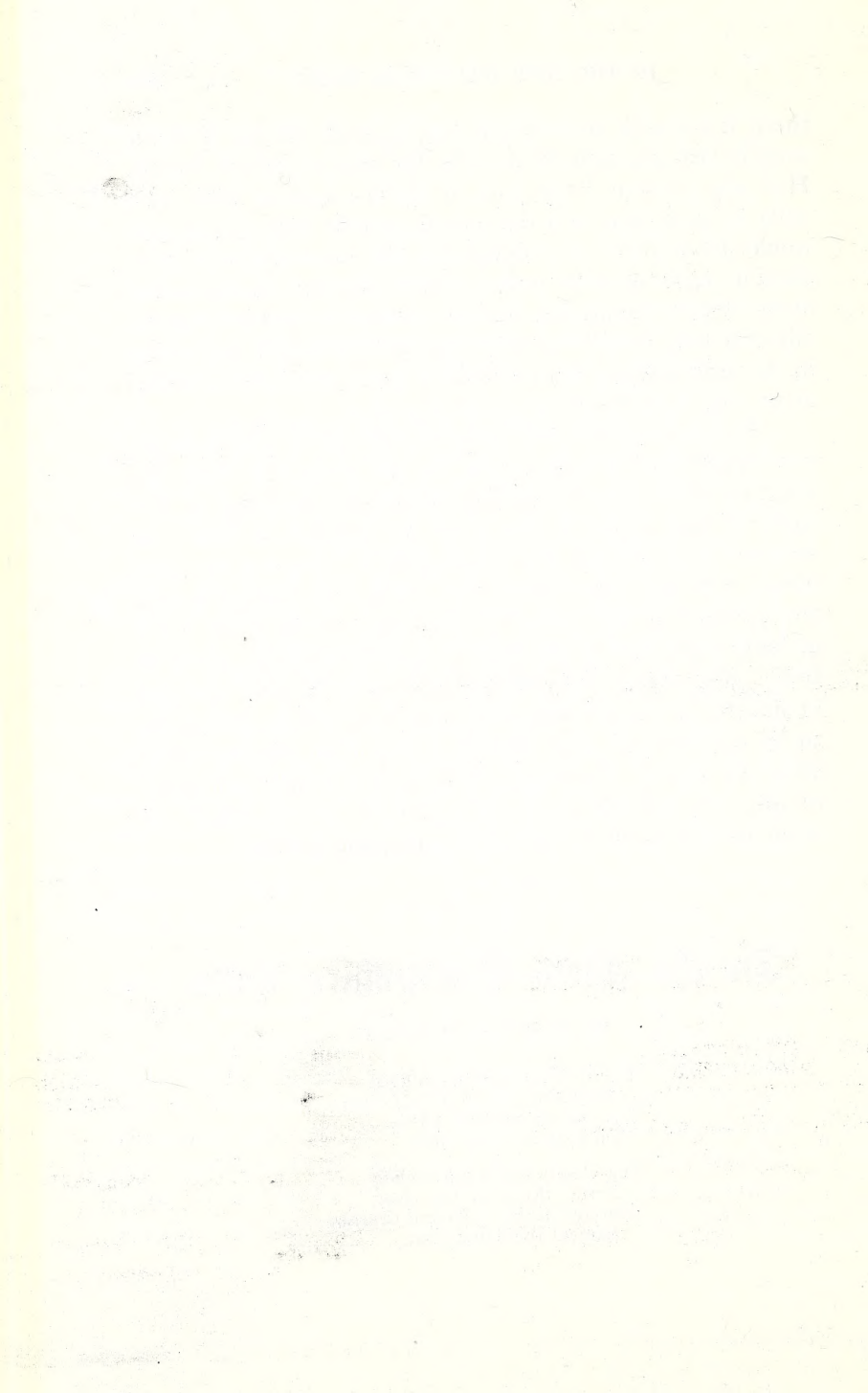
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## In the New Hampshire Hills

By SELDEN L. WHITCOMB

The shifting shadows mingle  
With sunlight on Mount Carr;  
The drowsy cowbells tinkle  
On pasture slopes afar.

The cheery swifts are circling  
Across the cloud and clear,  
Through all the oaks and beeches  
Lament the dying year.





Down in the sleeping valley,  
Lie ripened fields of corn,  
O'er rock and pebble murmurs  
The river, mountain-born.

The goldfinch still is wearing  
His summer black and gold,  
And in the glowing maple  
The red-eye's tune is bold.

Beyond the pasture border  
Of lichen-covered wall,  
Within the woodland shelter,  
The merry chipmunks call.

The thistle-sprites are sailing  
Across the fragrant ferns,  
On golden-rod and milkweed  
The bumble-bees take turns.

Grasshopper and cicada  
Are offering a tune  
To the spirit of the summer  
And the lazy afternoon.

Prone by a granite boulder,  
I dream, forget and rest,  
Till human toil seems evil,  
And life with Nature best.

Alas, alas, for the passing  
Of days so rare and sweet,  
Alas for the heedless city,  
The fever heat of the street.

My heart, my heart, remember,  
Through coming grief and ills,  
This hour when God was near thee,  
Upon New Hampshire hills!





# Colonel James Rogers

Ranger and Loyalist

By WALTER ROGERS, B. A., Barrister, Inner Temple, London, Eng.

From time to time we purpose to give sketches of the men who were active in the early New England wars, as a prelude to the series of articles to appear, as soon as they can be prepared, upon New Hampshire in the French and Indian Wars. Thus we gladly give place to the following address, read before the United Empire Loyalists' Association of Ontario, at Toronto, December 14, 1899, by Lieut.-Col. H. C. Rogers of Peterborough, Ontario.—*Editor.*

THE somewhat tardy justice which has been done to the memory of the Loyalists of the American Revolution, although not, perhaps, directly attributable to the spirit of imperialism now afoot, has, in point of time, coincided not inappropriately with that movement.

In his monumental work on the history of England in the eighteenth century, Mr. Lecky's estimate of the character and position of the so-called Tories in the revolted colonies, has found a sufficiently ungrudging echo in the pages of not a few recent historical writers on this continent. In truth, Mr. Lecky's contention, "that the Loyalists to a great extent sprang from and represented the old gentry of the country," could, in the light of modern research, hardly be denied. American scholars of the type of Professor Hosmer of Washington, and Professor Tyler of Cornell, have amply, indeed generously, recognized this fact. It is to be regretted that the results of a century of misrepresentation concerning the Loyalists are still reflected in the tone of the more popular works on history disseminated in the United States. It was, perhaps, to be expected that the representatives of a beaten cause could hardly look for panegyric at the hands of the owners of the con-



fiscated property and their immediate descendants. The great migration which ensued upon the rebellion has been more than once compared, both in the magnitude of its scale and the pathos of its circumstances, with the Huguenot exodus from France a century earlier.

The efforts of this and of other kindred societies in the Dominion should do much towards supplying material for future students of the inner history of the Loyalist migration. A few facts drawn, in so far as they are new, from documentary sources in the British Museum,\* and from the War Office Correspondence† now preserved at the Record office in London, may possibly prove not uninteresting, as a humble contribution towards the better understanding of the circumstances which attended the early settlement of part of this Province.

The founder of my own family in Upper Canada was my great-great-grandfather, Col. James Rogers. During the revolutionary war he had served for five years as commandant of a corps known as the King's Rangers, which during that time, formed part of the garrison of St. Johns, Quebec. This post commanded the northern outlet of the great waterway which connects the valley of the Hudson with that of the St. Lawrence. At the Peace, my ancestor settled with some two hundred of his disbanded soldiers upon the shores of the Bay of Quinte, he and his followers occupying what is known as the township of Fredericksburg (as well as part of an adjoining township).‡

The earliest recorded connection of this officer with Canada, however, dates from a quarter of a century earlier than the settlement. Of that part of the so-called Seven

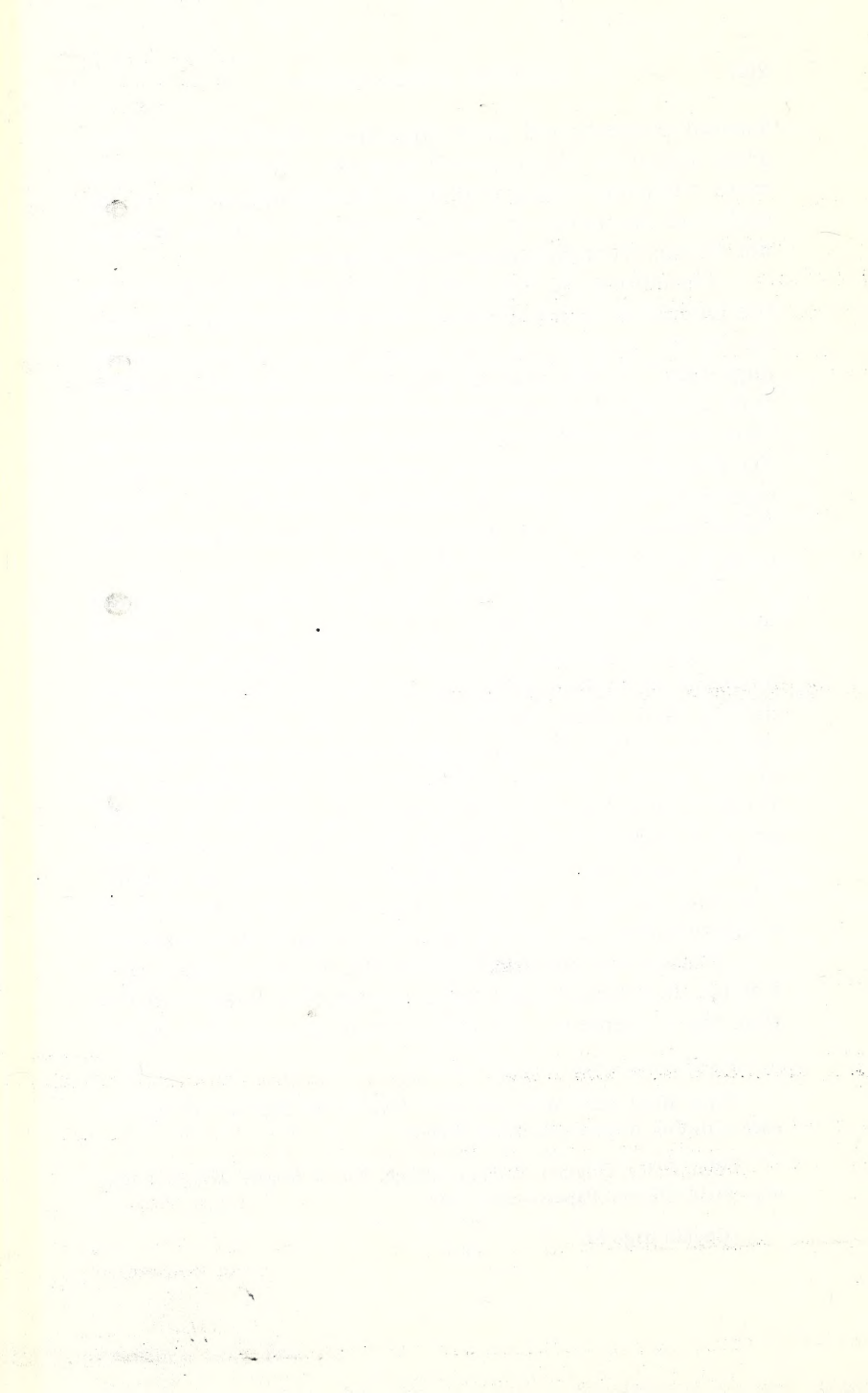
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\*Brit. Mus.: Add. MSS.—21,820. Haldimand Papers: Correspondence with Col. Rogers and Major Rogers.

†War Office, Original Correspondence, No. 5: Rogers' King's Rangers—Field Officers' Papers—1779-1784.

‡Canniff page 62.





Years' War which was waged upon this continent, he saw service from the commencement to the close.\*

As a captain in command of a detachment of his more famous brother, Robert Rogers' regiment—serving, however, independently of the main body—he took part in the campaigns in Cape Breton and Canada, under Wolfe and Amherst. He was present at the successive captures of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal; the steps by which Canada passed from French to English rule.

Before Montreal, the army of the St. Lawrence, in which he was acting, was joined by the forces from the south, in whose campaigns the main body of Rogers' Rangers, eight hundred strong, under the command of his brother Robert, had played a somewhat conspicuous part.

Upon the capitulation of Montreal and the cession of Canada, this latter officer was despatched by the commander-in-chief upon the first British expedition, as such, up the great lakes. With two hundred of his rangers and a staff of executive officers, Robert Rogers made the voyage, in whaleboats, from Montreal to Detroit. The successive French posts upon the route were visited; the white standard of the Bourbons was replaced by the flag of Great Britain, and allegiance to His Britannic Majesty exacted.

The story of this voyage has often been told, notably in the Major's own military journals published in London in 1765, a work which, with its companion volume, an account of North America, betraying an intimate knowledge of the continent from Labrador to the mouth of the Mississippi, has ever since been regarded as a valuable authority upon the geographical history of this country.

With the early and more brilliant part of the career of Robert Rogers, whose exploits as a partisan or light-infantry officer fill a large space in the history of the French and Pontiac Wars, we are not here immediately concerned.

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\*Haldimand, MSS., J. R. to Haldimand, October 20, 1779.



He has been the object of enthusiastic praise and of no less virulent detraction.

It is, however, a source of what, I trust, you will not regard as altogether unpardonable pride to my family and myself, that one of our name should have been thus intimately concerned in a transaction which was virtually the inception, as part of the British Dominion, of what is now the Province of Ontario,—a province which, from its earliest settlement, has been our home.

The interval between the close of the Seven Years' War, or, rather, of the Pontiac War, in which he also bore a part, and the revolt of the Colonies, was occupied by my great-great-grandfather, James Rogers, in the building up of an estate in that part of the Province of New York which was subsequently erected into the State of Vermont. Partly by grant as a reward for his services, and partly by purchase, he acquired what was, in extent, a very considerable property, scattered from twenty miles west of the Connecticut River to the shores of Lake Champlain. The crown patent for some 22,000 acres of this estate in Windham County is still in the possession of the family. We know from a letter in the Haldimand Correspondence, dated 1780, that the value he placed upon his property in the colonies was between thirty and forty thousand pounds.\* Frequent references in the same correspondence show that the position he had occupied in Vermont, previously to the revolution, was one of influence and authority. The respect in which he was held in the country that had formerly been his home is testified to by the fact that even after the Peace, viz.: in the spring of 1784,

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\*The picture which Sir George Trevelyan has drawn, in his recent volume on the American revolution, of the Utopian condition of colonial society in the days immediately preceding the rebellion, although perhaps too highly coloured, is not without considerable foundation in fact. The strong pro-American tone of the volume is perhaps only what was to be expected from the nephew of Macaulay and from the depositary *par excellence* of the Whig tradition.





he had been invited by the leading men of the state to pay a visit to Vermont in order to facilitate the removal of his wife and family to their new home in the British Dominions.

Notwithstanding the efforts of his friends, the reception which he met with was not unmixed with insult at the hands of the owners of the confiscated property, who now grasped the helm; and the good man's surprise and horror at the state of anarchy prevailing are depicted in his letter to the commander-in-chief on his return to his regiment at St. Johns.

Between the close of the French and Indian Wars, and until after the outbreak of the American revolution, the other brother, Robert Rogers, spent most of his time in England. Here his various books were published\* and here he enjoyed a very considerable notoriety. In old magazines of the period, amidst chronicles of the time, his exploits and his books find frequent mention.† The story of his prowess in the single-handed capture of a highwayman went the round of the taverns. His portrait in full Ranger uniform, with Indians in the background, adorned the windows of the print-shops, and was even reproduced in Germany. His tall figure, in half-pay officer's uniform, became a not unfamiliar object in the Court quarter of the town. He undoubtedly enjoyed the patronage and favour of the King. One of his enemies, writing in 1770 to Sir William Johnson, complains that "Robert Rogers has the ear of the court; that many of the great are pushing for him; and that Mr. Fitzherbert, an officer high in the household of George III., is his particular friend." Indeed,‡ to

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\*Journals of Major Robert Rogers—London, 1765, 8vo.

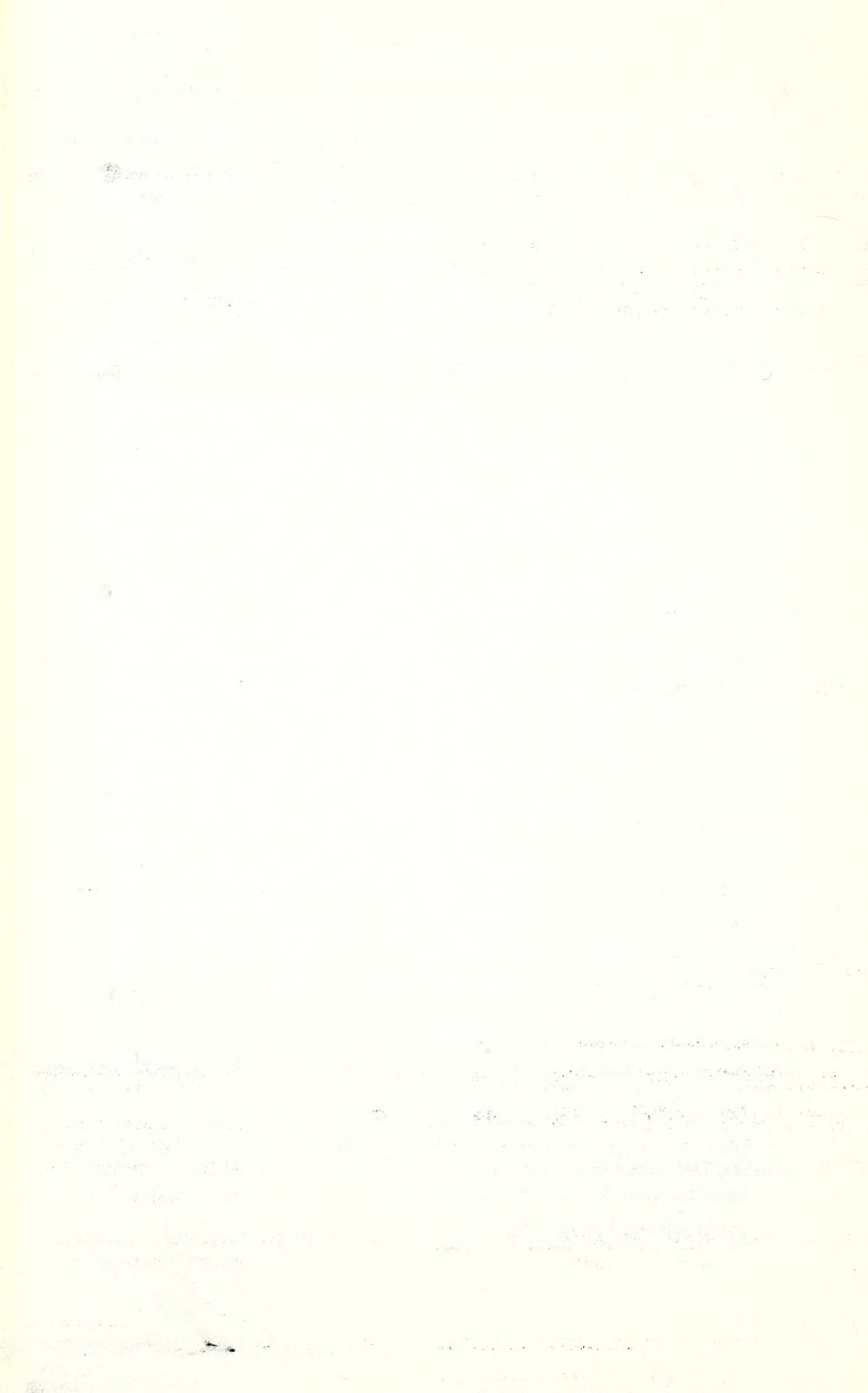
A Concise Account of North America by Major Robert Rogers. London, 1765, 8vo. Dublin, 1770. 12mo.

Ponteach—A Tragedy—London, 1776.

†Gentlemen's Magazine:—1758, March, August, October; 1760, November, December; 1765, December.

London Monthly Review, xxxiv-9-22-242.

‡Johnson MSS., xviii, 185-186.



to the end he seems to have enjoyed the not entirely unequivocal distinction of King George's approbation. Lord George Germaine, writing to General Howe as late as 1776, says, "The King approves the arrangement you propose, in respect to an adjutant-general and a quarter-master-general, and also your attention to Major Rogers, of whose firmness and fidelity we have received further testimony from Governor Tyron."\*

George III.'s choice of instruments at this period, notably in the case of Lord George† himself, as Secretary for the Colonies, is not generally regarded as betraying exceptional political sagacity.

Notwithstanding the royal favour, which does not seem to have been alienated even by his alleged eccentricity in appearing for a wager, on one occasion, at the King's levee, in the buckskin gaiters worn by rangers during their woodland campaigns, Robert Rogers was probably more at home in the society of soldiers of fortune, where his prowess as a boon companion and *raconteur* was doubtless popular.

In 1772 we find him writing from his lodgings at Spring Gardens, Charing Cross.‡ Soon after that, his superfluous energies found vent in foreign warfare. A true Captain Dalgetty, he fought in Northern Africa in the Algerine service. We know from a letter of Washington's that he was assigned to service in the East Indies,§ when the outbreak of hostilities in America recalled him to the scene of his earlier activities. That he arrived in America with an open mind is not impossible. Unlike his less bril-

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\*American Archives, Fourth Series, iv, 575.

†Lord George Germaine, better known by his former name, Lord George Sackville, was the officer who, in command of the English cavalry at Minden, in a fit of spleen refused to charge and so marred the completeness of Prince Ferdinand's victory.

‡Johnson MSS., xxi, 238.

§Spark's "Washington," iii, 440.





liant but more substantial brother James, he was probably not the man to suffer gladly for a principle.

The conduct of the rebels, however, forced him prematurely into the service which would, probably, in any event have ultimately claimed him. Arrested shortly after his landing at Philadelphia, by order of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety, he was submitted to the disposal of congress. This body ordered his release on parole. His position as a half-pay officer, however, and his long identification with the royal service attracted the suspicion of the more violent Whigs, who clamoured for his re-arrest, which was ultimately decided upon. The indignity of this second arrest was treated by him as a virtual release from his parole. Consigned by the Continental Congress as a prisoner to be dealt with by the New Hampshire Assembly, he was fortunate enough to effect his escape. Received within the English lines, he was offered by the commander-in-chief, General Howe, the commission of colonel in the British service, which offer he accepted.

With remarkable celerity he succeeded in raising the regiment so honourably known in the history of the revolution as the Queen's Rangers. This corps, to which very frequent reference has been made in the transactions of this Society, played, under his successor in the command, Colonel, afterwards Lieutenant-General Simcoe, a conspicuous part in the war, and subsequently in the settlement of Upper Canada. Broken in health and possibly enfeebled by a life of dissipation, a tendency to which seems to have been his real moral weakness, he retired from his command in the following winter and returned to England. The evil example of dissipation and high play set at the headquarters camp between Bedford and Amboy, in the winter of 1776-77, was not without its effect upon the morale of the army. Bancroft even attributes the failure to crush Washington at Valley Forge in the following winter to the eager pursuit of pleasure which distinguished Howe's command.

Meanwhile the Revolution ran its course. The singu-





lar incapacity which marked the conduct of the English arms, almost throughout, was responsible for reverse after reverse. Spasmodic efforts to reinforce the army in America were made and, as the result of one of these, Robert Rogers arrived at New York in 1779 with instructions from home that he was to be again employed.

On May 1st, 1779, he was commissioned by Sir Henry Clinton, Howe's successor in the command-in-chief, to raise a regiment of two battalions to be known as the King's Rangers. One battalion seems to have been destined for service in the Province of Quebec; the other for Halifax. In this regiment his brother James was gazetted major. A document in the War Office Correspondence shows that James Rogers's appointment dated June 2nd, 1779, although there was a still earlier commission to the same rank dated May 1st, 1778. Recruiting parties were sent out into the northern colonies, and a ship was chartered by government for the conveyance to Quebec of Major James Rogers and eleven officers\* gazetted to the new corps. This vessel, the brigantine "Hawke,"—Capt. Slaitor,—arrived at Quebec in September, 1779. The colonel, Robert Rogers, with a staff of officers, was conveyed in H. M. S. "Blond" to Penobscot. There he was present at the naval engagement in which the rebel fleet was destroyed August 13, 1779.

Meanwhile, with the accustomed mismanagement at headquarters, no definite instructions were sent to General Haldimand, Commander-in-chief in Canada, as to the embodiment of the new corps. So early as May 24th, 1779, Lord Rawdon,—afterwards Lord Hastings, Governor-General of India,—then acting as Adjutant-General to Clinton, wrote to Haldimand, indicating the probable appearance of Col. Robert Rogers within the latter's command. With

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\*Most of these were from one or another of the five battalions of General Skinner's brigade. Two are described as from the Queen's Rangers.



official dread of exceeding his instructions, and fearful of provoking animosities regarding recruiting in the other corps in the province, Haldimand hesitated how to act.

Meanwhile, the numerous recruits coming in by the overland route, consigned to the King's Rangers, had to be subsisted as best they might out of the unfortunate major's own pocket. Ultimately, however, and upon his own authority, Haldimand placed the corps upon his own establishment. A scale of half-pay was arranged, and the Rangers were clothed in the regulation green uniforms of the provincial corps. From this time forward the King's Rangers garrisoned the post of St. Johns, sharing the barracks there at first with the Thirty-Fourth and, subsequently, with the Twenty-Ninth Regiments of foot.\*

The correspondence of James Rogers with the commander-in-chief in Canada, from 1779 to 1784, is still preserved in the British Museum, and, together with fugitive letters of Robert Rogers, fills a substantial folio volume of manuscript. The "Field Officers Letters of Rogers' King's Rangers" are in the Record Office, London, removed there from the War Office Archives. The light which these old documents throw upon the military history of the time is a curious one. The chief difficulties in the administration of the corps seem to have arisen concerning the matter of recruiting and the intermingling of the accounts with those of Halifax, where the other detachment of the regiment was stationed. For the rest, James Rogers' rela-

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\*The army in Canada in 1781 consisted of the following troops: The Eighth, Twenty-Ninth, Thirty-First, Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Fourth, Fifty-Third, 150 men of the Forty-Seventh, a battalion of the Eighty-Fourth or Maclean's Highland Emigrants, Sir John Johnson's Royal Regiment, of New York, Jessup's Loyal Rangers, formerly the Loyal Americans, and Rogers' King's Rangers. In addition to the above were the German troops, consisting chiefly of Brunswickers and Hessians. General Reidesel, in a plan communicated to Clinton, about this time, for operations against the Ohio and Alleghany regions, estimates the total effective strength in Canada at six thousand men.—*Max Von Eckling's Memoir of Major-General Reidesel.*





tions with his commander-in-chief are excellent. Repeated testimony to the confidence felt in his integrity at headquarters occurs in the correspondence. His long apprenticeship to warfare, his intimate knowledge of the country and undoubted zeal for the King's service contributed to his usefulness at this frontier post. Various schemes of reconnaissance and attack were, from time to time, submitted by him for His Excellency's consideration and approved. His advice is asked and taken. On more than one occasion he seems to have been employed, where a field officer's services were demanded, upon missions of delicacy and importance. The growing despondency as to the issue of the war is apparent as time goes on. Incredulity as to the truth of the surrender at Yorktown is succeeded by consternation when the news of the disaster is confirmed. At last, in November, 1783, the King's order for the disbanding of the loyalist troops arrives. It is accompanied by extracts from Lord North's letters respecting the allotment of lands to the provincial troops and refugee loyalists then in the Province of Quebec.

Throughout the winter of 1783-84, preparations are made for the move westward in the following year. In the early spring, my great-great-grandfather paid that last visit to his former home, allusion to which has been made above. His wife, a daughter of the Rev. David McGregor of Londonderry, N. H.,\* accompanied him on his return, to renew in the northern forests that life of exile which had been the lot of her family earlier in the century. Upon his return to St. Johns, leave is asked on behalf of a number incorporated and unincorporated loyalists, that an officer of the King's Rangers and a detachment of ten or a dozen men may go to Cataraqui to reconnoitre. A pathetic touch, betraying the ignorance and bewilderment of those distracted times, occurs, where the commanding officer notifies the commander-in-chief of a report which he had come

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\*See History of Londonderry.



upon "amongst our common men, that the major was going to have them taken to Cataraqui and there made slaves." Notwithstanding this alarming suggestion, confidence seems to have been restored; and most of the King's Rangers accompanied their old commander in that heroic advance into the wilderness, in search of a new home. Several of the officers remained at St. Johns, buying the ground on which their late barracks stood.

The tale of how the final allotment of the territory in the Frontenac district was made is set out in Grass's narrative,\* preserved by Dr. Ryerson. Grass, the pioneer of the district, chose the first township for his followers, Kingston; Sir John Johnson, the second, Ernesttown; Colonel Rogers, the third, Fredericksburg; Major Vanalstine, the fourth, Adolphustown; and Colonel McDonell and his company, the fifth, Marysburgh; "and so after this manner the first settlement of loyalists in Canada was made.

In the pages of Canniff's work upon the "Settlement of Upper Canada"† is preserved a story by the late Dr. Armstrong, whose recollections dated back to the closing years of the eighteenth century. He remembered to have seen as a child, at my great-great-grandfather's house at Fredericksburg, a quantity of old implements of war: broken firelocks, torn uniforms and cannon balls. Not a few relics of the soldier settlement still exist in the family, in the shape of rusty small arms, obsolete powder-horns and flint-lock pistols.

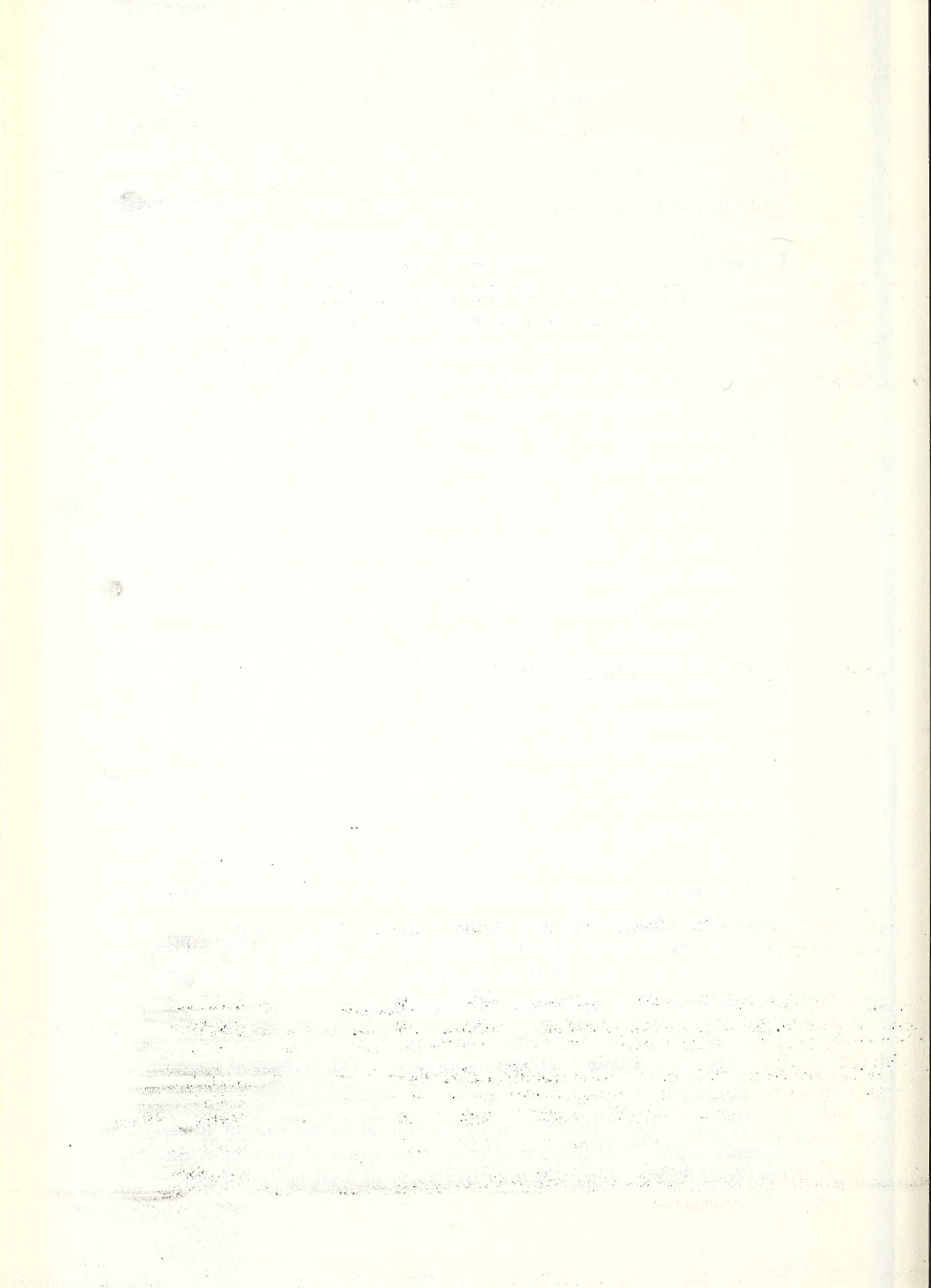
James Rogers passed away in the year 1792. His brother Robert had died in England eight years previously, and shortly after the close of the war.‡

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\*Ryerson's "Loyalists of British America." Vol. II, page 211.

†Page 118.

‡I have followed here the family tradition as to the date of Robert Rogers's death. This places it in 1784. The writer of the article upon the life of Robert Rogers in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—





My great-great-grandfather was succeeded in his position in the settlement by his son, David McGregor Rogers, my great-grandfather, who, for twenty-four years, represented his district in the early Houses of Assembly of Upper Canada.\*

A recently recovered copy of the journal of the House of Assembly for 1801, which had been lost at the sacking of York, now Toronto, in 1813, records how after the House had met and the members subscribed the oath, a message was delivered by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. A brief and formal speech by His Excellency followed. Then:

“David M. Rogers, Esquire, Knight representing the Counties of Hastings and Northumberland, stood up, and addressing himself to the clerk (who, standing up, pointed to him and then sat down) proposed to the House, for their speaker, the Honourable D. W. Smith, Esquire, in which motion he was seconded by the Hon. Henry Allcock, Esquire, one of the judges of the Court of King’s Bench, Knight representing the counties of Durham, Simcoe and the East Riding of York.” The motion was carried, the new Speaker expressing “his gratitude for the honour,” and “thereupon he sat down in the chair.” The House then adjourned.

David McGregor Rogers seems to have been a man of considerable force of character, uniting as he did the blood of his soldier father with that of the Highland outlaws, which he owed to his mother, whose name he bore as part of his own. On one occasion he is said to have slain a wolf, the marauding tyrant of the district, with his oaken walking stick. As a lad he had taken part in the migration,

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London, 1897—places it in 1800, but in this he has followed Hough who, in his turn, evidently followed Sabine in the matter. There is no trace of his having lived after 1784, and everything, including the story in his family, points to his having died soon after his return from Halifax.

\*See Morgan’s “Celebrated Canadians.”





and upon his return to St. Johns years afterwards, he was invested with the dignity of an honorary chieftainship by the local Indians. He died at Grafton, Ontario, in 1824, while still a member of the House of Assembly.

## Napoleon at Malmaison

By FREDERICK MYRON COLBY

It is said that after the battle of Waterloo, and before embarking on the *Bellerophon* for St. Helena, Napoleon paid a nocturnal visit to the tomb of Josephine at Malmaison—*Author*.

'Mid the gardens of Malmaison, in the warm, June-scented air,  
Paced Napoleon, sorrow-stricken, 'mongst the roses blooming there;  
Beaten in his life's ambition, sore bereft of child and queen,  
Turning from the battle's carnage to the grave of Josephine.  
In this hour of deepest anguish, when his heart was sore with care.  
He had sought her tomb so lonely, there to breathe a broken prayer;—  
She the wife he had deserted in his height of worldly pride,  
Ah, but yesterday it seemed since he had walked there by her side.

Fell the twilight's damask curtains

Over all the rose-strewn land,

Soothed his soul like benediction

Sent by God's all-loving hand.

As he paced there in the starlight, what a throng of memories came  
To the sad and silent watcher breathing there her cherished name!  
Memories that had long been dormant in the warrior's gloomy breast,  
But which now they were awakened, filled his heart with strange unrest.  
O'er the memory of his triumphs rose her witching Creole face,  
She whose smiles had first allured him in his meteoric race.  
What were all his crowns and conquests, what his Austrian's soft art  
By the side of this one woman with her great and loving heart?

Fell the dews of night upon him

As he prayed in silence there,

And the breezes of the night-time

Softly stirred his dew-wet hair.



He could see the fond upbraiding in her dusky Southern eyes,  
He could feel her arm's warm welcome, as she smiled her sweet surprise.  
What a solace were she living, as he oft had met her there,  
So that he might seek her counsel, tell her all his wild despair.  
Over all his dreams of glory swept the magic of her grace,  
And the man who had disclaimed her felt the tears rain down his face.  
Visions saw he of the old time when he held the throne of France,  
Visions of the courtly circles where she led the stately dance.

Fell the teardrops as they glistened  
On his iron visage grim,  
Pearly teardrops, dear and precious,  
That a pardon won for him.

Long he knelt there in the silence, bowed in grief above her grave,  
While before him rose the pageants of that past so grand and brave;  
Forms of heroes, forms of statesmen, women beautiful and fair;  
All these phantoms swept before him on the summer's fragrant air.  
Heard he thunder of his cannon on Marengo's fated field;  
Saw the sun of Borodino shining on a blood-red shield.  
But against the strife and battle ever rose a tear-stained face,  
Rose the vision of a woman moving slow with queenly grace.

Fell the shadows softly, slowly,  
O'er that form of grief-swept woe,  
And he shook beneath the burden  
Who had never feared a foe.

Through the roses of Malmaison slow he went with faltering feet,  
Gazing oft among the shadows for a form he'd never meet;  
Thinking dimly of the woman who had been his loving queen,  
Longing sadly for a pressure from the hand of Josephine.  
So he went to meet the morrow, with a firm and dauntless air,  
Turning from the place forever to take up his load of care;  
Bending low before his victors to accept his weary lot,  
Going forth to die an exile on that lonely, sea-girt spot.

Fell the midnight's dusky mantle  
O'er the fair and peaceful scene,  
Where, among Malmaison's roses,  
Slept his faithful Creole queen.







# The Secret of the Haunted House

A Tale of Pioneer Days in Hanover

By JULIA A. SABINE

The following truthful story is thought worthy of reproduction here, as it is one of the traditions forming the early accounts of the first settlers of Hanover. The authoress was a daughter of Reuben Davis, the hero of the tale, who lived in Cornish. She was a writer of considerable reputation, among her works being the book, "At the End of the Rainbow." She died about fifteen years ago. Captain Davis, the father of the hero, was a Revolutionary soldier, somewhat noted as having been one of the guard placed over Major Andre at the time of his capture.—*Editor.*

**D**O LET me go, too," pleaded little Reuben Davis. "Please, Brother Nathan."

"No; I can't be bothered with you," returned Nathan. "I don't want any babies round where I am."

"Babies, indeed!" said Reuben indignantly. As if I were a baby! You ought to be ashamed to say such a thing, Brother Nathan. You know I chopped wood all last winter."

"Wood? Ho, ho!" answered Nathan with an irritating laugh. "More boot and toes than wood, I guess."

At this taunt, which alluded to a mishap of Reuben's of which he was not a little ashamed, the little fellow turned quickly away and walked along the footpath which led to his home.

It was a raw, cheerless day in early spring, nearly ninety years ago. Four boys were sitting on a huge log which lay upon the ground just at the point where the foot path to the Davis farm met the main road.

They had a daring scheme in view, promising great fun, in which little Reuben longed to join; but stern fate, in the person of his brother Nathan, forbade.



"But then," as Moses Davis often said, "Nate might as well give up first as last for, when Reub had made up his mind to do anything, he allus did it, some way or 'nother."

"Why don't you let him go, Nate?" asked Hiram Cole, a short, fat boy, with beady black eyes.

"'Cause I ain't a min' ter," answered Nathan.

"He won't do a mite of harm," said Josiah Varnum. "For my part I'd kinder like to have him along. He's allus so good natured."

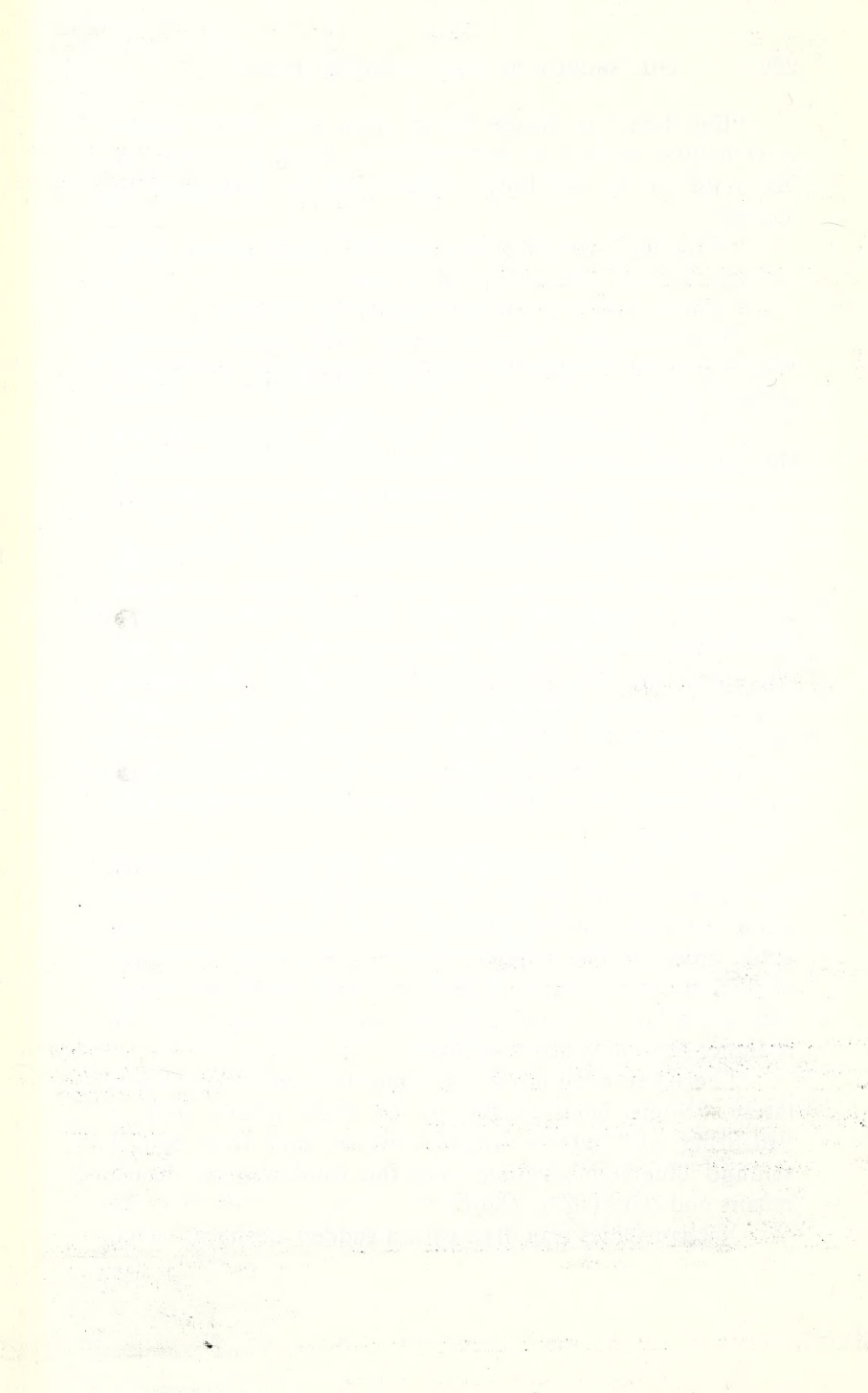
"Well, if he goes, I won't, that's all," said Nathan and the boys said no more; but Moses thought that when the time came to go, neither Nathan nor Reuben would stay behind.

There was an old cabin standing by itself on the hill, perhaps a mile from where the boys were sitting, which had long had the reputation of being haunted. The man who built it had been taken prisoner by the Indians. His end was never known. His wife, through grief and anxiety, lost her reason. She lived for many years, a harmless lunatic, wandering about the country, living upon what people chose to give her, until, one cold winter morning, she was found dead, frozen to death, upon a snow drift before her door.

After that no one ever lived in the cabin. The door had fallen from its hinges. The windows had not a whole pane remaining in the sashes. The loneliness—for the cabin stood on the edge of a thick forest—and its ruined condition were enough to give it a bad name; and there was not a boy in the vicinity who would willingly pass by it alone, especially after nightfall.

There had been more said about the cabin than usual lately. Some boys passing by on their return from a "sugaring off" late at night saw, or said they saw, a strange blue light issuing from the windows, and heard moans and clanking of chains.

Nathan Davis was fired with a sudden desire to solve



the mystery, and he easily persuaded his brother Moses, Hiram Cole and 'Siah Varnum to spend a night with him in the haunted cabin. The boys had carried firewood and kindling and pine knots to the door, in order that they might have fire and light, and they had a supply of butter-nuts to crack, corn to pop, and even a few cakes of maple sugar for a treat, while waiting for the ghost to appear.

They felt a little doubtful of obtaining the approval of their parents, and had concluded to dispense with it.

"We will slip out after the folks are asleep," said Nathan; "and then, if we don't find anything, nobody need be any the wiser, and if we do find out suthin', they'll be so glad they won't care."

"Where shall we meet?" asked Hiram.

"Here's as good as any place," answered Nathan.

"Time to go home now and do the chores," yawned Josiah. "After all, I'd 'most as soon stay to home and go to bed."

"You always were a sleepy head," returned Nathan. "Hadn't you better ask your marm to get you a cradle?"

And then the boys separated and went to their homes. When Reuben left the others, he hurried along the narrow path through the dense forest, his bosom swelling with indignation.

"I'll go anyway," he said to himself. "I allus get ahead of Nate, but I don't see what makes him so cross. If he'd only be pleasant to me, I'd do anything he wanted me to." He looked up through the leafless branches of the tall old trees at the dull gray sky. "I b'lieve it's goin' to rain," he said.

It was not a year since Captain Davis had brought his family to Hanover. Hitherto they had lived on a small farm, stony and unproductive, in one of the Massachusetts coast towns. But the preceeding summer he had secured a large tract of land, mostly woodland, not far from Dartmouth College, of which he hoped in time to make a productive farm.





"'Twill be hard work and short rations at first, mother," he had said to his wife. "Children and all must take hold and work like beavers; and by and by, God willing, we shall have a good home."

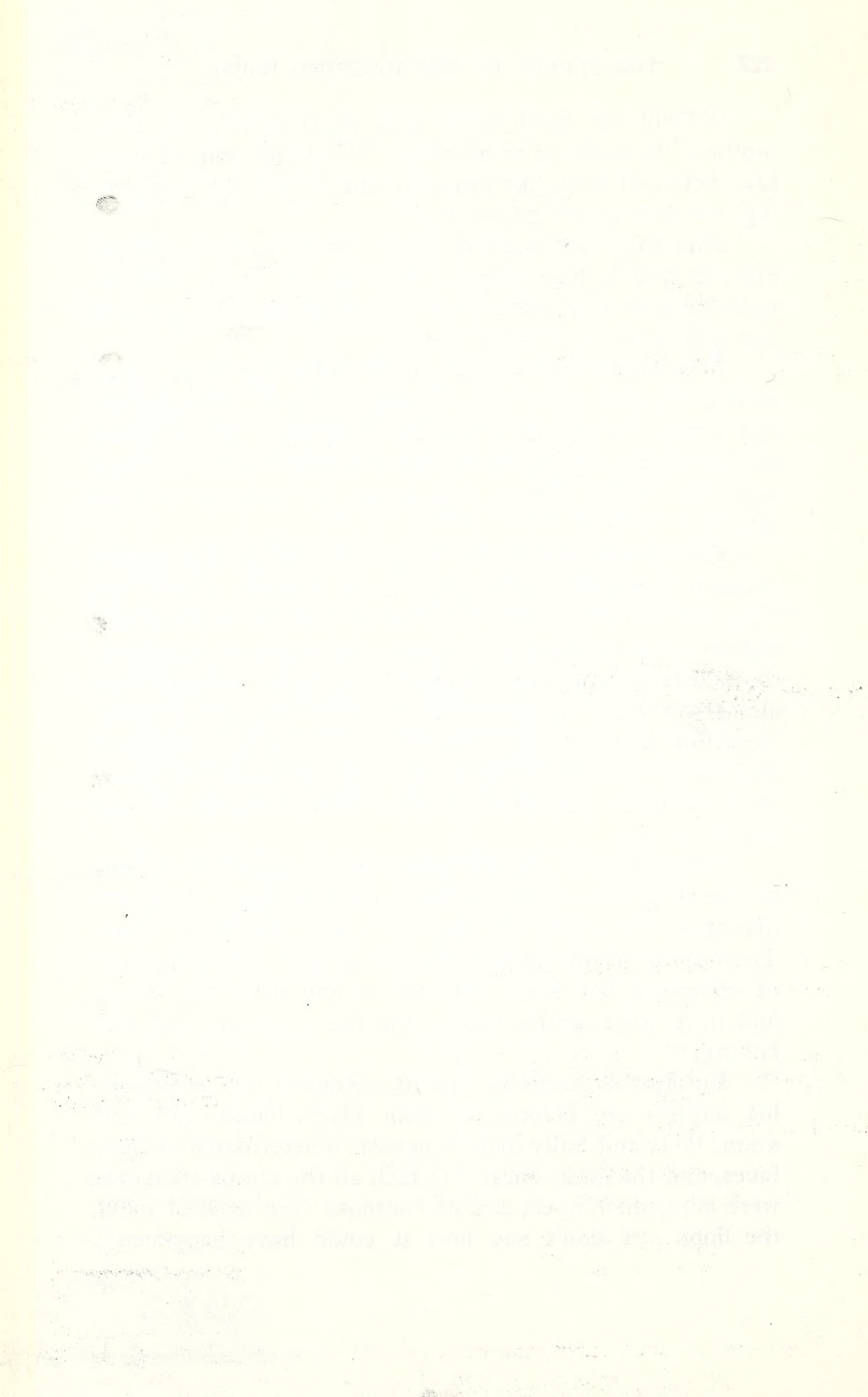
And they had worked hard. Even Reuben, though not yet twelve, had chopped wood in the forest until an unlucky blow with the ax had nearly cost him two toes and put a summary end to his labors.

Mrs. Davis and her daughters spun and wove homespun cloth, and made the clothing and knit stockings for the family. Their food was the simplest. Every penny was saved, for a payment of one hundred and fifty dollars was due in the spring, and it was not easy to find the money to meet it.

Captain Davis had sold wood in the village, and stabled some of the horses belonging to the students of the college; for in those days, when there were no railways and but few stage routes, the students used to ride on horseback to college at the beginning of the term, through the almost trackless forests, carrying their books and clothing in saddle bags. Some one must take care of and feed their horses during the term, and this was one of the many ways by which Captain Davis had added to his scanty supply of money.

When Reuben reached home, he paused for a moment on the threshold, surprised at the unusual scene which met his eyes. The kitchen, as usual, was spotlessly clean. The fire burned brightly in the great open fireplace, a pot of steaming hot bean porridge swung from the crane, and in a bake kettle before the fire a johnny-cake was baking.

But Mother Davis sat crying,—Reuben had never seen his mother cry before,—Captain Davis looked pale and stern, Polly and Sally looked on with consternation in their faces, and the great chest, in which all the family treasures were kept, stood open, and its contents were strewed about the floor. "I don't see how it could have happened,"



sobbed Mother Davis: "I hain't never left the house alone as I know of."

"Don't you remember, mother, you walked up the road a piece the other evening, when the cow got out?" said Polly.

"Well, I wasn't gone but a few minutes."

"It was long enough for the mischief to be done," said Captain Davis.

"But who could have taken it?" asked Sally.

"I don't know as it makes much difference who took it. The money's gone. And day after to-morrow it was to have been paid. Unless we can find it I am afraid we shall lose the place."

"Can't you borrow it somewhere?" asked the wife.

"I don't think much of borrowing; and, besides, I don't know where I could get it."

"Don't you think maybe some of the boys took it for fun?" asked Polly.

"Oh, no," said Reuben, coming forward now for the first time. "I am sure they didn't."

"Oh, you're there, are you?" said his father sharply. "Well, you see what's happened. The money's gone. I didn't mean any of you boys should know it just yet; and since you've found it out for yourself you may keep it to yourself."

"I won't say a word about it, sir, until you give me leave," said Reuben. "Did they take the mitten?"

The money was kept in a blue and white striped mitten.

"Yes; small loss that is beside the money. What did you want of the mitten?"

"I only thought," said Reuben, "that if they took the mitten and we should find it again it might help us find the money."

"Mebbe it would," replied his father. "You look sharp for a mitten, will you?"

"Pretty soon the other boys came in, and the simple





supper was quickly served and eaten. Then Captain Davis brought out the great Bible and read a chapter and offered a fervent prayer, and then the family began to prepare for bed.

There were but two rooms in the Davis farmhouse: the big kitchen or living-room, in which the cooking was done, and where a bed for Mr. and Mrs. Davis stood; and a smaller room opening from it, where the loom upon which Mother Davis wove was "set up," and which also held a bed for Polly and Sally. There was a trundle bed for the little ones, Ira and David, in the kitchen, which was rolled under the big bed out of the way during the day, and pulled out into the middle of the room at night. Over all was the loft, reached by a ladder and a trap door from the kitchen, where the older boys slept.

Nathan and Moses sat down by their window after bidding the family good-night, and waited until everything was still. Then they crept softly through the window, out upon the roof of a little shed which adjoined the kitchen, and from that swung themselves to the ground. Reuben, who had been feigning sleep, quickly followed, and, keeping well out of sight, ran along a little distance behind, until they were joined by the other boys and had reached the cabin. Even then, he waited outside until they had struck a light and started a fire: and then he walked boldly in. Moses laughed loudly.

"If you ain't here, Reub!" he said. "I knew you'd do it."

"What business have you here?" growled Nathan. "You just go back where you came from."

"Shan't," said Reuben, composedly. "I guess this is a free country; and I have as good a right to the road as you have,—or to this cabin either. Go back yourself, if you like it."

Hiram and Josiah shouted.

"Reub is ahead again," said the latter. Here, Reub, take hold and shell some corn," said Hiram.



Nathan, muttering that he "wished the ghost would catch and eat Reuben," began cracking butternuts vigorously; and for a time the boys were too intent upon eating to find time to talk. Reuben grew sleepy very soon, and curled himself up in a corner, where the huge chimney made an angle with the wall and shaded him from the bright firelight, and quickly fell asleep.

As the older boys found their appetites for butternuts and popped corn diminishing, they began to tell stories, to keep up their spirits and pass away time. It was quite natural, but not very wise, that they should choose ghost stories; and one boy after another told some blood-curdling tale until their hair almost stood up straight with fright.

"Keziah Wood," said Hiram, "that lives to our house, says she used to work for a family that lived in a haunted house. She says it was awful. Every night, about midnight, they used to hear chains clanking overhead and a blue light would shine out—Hark! Boys, what's that?"

The boys listened. Very distinctly they heard, in the loft above them, the clanking of heavy chains. They looked at each other with pale faces. Their hearts almost stood still. Somehow it seemed very different to hear these noises at midnight in a lonely cabin from hearing them in full daylight at home.

Nathan was the first to rally, feeling, perhaps, that his reputation for courage was at stake.

"Hadn't we better go up and see what it is?" he asked,

But at that moment the cabin was flooded with a strange, blue light; and the boys, looking toward the opening which gave admission to the loft overhead, saw plainly a human skull, looking very terrible in the ghostly, blue light, seeming to float in the air, midway between the ceiling and the floor.

This was too much. The boys tumbled out of the cabin and ran for home, never stopping to take breath until they reached the footpath which led to the Davis farm. When they halted there, both Hiram and Josiah were too



badly frightened to go home alone. So they went on with Moses and Nathan, and, climbing up the shed and in at the window of the loft, lay awake for hours, their teeth chattering with fear.

As soon as they were fairly away from the cabin, two rough looking men let themselves cautiously down from above and peered curiously around.

"All gone, Bill?" asked one.

"Yes, Tom," returned the other. "We scared them pretty well."

"'Twon't do for us to stay here any longer, though," said Tom. "Soon as they tell what they saw, the old folks will suspect mischief; and the game will be up."

"We're safe enough for to-night," said Bill, "and we'll get off early in the mornin'. Money's all right, ain't it?"

"Guess so," said Tom. "May as well look and see." And, going to the fireplace, he stooped down and lifted one of the bricks from its place in the hearth.

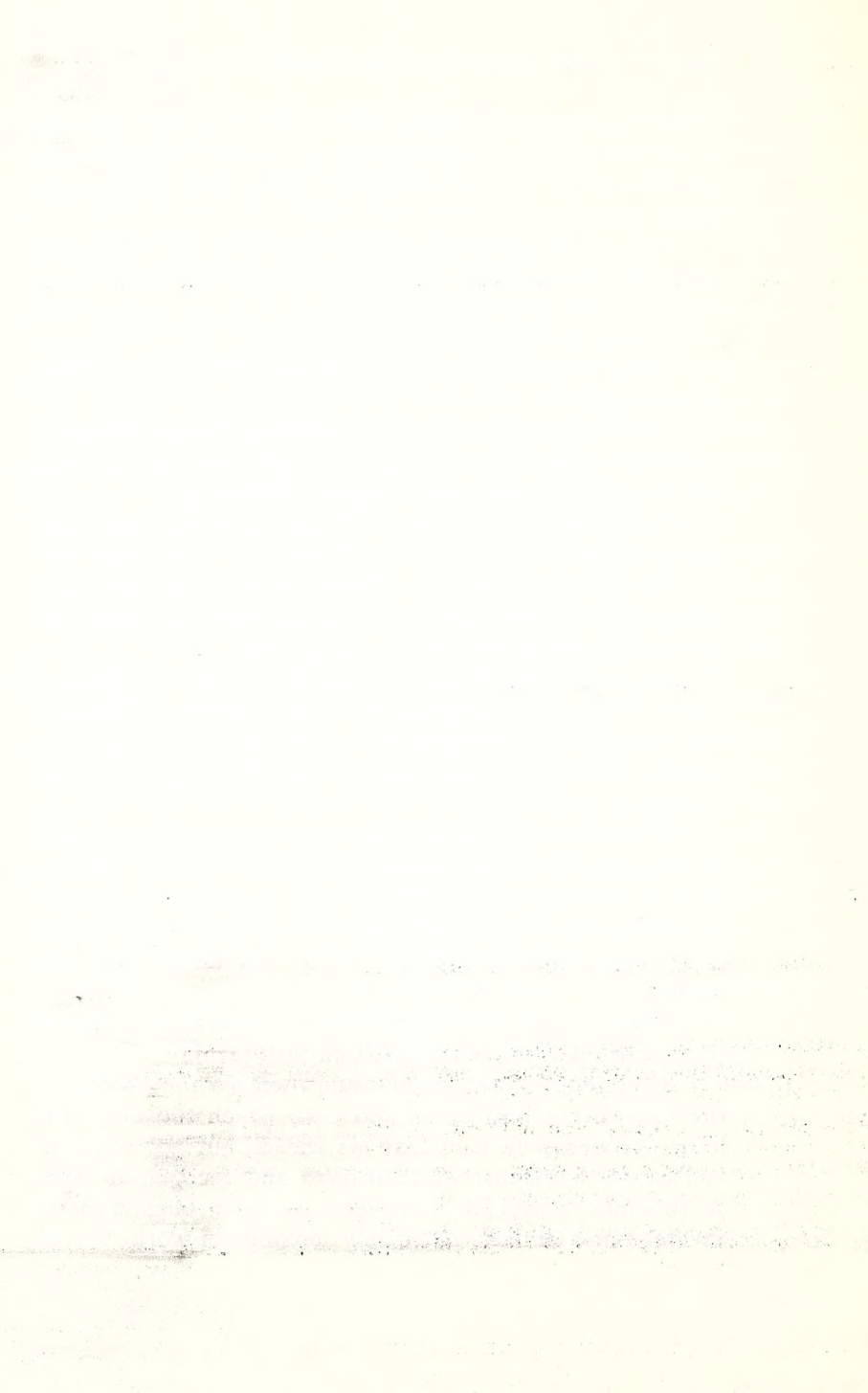
Little Reuben, wakened by the sound of strange voices, had crouched back in his corner, fearing to be seen, and listened eagerly to every word. Now he drew carefully forward and peeped around the corner, a great hope springing up in heart.

The backs of the two men were toward him, so that he could not see their faces; but, by the light of the fire, he saw Tom put his hand in the open place left by the displaced brick and lift up the mitten (he would have known it anywhere, he thought) in which his father kept his money.

"Yes; it's all here," said Tom. "May as well put it back now, and we'll be off early in the mornin'."

They replaced the mitten and then sat for a while by the fire, eating butternuts and corn which the boys had left. Reuben drew back into his corner, but not until he had caught a glimpse of their faces and recognized them as two men who had been seen in their neighborhood several times of late, ostensibly looking for work, but of





whom Captain Davis had said, "They were after no good."

Reuben listened to their conversation and learned from it that they had escaped from prison in a neighboring state, and that their plan was to push on through the woods to Portsmouth, where they hoped to get a passage on some vessel bound to England, trusting to the money they had stolen from his father to supply them with necessities for the journey.

"They shan't have it," thought little Reuben. "I'll get it some way." But although he made dozens of plans, none of them seemed feasible.

He found that they had been living in the cabin for nearly two weeks. They had trusted to its reputation for secrecy, and by burning the blue light had hoped to keep alive the story of the ghost. The skull they had stolen from the medical college. But, as we have seen, they had overdone this part, and had opened the way to discovery.

At last, Bill said, with an oath, it was "time to turn in." Tom swung himself into the loft, and tossed down a pair of old blankets; and, wrapping themselves in these, the two men threw themselves upon the floor, and were soon asleep.

Reuben waited until he was sure both were sleeping soundly. Then he crept out from his hiding place. He stole softly to the hearth, with trembling hands pried up the loosened brick, caught up the mitten with its precious contents, and slipped quietly out at the door.

The night was dark and the rain, which Reuben had predicted in the afternoon, was falling. He heard no sounds but the dropping of the rain and the beating of his own heart. He was not a coward, but he had a long, lonely walk before him; and he knew, if the men should discover him, they would not hesitate to kill him. And he groped his way along, listening every now and then to hear if he was pursued, in an agony of terror.

Meanwhile, the other boys were tossing uneasily about,



finding sleep impossible, and still full of fright at what they had seen.

"Boys," said Moses, suddenly, "we've forgot Reub."

"That's a fact," said Josiah.

"What can we do?"

"Oh, darn him!" cried Nathan. "Why couldn't he stayed at home as he oughter?"

"Well, we've got to do something," said Moses. "Twon't do to leave him there alone all night."

"There's nothin' for't but to go and tell father the whole story," answered Nathan. "I'd ruther be licked, but there ain't no other way."

After a little deliberation, the boys crept down the ladder and aroused Captain Davis, whose surprise changed to indignation as he heard their story.

"You cowardly boys!" he said. "Having led your little brother into danger, you were too selfish to help him out of it. We must go to him at once. The Lord only knows into what hands he may have fallen."

"Do you think the ghosts would hurt him, sir?" asked Josiah.

"Ghosts!" said Captain Davis, angrily. "No ghosts made the noises you heard to-night. The dead do not come back from their graves to frighten silly boys. It was the work of bad men, for their own evil purposes."

He had struck a light, and was dressing hurriedly as he spoke. Mrs. Davis, pale and anxious, sat up in bed, and Polly and Sally, wakened by the unusual sounds, peered furtively through their half-opened door.

"Get the lantern ready, Nathan," commanded his father. "We must lose no time. And, Moses, run to Neighbor Chase's and ask him to accompany us. I fear my son Reuben is in peril of his life."

But, as he spoke, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, and Reuben's voice calling:

"Let me in! O father, let me in!"

And, in another moment, the little boy, all drenched





with rain, and panting for breath, was in his father's arms.

"See, father," said he breathlessly, "I've got it. I've got the money. It's all safe here." And, half crying, half laughing, he thrust the mitten into his father's hand.

As soon as he was a little calmer and had somewhat recovered his breath, he told his story. And from that moment he became a hero in the eyes of his brothers. Even Nathan forbore to tease, and was never known to call Reuben a baby again.

Captain Davis went immediately for a constable, hoping to arrest the men before they got away. But he was too late. They had probably missed the money, and, knowing they were or would be discovered, had already escaped, and were never seen in Hanover again.

So the money was paid when due, and Captain Davis kept his farm. He did not punish the boys for the deception they had used, because he said good had come out of evil; but they were all quite cured of any desire for further nocturnal expeditions. The man who owned the land on which the cabin stood had it torn down when he heard of Reuben's adventure, saying "he did not wish to shelter thieves." And this was the end of the "Haunted House of Hanover."

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## Indirection

By MABEL PORTER PITTS

Each day would find a better goal,

Each work a truer place,

If man would meet maff soul to soul

Instead of face to face.



# Message of the Hermit Thrush

By MARY C. BUTLER

Thro' the great cathedral arches,  
Of the forest deep and dim,  
In the tranquil hush of morning,  
Rings a sweet and wondrous hymn.

'Tis the hermit thrush who's singing,  
Spirit of the peaceful woods,  
With his bell-like notes proclaiming,  
All the message that he loves.

"Come to me all ye who labor,  
All of ye who burdens bear,  
In my arms, I'll clasp thee, shield thee,  
Ye shall all my treasures share.

"Tho' ye wander friendless, homeless,  
Tho' thy sorrows bear thee down,  
I will love and comfort give thee,  
Ye shall be my father's own."

Now the thrush has ceased his singing,  
Other throats take up the song,  
And the quiet woods re-echo  
With the reverent, happy throng.

"Come to me, all ye who labor,  
All o'er-burdened and opprest,  
Come, and cast away thy burden,  
Come and I will give thee rest."

All may hear our thrush's music  
Echoing thro' the forest dim,  
Weary souls of men uplifting  
With that sweet, ecstatic hymn.



# The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have  
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

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## CHAPTER XXI

### THE CRISIS

It's an owersome sooth for age and youth,  
An' it brooks wi' nae denial,  
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,  
An' the young are just on trial.

—*Stevenson.*

THE reply, if any was given to the last frantic command of the strange skipper, was too faint to be heard. But soon the first voice cried above the tempest:

"The reef—the rock—we're lost! Mina—the boy!"

The brave woman bending over the prostrate form of Leonard Quiver now sprang to her feet, and, protecting her gaze from the storm with her hand, she tried to pierce the gloom hanging over the water, while she waited and watched for some new development. She trembled from head to foot with suppressed emotion, and her breath came in quick, short gasps. At this critical moment, as if the power of the vivid situation had awakened him from the spell of a troubled sleep, the victim of the tempest suddenly started up and, throwing out his arms, clutching at empty space, cried wildly:





*Mother—Mina—help!”*

Then she turned abruptly around, and looked sharply upon his pallid features for a brief while, as seen by the lantern light, to drop upon her knees by his side and, throwing her arms about his neck, sob in ecstasy of joy.

*“My boy! found at last!”*

The shrieks of the gale, the ugly swish of the storm-driven waters beating like a legion of furies the rocky shore of the pond, and the rapid dripping of the black clouds overhead were all unheeded by the little knot of spectators gathered by the lantern light around the reunited mother and son. Above the outbursts of the elements were borne to their ears, alike unnoticed, the wild commands of the frantic husband and father, shouting his imaginary orders to an imaginary crew, while he fought a tempest, hand-to-hand, that was only too real. At this critical moment Freeland Newbegin had presence of mind to act, saying to those around him:

“Lend a hand here, men, and see that you get this couple—mother and son,—to the shelter of the house with all speed you may. The rest of us must see what we can do to save Captain Forecastle.”

“There is a boat on the shore just above here,” said Uncle Life, quickly, speaking with that mellow calmness so natural to him. He had spent more than ten years of life upon the sea, and no man in Sunset could handle a boat like him, unless our hero was excepted.

“Lead the way to the boat,” ordered the latter. “Come, we want another pair of willing arms.”

Leaving the crowd to look after the couple sobbing in each others’ arms, Uncle Life and Freeland Newbegin started in the direction of the boat, the former leading the way without any apparent haste or excitement, but at a gait which puzzled his companion to match. Three or four men volunteered to lend their assistance, but when the boat was reached by the leaders only Everybody’s Sam was on hand to step in. Without waiting for others, this



three pushed the little craft out into the water and a moment later were driving it swiftly against wind and rain toward the opposite shore. It has already been remarked that this singular lakelet was subject to spasmodic spells, when its erstwhile mirror-like surface would be slashed and churned into a miniature maelstrom. No one, not even Uncle Life, the sage of Sunset, professed to offer any real explanation for these freaks, except that some infernal power was at work beneath its bottomless abyss. It is well claimed that an underground river flows beneath New England from the White Hills on the north to Old Ocean on the Rhode Island coast. On the route of this strange river are other ponds that have periodical disturbances somewhat similar to those that convulsed "The Old Man's Mirror," or "Satan's Wash Bowl," just as its mood seemed to govern its name. May not this have been the case with this erratic lakelet, fed and emptied by that cavernous stream and tempered by its rise and fall? This is not offered as an explanation but as a suggestion.

Let the cause have been what it may, the strong arms of Freeland Newbegin were tried to their utmost to keep the frail boat up against the inland breakers, the whole pond seeming to be boiling with rage, while Uncle Life steered toward the doomed schooner, guided in his course by the frequent orders of its captain, vainly shouting commands that the tempest flung back into his face with wild glee. The increasing clearness of these cries told the occupants of the boat that they were soon drawing near, and finally the gray-headed boatman, forming his hands into trumpet shape at his mouth, shouted through this tunnel at the top of his lungs, lingering long on the last syllable:

"Ship aho-o-o-y!"

With an unexpected promptness came the reply, ringing in its stentorian tones on the storm:

"Ahoy it is! What ship is that and whither bound?"

The story of the tragical adventure which had ruined





the life of Captain Kenneth Forecastle was familiar to Life Story, and he replied aptly:

"The White Petrel, storm driven upon this rocky shore. Lend a hand!"

"Ay, ay, White Petrel! lend a hand. Save my—"

The rest was drowned by the tempest, while a furious gust of wind tore across the black space of night, sweeping everything before it, catching up the water and flinging it in whited spray against the sheeted walls of rain now pouring down. A thunder shock—the sound of the ill-fated, short-lived ship driven upon the rocks jutting out into the water from the base of the mountain on the south side, reached the ears of the anxious trio in the boat, followed by the crash and grinding of rending timbers. Again Uncle Life shouted through his impromptu trumpet in clarion tone:

"Ahoy—there! the boy is saved! Leap for your life on the sta'board tack!"

The response was fainter this time:

"Ay, ay, the sta'board tack."

Understanding what would be needed now, Freeland Newbegin quickly divested himself of his outer garments and as the last word died away on the storm he plunged boldly into the angry water, while Life and Sam, who had now taken the oars, sent the boat cautiously toward the wreck. One, two, three minutes passed—minutes that were freighted with the anxiety of so many hours to the listeners,—before a faint halloo reached their ears.

"He has got him!" exclaimed Uncle Life. "They are down to the leeward more."

They rapidly approached the spot where the brave rescuer was battling manfully to save the man whom he had gone to save, but none too soon. The latter found his burden hanging a dead weight on his arm, and this in the storm and darkness made it a tough fight. But, in the midst of his humane task, Life Story lent his aid, and, assisted by Sam, the unconscious form of Captain Fore-



castle was lifted into the boat. Then the rescuer was assisted over the rail, but falling at the feet of his companions completely exhausted.

"Let me take the oars, Sam," said Uncle Life. "You take the tiller and steer right for that beacon light, the candle in the window!"

As they approached the shore, Uncle Life shouted for assistants to be on hand, and these were not missing, as they found more than a score of men waiting for them to reach the shore, regardless of the rain now pouring down in torrents. These quickly lifted Captain Forecastle from the boat and carried him to the house, where he was placed upon a couch and given such attention as he needed until a physician could be summoned.

Freeland Newbegin had recovered from his exertions, so with Uncle Life he went into the house that was now the scene of such unusual happenings. Leonard Quiver, as I shall call him for the last time, was fully recovered from the shock that he had received, and he sought the side of his friend as soon as he saw him among the newcomers, saying:

"I am the happiest man in the world. To think I should find them here—father and mother. But how is father?"

Captain Forecastle was beginning to move, and his lips uttered some inarticulate speech.

"He got a smart clip on the side of the head," said Uncle Life, who had taken him in charge, "but it is not enough to use him up. He may have a run of fever, but he'll come out th' better for it. What is it and it can't be argified."

The doctor substantiated mainly what the sage had said, so one and all felt that good might come out of the night's adventure with little or no harm to mar its pleasure. The callers began to seek their respective homes, until only the family group, the two persons who had volunteered to care for the sick man, the doctor, and Free-



land Newbegin remained at the cottage home. Outside the wind and rain were pelting furiously against its weather-beaten walls, and the tempest-tossed waters of "Satan's Basin" roared incessantly upon its rocky rim, but in the happiness and gratitude of that hour these were unheeded by the members of the reunited family and their friends.

"It all seems like a dream," murmured Mrs. Forecastle, whose joy was of the kind that failed to find full expression in words but was manifested in a manner not less easily understood.

"My given name is Mina, and those three words—'Mother, Mina, help!'—were the last you said, my son, as you were torn from my arms and borne into the sea, as we stood on the deck of the old Petrel the moment before she was driven upon the rocks. They were burned into my mind, and when you repeated them, awakening from your stupor, and hearing your father give the very same commands and shouts he uttered on that dreadful night, I instantly recognized you. Truly the hand of Providence has shaped it all."

"I think so, mother," said her son, softly, taking her hand in his. "I remember that night only as the shadow of a dream one cannot fully recall upon waking. I was picked up by a kindly couple, and kept with them until I was fifteen years old. Then I could no longer resist the spirit of restlessness and I set out to find you. But I had no clue and my quest proved so hopeless that I gave it up. Finally I fell into the companionship of Mr. Bidwell, and he and I came here. It was a kind fate that guided my footsteps."

"Amen, my son. Now I can only hope that your father will at last rally from the cloud that has borne him down all these years. His poor ship was built in vain—no, not in vain! It brought you to us, and did ever ship make a happier voyage? Do you know what happened to it, sir?" she asked of Freeland Newbegin, who was under-





going influences such as even he could not have described. Arousing himself at the question asked by her, he replied:

"I fear it has fared ill with her. She has grounded on the rocks of the farther shore of the pond."

"It is well. Her voyage was short, but it was eventful. If now Kenneth will only recover, my cup of happiness will be full to overflowing."

"He will," said the kind-hearted doctor "Of that I am sure."

Upon the request of his friend, the town claimant remained all night at the former's new home, but in the morning, finding that the ill man was continuing to improve in his condition, he went up to the village. The storm had cleared away, and there was every prospect of a beautiful autumn day. As he walked slowly along the road, he saw on the opposite shore of the pond the ship which had been thrown upon her beam's end, and presented the appearance of a complete wreck. But he did not give it a second thought. This was the day of the town meeting, which was to open at ten o'clock, and he realized that the crisis in his affairs was near at hand. The matter of a compromise had been proposed by the chairman of the selectmen, so he had made no move to have his big friend on hand.

As he came in sight of Squire Newbegin's store, he saw that the voters had already begun to assemble, and he had barely reached the scene before he was told that the selectmen wanted to see him at once in their office. So he climbed the stairs leading to the dingy room, recalling as he did so the incidents of his first visit, while wondering how the squire would receive him on this occasion.

He found only two of the board on hand to greet him, and he was told that the squire was not feeling well and would be unable to attend the town meeting. While this fact augured well for the success of his plans, the town claimant was somehow disappointed. He felt that the fight was practically over, without the shrewd squire to



oppose him. The opening speech of Captain Eb revealed the wisdom of his conclusions.

"We kinder wanted to talk with yaou afore the tarnal overgrown lawyer had got erlong," said the chairman, fidgetting uneasily in his chair. "My son John, who oughter been here afore naow, 'lowed it'd be better to talk with yaou. I—I—yaou see the deacon an' me hev sort'r been talkin' and argifyin' the marter, an' we hev—that is, we hev concluded we'd better sort o' settle this marter atween—atween—ahem—ourselves. Haow much be yaou willin' to take, and never trouble the taown ag'in? Yaou see half a loaf would be better 'n none," then seeing he had made a bad break, he hastened to add, "for yaou."

"Have you consulted the squire about this?" asked the claimant.

"No. Yaou see he daon't jess think as we do, though he ain't said much. It looks so th' taown would vote as we recommend," the deacon nodding his head at this juncture.

"Call it twenty-five per cent," replied the other, with apparent indifference.

At that moment he discovered Mary Temple coming rapidly down the road in the direction of the store. The sight of her brought back to him the visions of the past. Again he stood by the little footbridge spanning the brook below the orchard at his old home, and her hand rested softly, confidingly in his, while her head, crowned with its wealth of brown tresses, lay against his bosom. He was telling her over again the sweet story which has been told so many times over mid sorrow and gladness, hope and despair, and she was listening with an attentive ear to the declaration which fell like music upon her hearing. Then he looked across the gulf of years, and saw how far he had drifted apart from the court of his early love and the throne of promise.

Involuntarily he murmured :

"What shadows we follow!"

*(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)*





## The Editor's Window

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In our article upon the "Literary Associations of the Merrimack River," September number, page 120, we spoke of the author of "The Last Penacook" as *Nathaniel Berry*. This was an error and should have read Abel B. Berry. He was the son of Joshua Berry of Pittsfield, N. H., and for several years practised law in Boston and vicinity. Later he returned to his native town and was associated with Mr. John C. French in founding the *Suncook Valley Times*. He worked on this paper about a year, when he removed to Weare where he died quite suddenly.

\* \* \*

A correspondent has called our attention to another error in this article, in the first paragraph on page 144, where it is stated that "It seems incongruous that both he and his beautiful wife should die in the prime of life of that dread scourge of New England." Thoreau did die of consumption, but he was never married. He loved a woman who seemed capable of making his life a happy one, but his brother loved the same lady, and he gave her up to him and remained single. How much influence this had upon his life may not be told, but it is evident the incident made a lasting impression upon his mind.

The same person criticises the statement that he carefully husbanded his physical resources, and goes on to describe how often he acted with extreme disregard for his comfort and health by "unusual expenditure of physical resources which was characteristic of him. Time and again he speaks of wading in the pools and streams; of excursions made in all kinds of weather." This is very true and frequent examples may be cited. Still, in the



main, we believe he exercised more than ordinary care in his methods of living. His mother died of consumption, and it may be he inherited the disease, some doctors to the contrary, notwithstanding. It may not be out of place to say here that in our next number we shall have an article by an old contributor upon "Thoreau and His Mother."

\*     \*     \*

## Literary Leaves

**LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG OLD NEW ENGLAND INNS.** By Mary Caroline Crawford, author of "The Romance of Old New England Roof-trees," "The Romance of Old New England Churches," etc. Cloth, 8vo., gilt top, illustrated, 381 pages. Price, \$2. L. C. Page & Company, publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

There is no class of dwellings or buildings around which cling so much of the unusual experiences of New England life as about her inns. Here the great family of man has met and parted upon a plane of nearer equality than possibly in any other phase of living. Here have come the highest in the land for a brief sojourn, leaving as they went away memories that have outlasted the lives of those who moved here at the time. Here are mingled the tragic and the romantic, the unexpected and the common incidents in life. The author of this work, as she has in her previous volumes, has shown the pleasant aptitude of telling that which has the deepest interest and at the same time gives the most value to her descriptions. More than a score of taverns are described, among which we find the old inns of Portsmouth included. Over fifty illustrations printed in sepia accompany the sketches.

**THE OLD PEABODY PEW.** A Christmas Romance of a Country Church, By Kate Douglas Wiggin, with illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens, Ornamented cloth binding, 8vo., 144 pages, Price, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin Company, publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The talented author, in her dedication of this handsome volume, says: "To a certain handful of dear New England women of names unknown to the world, dwelling in a certain quiet village, alike unknown:—

"There never was a Peabody Pew in the Tory Hill Meeting-House, and Nancy's love story and Justin's never happened within its century-old walls; but I have imagined only one of the many romances that have had their birth under the shadow of that steeple, did we but realize it."

The volume is tastefully decorated and illustrated, making it a book of exceptional beauty as well as value.



**THE ILIAD OF HOMER.** To which is added an Appendix containing Poems selected from Twenty-six Languages all Translated by Edgar Alfred Tibbetts. This is a 12mo. volume of 557 pages, gilt top, cloth. Price; \$2, Richard C. Badger, publisher, Boston.

Professor Tibbetts' translation is an imitation of the style as well as the words of Homer, although an iambic hexameter is selected as more suitable to the movement of the English rhythm. We quote from

### ILIAD III, 234-2445

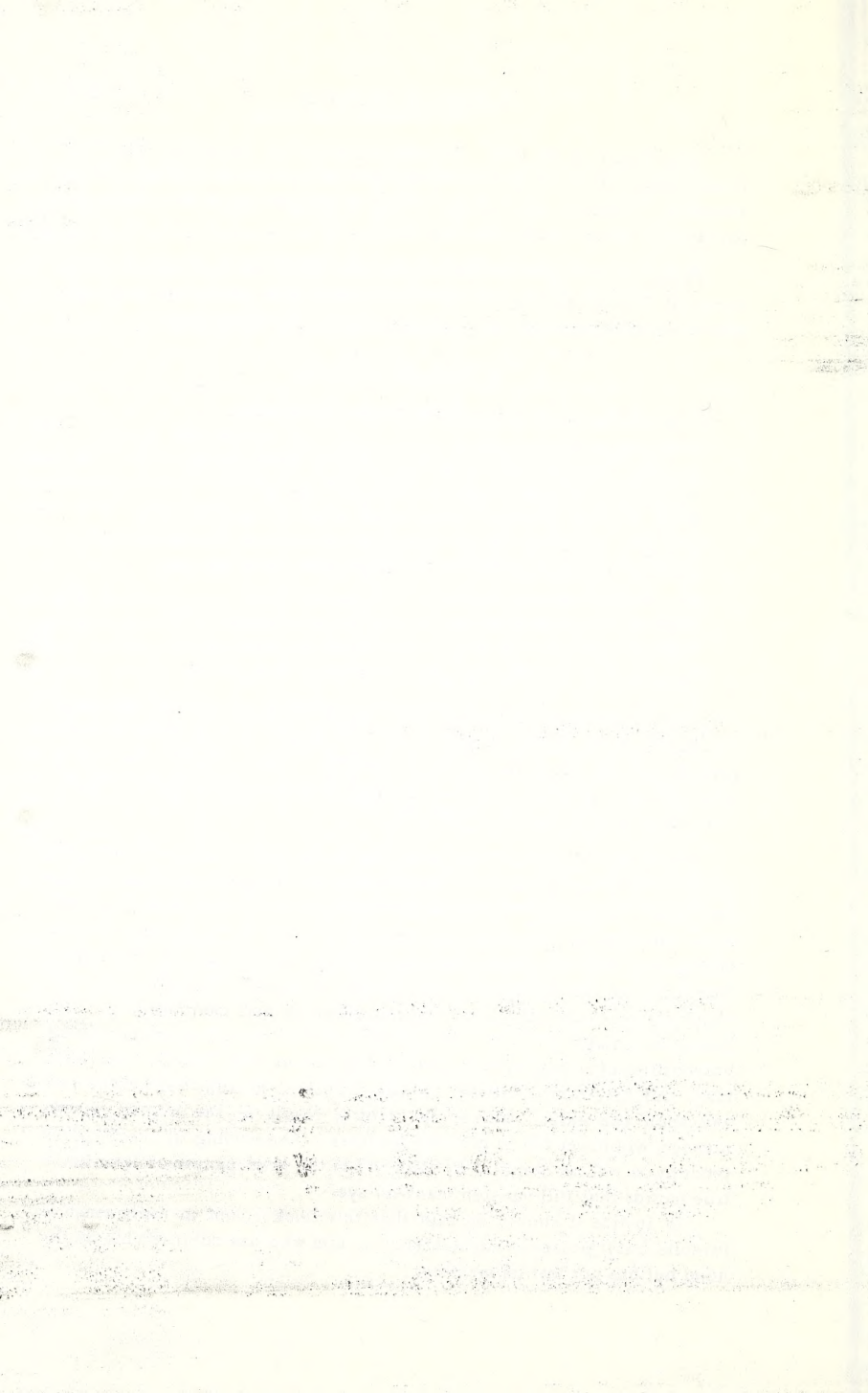
"Now all the other Achaïans of glancing eyes I see,  
Whom once I knew, whose names might full well be told by me;  
But two I see not 'mid them, two chiefs of lofty mood,  
Kastor, the charger-tamer, and Pollux, boxer good;  
They were my own dear brothers, and them my mother bore,  
Is't that they would not part from loved Lakedaimon's shore?  
Is't that they followed hither in ships which cross the sea,  
But wish not now in battles of warlike men to be,  
Fearing the vast reproaches that with my name go forth?  
Thus she; but they were held by the life-bestowing earth  
Far hence in Lakedaimon, the dear land of their birth.

**BOYHOOD DAYS ON THE FARM.** A Story for Young and Old Boys. By Charles Clark Munn, author of "Uncle Terry." Full-page illustrations and chapter headings by Frank T. Merrill. Cloth, 12mo., 416 pages. Price, \$1.50. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The chief charm of this book lies in its simple recital of the incidents of everyday life that has fallen to the lot of many other boys during the period they passed upon the old homestead. If men now they will recall with hardly less vividness than on the day of its occurrence that fishing expedition, pictured here with fidelity, as well as the swimming "parties," school exhibitions, the "Town Meeting," "sugaring off," and "husking bees," as well as of hunting, trapping and camping out. The humor is rich and genuine. The young hero has all the mischief-making propensities of a healthy boy, and his experiences with "Hans," the hired man, and his "Aunt Clarissa," whose persistent maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," worked its natural result in the way of boyish revenge, will never fail to provoke laughter. The wooing of the "boy" is tenderly as well as humorously told, and in the brief picture of later life a true pathos that will moisten many an eye.

In justice it should be said that this book is not in every sense a juvenile, but it possesses equal interest to him who has outgrown his youthhood but has not lost its memory.





**THE KENTON PINES; OR, RAYMOND BENSON IN COLLEGE.** By C. B. Burleigh. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. Cloth, 12mo., 382 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, \$1.50. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

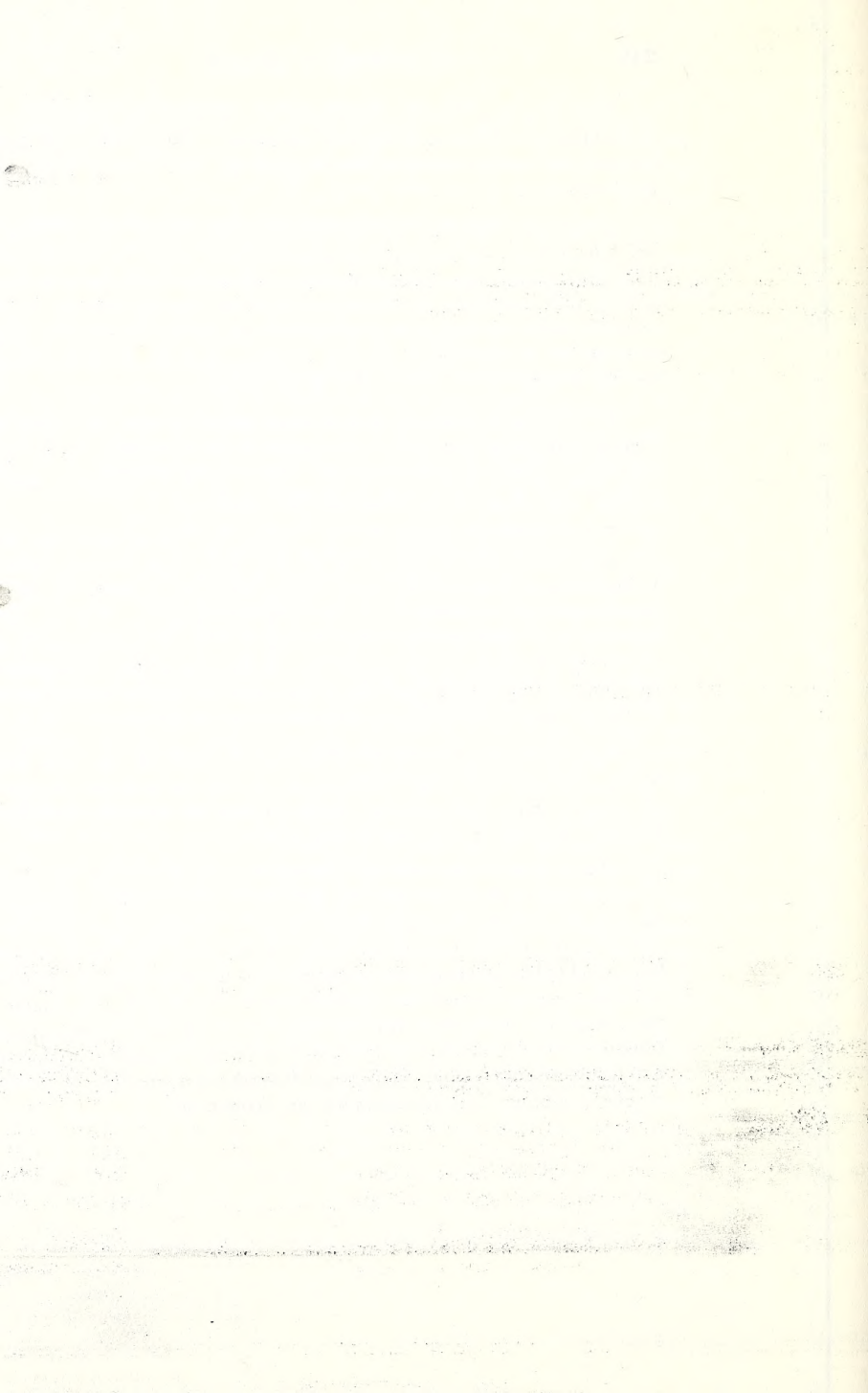
This is the third of the "Raymond Benson Series," two volumes of which have been reviewed in these pages. This series has strong claims upon the boy who has the good fortune to read the book, and this latest number fully maintains the interest begun in the opening volume. As its sub-title indicates, it is a story of college life, which is filled with happy inspirations to accomplish the best results. It is an attractive volume, and the illustrations do credit to its gifted artist.

**THE MINUTE BOYS OF SOUTH CAROLINA. A Story of "How We Boys Aided the Swamp Fox."** By James Otis. Illustrated by J. W. F. Kennedy. Cloth, 12mo., 359 pages. Dana Estes & Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This is the sixth volume in The Minute Boy Series, which has been planned to cover pretty thoroughly the country in the days of the War for Independence. Given a historical background, which seems to be his favorite setting, and James Otis tells an interesting story. The very name of Marion, the Swamp Fox, brings to mind one of the most romantic and picturesque features of the American. When are added to his stirring part those of his brother Gabriel and his friend Rufus Randolph, we have heroes worthy of the parts they play in this excellent book.

**FORGE AND FURNACE; OR, THE YOUNG MASTER OF THE IRON MILL.** By Victor St. Clair. Ornamented covers, cloth, illustrated, 12mo., 281 pages. Price, Fifty Cents. H. M. Caldwell & Company, publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This is a clean juvenile from an experienced writer for the young. The story is founded upon real life, and describes the thrilling adventures of a youth, Manley Sterling, who, through a singular misfortune which overtakes his father finds himself face to face with such odds as must have daunted a less courageous youth. Overcoming these dangers and difficulties he finally becomes not only master of the mills but master of the situation. Associated with his, and scarcely of less interest, are the fortunes of Curly, the boy sculptor, who, from the beginning in the iron mill where he engraved his first images from the iron ore, rose to become a noted sculptor. This is a story we can recommend,



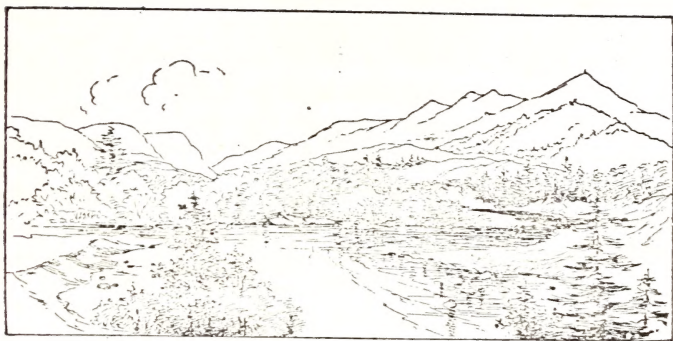


From an Etching by J. WARREN THYNG

BASTON'S MILL, WOODSTOCK, N. H.







*Franconia Mountains and Pemigewasset River*

## Pictures from a Picture Land

By J. WARREN THYNG

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing.  
They say unto him, we also go with thee."



○ ALL the fortunate ones who, like the schoolmaster, know how to spend the summer vacation, may the joy which floweth as a trout brook from healing springs in the hills be theirs, and the spell never be lifted.

\* \* \* \* \*

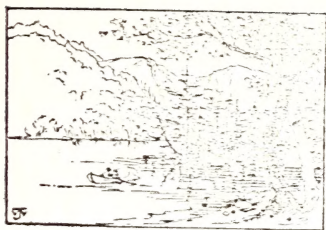
Those were pleasant vacation days when we sat on the piazza of Wildcat Camp, the schoolmaster smoking a reminiscent pipe and framing bits of landscape in spirals of smoke. The old house stands in a wild glen among the hills; for miles you may not see the smoke of another chimney. A neglected by-road runs past the door--runs on to deeper solitude and more shameful neglect. On either side of the road a trout brook comes down from the hills; that is why the schoolmaster, the minister and the law-man are here with me.

One evening Macdonald came up the road that leads through the shadow of the butternut trees down by the haunted school-house. I was copying out these notes and arranging the pictures from my sketch-book, when the Highlander



*Old Man of the Mountain*





*Echo Lake*

said, "I am thinking, schoolmaster, painter may be Scottish himself."

"Do you think, Macdonald, that because this roof leaks, he would sit out in a Trosachs rain to sketch Loch Katrine?"

"Not so much that, but I have seen many a loch and burn and gray brig in Scotland like the pictures in his book. The blue haze, common in the highlands, and in the mountains of Wales, I have seen in your mountains; and on the Franconia peaks a rose-light like that which comes in early morning on Ben Lomond."

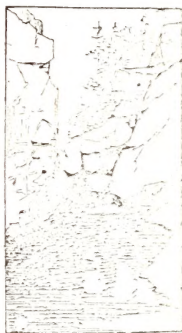
"In Scotland, you have the wild folk-lore and traditions of centuries; we have nothing old but the Old Man of the Mountain, and only the geologist's hammer to tell how old he is. He does not talk, Macdonald."

"He is douce enough, schoolmaster."

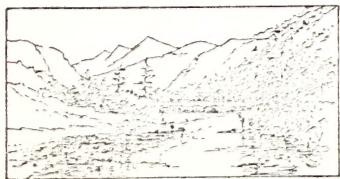
The evening wore on. The Pleiades glistered like points of steel so clear was the night. The Highlander fared homeward with lighted pipe, and soon was lost to sight in the shade of the butternut trees down by the haunted school-house.

To me, the valley of the Pemigewasset is the picture land of the north country, and the view from Woodstock the completest picture in the mountain district of New Hampshire. It serves my purpose at this time simply to express a concrete opinion; but were it necessary to generalize, the statement could be amply supported by the words of that eminent writer, and recognized authority on the landscape in nature and art, Thomas Starr King, whose graceful pen has given us in "The White Hills, Legendary and Picturesque," the only permanent literature of our mountains, lakes and

rivers. Away back in stage coach days it was the driver's custom to stop near the school-house in Thornton, and direct the attention of passengers to the noble view of river and mountains, and for



*Agassiz Basin*



*Mountains from Woodstock*





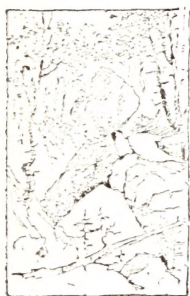
many years the prospect from that point was known as the "Starr King View." The scene is graphically described in his book, and is accompanied by a picture drawn by Whelock.



*The Basin*

George L. Brown, called "The American Claude," in the times when painters were not merely "artists," but were students, held the view of the Franconia Mountains from Woodstock in high esteem. Lucy Larcom's poem, "The School House by the River," was inspired by the view from Thornton.

The country is a region of diversified interests; trout brooks are numerous, and many of them are extremely picturesque. Paths, enchanting as fairy land, lead through groves of balsam far into the woods. It is summer, and as you follow a brook with fishing rod, perchance a deer is peeping slyly at you. By and by winter will come, but the deer returns not with the buds of spring. O, wonderful days of Christian civilization! Men whose hands are red with the blood of fawns boast of the lives they have taken; lives of creatures whose bodies were cleaner than theirs—lives that were purer



*Balanced Rock*

than their slayer's. They owed for a few mouthfuls of greens; the account was balanced by a crimson stain. "It was a glorious Victory."

The pictures that lie along every-day paths are too well known to need comment of mine; Artist's View naturally attracts many visitors, but I am inclined to regard the prospect from Professor Carpenter's villa as by far the better view of the valley and mountains. The stroller about the hamlet of Woodstock will find his way to the interesting geological formation known as Agassiz Basin, and he will probably puzzle his wits cyphering out the queer problem of Balanced Rock; or if more adventurous he will



*Mirror Lake*







*Door of Lost River*

follow the guide's smoking torch through the caverns of Lost River, as Mr. Huse and I did last fall.

\* \* \* \*

It is a Sabbath evening in the hills; the circle of mountains widens in the ambient air, afar over the tranquil valley to purple peaks remote.

A message of glad tidings comes in the voice of trees and the perfume of the fields, and over all rises the anthem of the pines stirred to sound by the breeze. I have lighted my friendship fire, the minister has read from Isaiah 60th, "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee." In fancy old friends draw around--the true, the estranged, the false; they who are chilled by the shadows of earth, and they who are cherished by its sunshine.

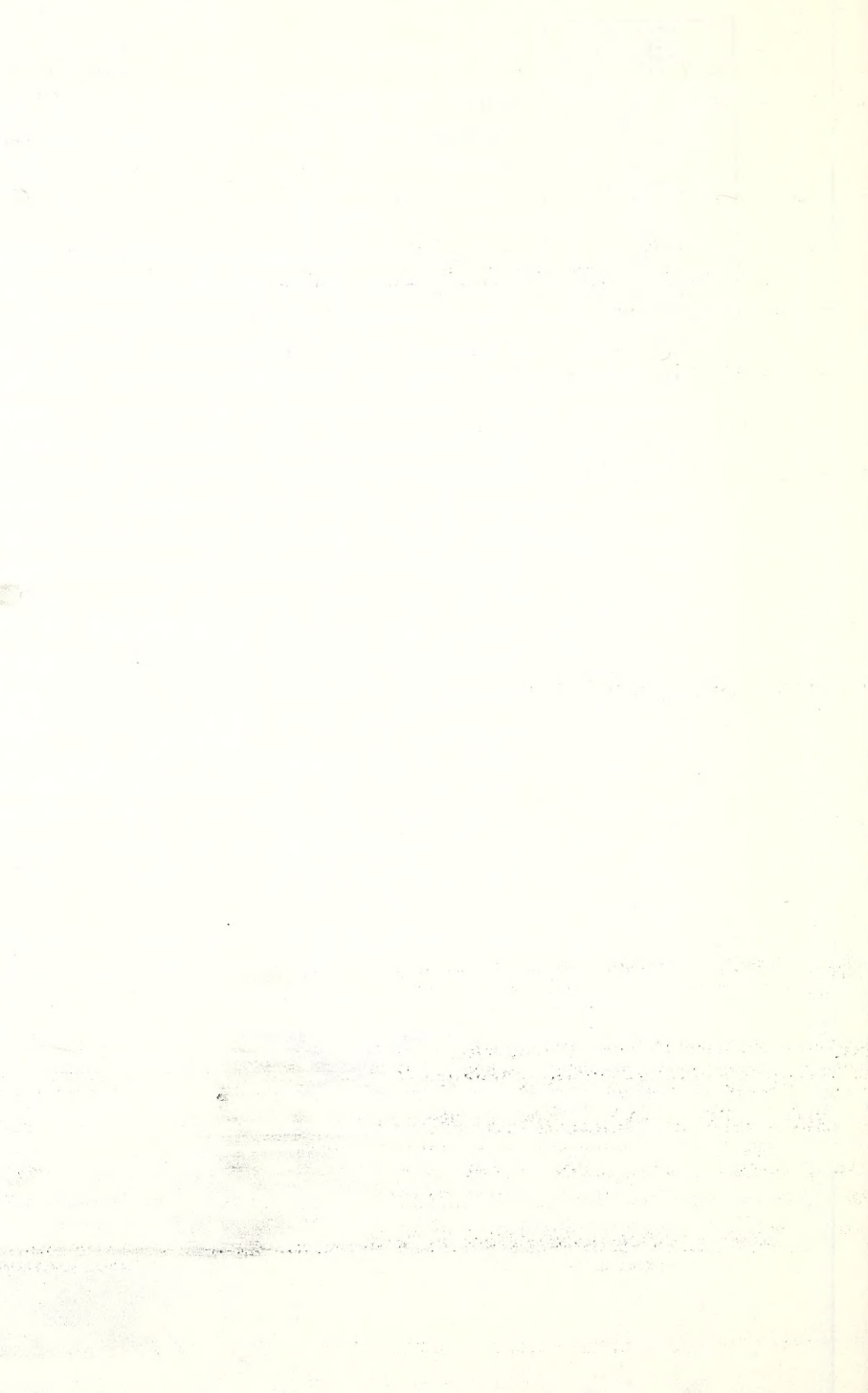
The shadow on the dial will not wait; the vacation ends, and autumn comes with its glory.

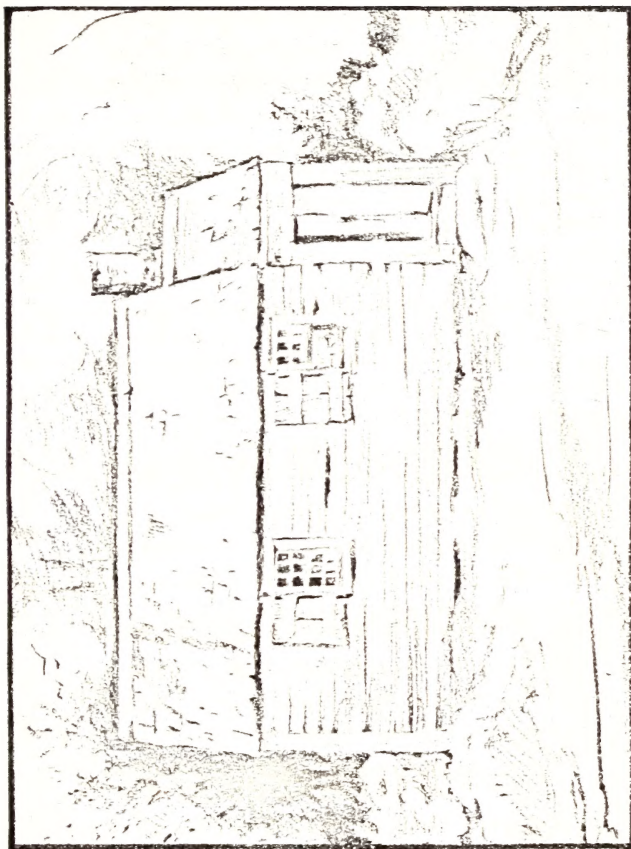
"Stains and splendid dyes  
That rival the tiger-moth's deep damasked  
wing."



*Russell Pond*







THE WHITTIER SCHOOL-HOUSE





# The Whittier School-House

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

No photograph of the Whittier school-house is known to have been taken, but the subjoined pencil sketch is believed to be a correct picture of the famous old house, which stood about half a mile from the poet's boyhood home. In his "Life and Letters of Whittier," Mr. S. T. Pickard says regarding the fate of the building, that it was sold, and while it was being removed, the carriage upon which it was being conveyed broke down and the building was left in the middle of the road, where it was burned by the boys. Whittier's beautiful tribute to the house and its memories has been credited by Matthew Arnold as "one of the perfect poems which must live." Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to its author: "Let me say to you unhesitatingly that you have written the most beautiful school-boy poem in the English language."—*Editor*.



TILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumacs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official:  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initials;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter's sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting,



It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled;  
His cap pulled low upon his face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

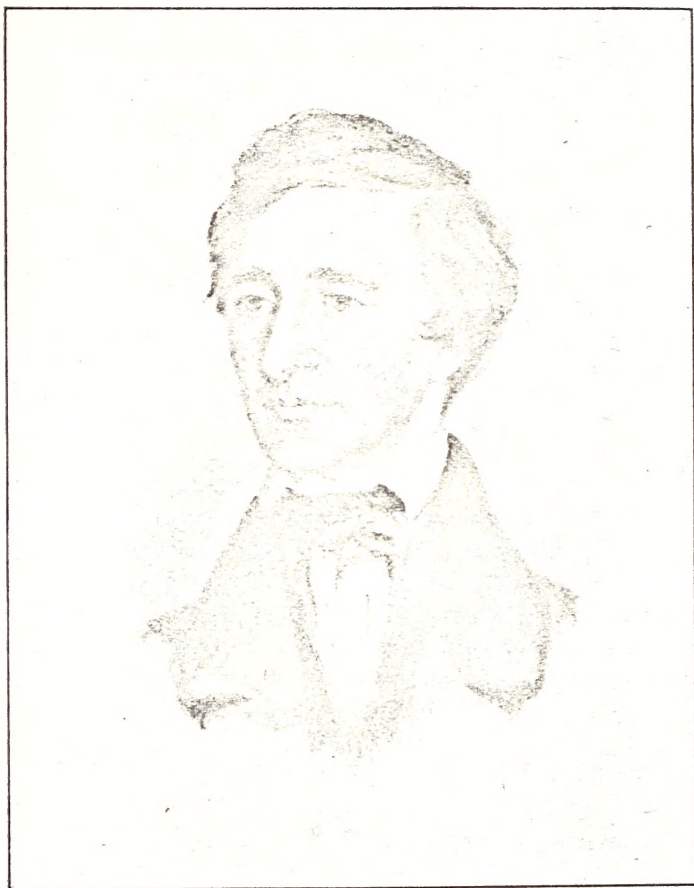
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing,  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.





HENRY D. THOREAU





# Granite State Magazine

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No. 6.

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## Thoreau in Old Dunstable

From Undine and Our Sylvan World

By DANIEL EDWARDS KENNEDY

(Copyright, 1906, by Daniel Edwards Kennedy)

In the first two chapters of Mr. Kennedy's book of nature sketches, we are given to understand that Undine is the personification of nature and a love of nature. So much of a note is necessary for an understanding of a few passages which otherwise would be obscure. A few other necessary notes have been added by the author.—*Editor.*

AND we rowed slowly on . . . looking for a solitary place in which to spend the night. . . . We camped at length near Penichook Brook, on the confines of what is now Nashville, by a deep ravine, under the skirts of a pine wood, where the dead pine leaves were our carpet, and their tawny boughs stretched overhead. But fire soon tamed the scene; the rocks consented to be our walls, and the pines our roof."

So Thoreau wrote, when, in 1839, he took his voyage on the Concord and Merrimack rivers; taking a long trip to Sylvan Worlds, in response to an appeal of Undine. And a peculiar charm is given to many of the walks and rides that Helayne and I take in our Sylvan World; the world once visited by the Concord naturalist.

One day while on the river bank,\* Helayne and I saw two French boys in a boat floating by the current. We did not think much of it at the time; in truth if they had

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\*The Merrimack.



been men, we probably would never have had our attention drawn to their antics. The fact that they were boys, at least, made us hopeful for their safety.

About sixty-five years ago, Thoreau went up and down the same river on which the boys floated by the current. Had it not been for the interest that he took in the banks of that river we would not have occasion to seek out the spot by the Pennichuck Brook, where, so long ago, he camped.

He sought a solitary place. He seems to have found it.

"... We wrapped our buffaloes about us and lay down with our heads pillowed on our arms, listening awhile to the distant baying of a dog, or the murmurs of the river, or to the wind, which had not gone to rest.

"Perhaps at midnight one was awakened by a cricket shrilly singing on his shoulder, or by a hunting spider in his eye, and was lulled asleep again by some streamlet purling its way along at the bottom of a wooded and rocky ravine in our neighborhood."

I do not think we are liable to forget that part about the spider, and, the one thing we could wish, would be, that he might tell us how he managed to persuade the spider to allow him to fall asleep again. Is it not probable that Thoreau allowed it to finish the hunt and learn that his eye was no place for flies or webs? A good many people have learned almost as much about Thoreau.

When Helayne and I were recently in Concord, I gazed long at that little stone with "Henry" on it. Through a little book in our library I had come to feel as if I had some bond of fellowship with that simple man, buried beneath so simple a stone in Sleepy Hollow. Only I wished he had a Helayne and a Thaddeus.\*

In Concord, when we had climbed the hill and found the Thoreau lot, I had expected to see some such enclosure

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\*Thaddeus is the little boy who makes an occasional appearance in the book.





as that of Hawthorne, or some boulder such as marks the resting-place of Emerson. I saw a granite head-stone so small that I believe I could carry it as easy as a loaded dress-suit case. On it was the simple Christian name; no date; no quotation. All that was left to be cut on the family stone, so that "Henry" was only one of the Thoreaus. Perhaps he wished it so, and perhaps the people have respected his wishes more than Bowdoin College has respected those of its famous romancer.\*

When we were back in our Sylvan World we thought that Thoreau did not need any monument or tombstone credentials. We found that we could not go about our land without linking his name to it.

It was not long after we had come to anciently called Dunstable that we happened to experience some of the same good fortune as Thoreau, when here. We bought a book; a book that has some of the sentiments of a first edition. It is a first edition; but the book only went through one, so that its place of interest is due more to another fact about it. Thoreau read it and had it in his small library; a small book called Fox's History of the Township of Old Dunstable. We are told by Channing, in his storehouse of Thoreau reminiscence, how he came to obtain it.

" . . . And, knocking, as usual, at the best house, he went in and asked a young lady who made her appearance whether she had the book in question. She had—it was produced. After consulting it, Thoreau in his sincere way inquired very modestly whether she 'would not sell it to him.' I think the plan surprised her, and have heard she smiled; but he produced his wallet, gave her the pistareen, and went his way rejoicing with the book which remained in his small library."

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\*From an extended study of Hawthorne's life and work, I have come to believe that he desired no monument. Bowdoin College unveiled a statue on the campus in the summer of 1904.



The fact that he bought Fox's book,—and buying a book meant a good deal to him, even though he only paid twenty cents for it,—that fact shows that Thoreau had a great interest in the place.

If you will read it over, or even look up the references to it among his collected works, you will easily see what the attraction was to Thoreau.

And he found much in our land, many times more than we can find at one glance. For he was one of those rare souls who profited most because he bowed at the shrine of Undine most often.

Thoreau lived in very many Sylvan Worlds and probably saw more than he ought profitable to tell to his neighbor men. Perhaps he was waiting and waiting for another man, as the fisherman waits for another fisherman before becoming loquacious.

Helayne and I rejoice because he did not leave us without singing a song of sad farewell. He must have been rowing when he composed:

Salmon Brook,  
Penichook,  
Ye sweet waters of my brain  
When shall I look,  
Or cast the hook,  
In your waves again?

---

## Magic

By HERBERT BASHFORD

The giant redwoods looming column-wise  
Show dark green boughs against day's azure skies;  
Night's stars flame out and lo, the branches hold  
A million glowing petals, white and gold!



# Thoreau and His Mother

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

**H**ENRY DUNBAR THOREAU (the middle name frequently written David) was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817, and became noted as an unique and interesting personality. His father was of French descent, a merchant first, and when he failed in trade he became a pencil-maker. Henry also learned pencil making as a boy, and became quite expert at the trade. He followed it only at rare intervals throughout his lifetime.

Thoreau's mother was a Miss Cynthia Dunbar, of Keene, New Hampshire, daughter of Rev. Asa Dunbar. From his maternal grandfather, who became a lawyer in later life, Thoreau inherited many traits of character, it is said. Mrs. Thoreau, his mother, was a handsome, high-spirited woman, a belle in her day, half a head taller than her husband, a *tremendous* talker and not totally disinclined, if tradition is correct, to help other people in conducting their business. If all the accounts be true, she was also fond of a neighborhood "scrap." From her Thoreau inherited a love for conversation and probably somewhat of his independence of character. His biographer says:

"Never in too much hurry for a dish of gossip, he could sit out the oldest frequenter of the barroom, and was alive from top to toe with curiosity."

The elder Thoreau, unlike his wife, is described as a "small, deaf, unobtrusive man, plainly clad, and minding his own business."

As a child Thoreau was stoical and grave. At six years of age he had acquired among his companions the title of "Judge." In 1837 he graduated from Harvard College. At first he thought somewhat of becoming a





teacher, but a brief experience in the Concord grammar school satisfied him for life. He complained that he had to dress for the occasion, and the regular hours, the cut-and-dried customs of the school room were too confining to his freedom loving nature,

He learned surveying and did a little farming. He used to work for Ralph Waldo Emerson in that philosopher's garden, and became an inmate of the Emerson household. History tells us that when Emerson and Thoreau worked at turning the soil of the kitchen garden, Bronson Alcott used to sit on the fence, while they all three discussed weighty transcendental problems. About that time the schools of transcendentalists were apostles of labor; that is, they believed every man should spend a portion of each day in hard work. So the dignified Emerson, the grave Thoreau and Bronson Alcott used to betake themselves to the woods and, like Gladstone, spend a few hours daily in chopping wood. Emerson was less rugged than his two companions, so he sometimes got in his appointed task by trimming fruit trees in his own garden.

All New Englanders, and particularly the natives of the Old Granite State, are interested in his published work, his first, I think, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," (1848). This volume is very original and strongly individualized, and clearly indicates that in many respects Thoreau was like an East Indian devotee in his disregard for the ordinary modes of civilization and his mystical devotion to Nature and her laws. Indeed, he was a close student and great admirer of Indian literature. He was in all respects an apostle of the "simple life."

It was in 1845 that he entered upon his Walden Pond experience, which was responsible as much as anything for first bringing him into prominence.

There have been many conjectures as to Thoreau's real object in going to Walden to live. From his own statement of the case we find that he had many good and sufficient reasons. He wished to discover for himself how



much or how little was really essential to man's existence, for one thing. He also tells us that he went there to "transact some private business." Some of this business, we strongly suspect, related to a more intimate study of nature and some of it, perhaps, was more than tangible, such as preparing his manuscripts for publication. He also desired to create something with his own hands. "All men want," he tells us, "not something to *do with*, but something to *do*, or rather something to *be*."

In first starting for Walden Pond he borrowed an axe—presumably from Emerson. Then he went to the shore of that body of water, a mile from any house, and on land belonging to Emerson felled "some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth" until he had enough timber to build a little cabin ten feet wide by fifteen long.

The total cost of this cabin, not including Thoreau's own labor, was twenty-eight dollars and ninepence.

Here our philosopher lived for two years. During the first year he did his cooking at an open fire outside his door or in his fireplace. The second year he allowed himself the luxury of a stove, but complained because it covered up his fire.

During the period of time that Thoreau lived at Walden his food was almost entirely free from meat. As he grew older he found his taste for meat growing less and less, and he finally practically dropped it out of his diet altogether. When some one asked Thoreau if he could live on a vegetable diet, he replied that he could *live on nails*. The idea which he meant to convey was that the mental attitude was the one essential thing.

During the first eight months of his existence at Walden his total expense for food was \$8.74. He lived principally on rice, molasses and bread, the latter made from rye and Indian meal and, at first, *baked on a shingle* before an open fire. This famous bread was also made without yeast, the philosopher having accidentally discovered that it was quite as palatable cooked in that way.





The "old and timid people" who visited Walden often spoke of the distance from the village from a *doctor*, and the danger of sudden sickness and accident. "You would suppose," says Thoreau, writing of these people, "that they would not go a-huckleberrying without a *medicine chest*." And he adds, "What danger is there if you don't think of any?"

It was while a resident of Walden Pond, and on one of his trips to the village, that this naturalist and philosopher was taken into custody by the town constable and committed to jail for refusing to pay some tax which he thought unjust. It was a matter of principle with him, and when his brother philosopher, Emerson, came to visit him at the jail that evening and asked, "Why are you in here, Henry?" he replied, "Why are you *outside*, Waldo?" The next morning the stoical man of the woods was released and returned to his beloved hermitage.

The writer dares to believe that every woman who reads this article will ask if Thoreau ever had a love affair. On this point his biographers are not very expansive. We know that he never married, but in his youth it was said that he and his brother John were both in love with the same girl. A few of Thoreau's earlier poems are slightly ardent in character, bespeaking the aroused sentiment in the breast of the composer, but all his later works were free from anything of the kind.

"What do we want to dwell near to?" he asks in one of his books. "Not to many men surely, the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points where men most do congregate, but to the PERENNIAL SOURCE OF OUR LIFE."

It has truly been said that THOREAU was an apostle of plain living and high thinking, and practised what he preached. His life was a protest against all forms of superfluous comfort, and an effort to reach harmony with nature, as the basis of true happiness.





THE THIRD DISAPPEARANCE.





# Early Discoverers of America

## I

### Three Famous Voyages

By WINSOR BROWNELL

In this and other articles to follow will be given accounts of some early voyages of discovery in America, previous to the coming of Columbus.—*Editor.*

Yonder waters are not spread  
A boundless waste, a bound impassable!  
                                . . . . There  
May manly courage, manly wisdom find  
Some happy isle, some undiscovered shore,  
Some resting-place for peace. Where yonder sun  
Speeds now to dawn in glory.

—*Southey.*

THE history of simple events, as seen through the kaleidoscope of other years, is invested with many colors. The tongue of to-day will be to a coming generation the voice of Tradition, and Tradition's own self is Romance; hence, we see the vivid touches of tints and shades. Perhaps the illustration is more evident than elsewhere in the accounts of early voyagers and discoverers, men who were looked upon as demi-gods, whose achievements were miracles.

All European countries of any importance, and of sufficient age, claim the distinction of having *first* discovered the western hemisphere; and yet the mooted question is unsettled—is likely to remain so. While it was left for Columbus to successfully lead the way to the New World, beyond doubt earlier explorers had reached its shores long in advance of him, and many daring discoverers had perished in their vain attempts to colonize the new-found realm.





A wide range of possibilities reaches beyond the ken of the mind's eye. With the evidence of a higher civilization than is existing even at present in our land, who can tell what may or may not have been in the dim past? Relics of varying stages of power and enlightenment speak with more eloquence than pen of contemporary tribes of men at different epochs peopling the land, one race building upon the ruins of another, memorials more enduring than scrolls of history. These came successively from the West until as we connect as best we may the links of the antiquarian's broken chain we are amazed to find that the colossal pillars of Egypt are duplicates of American monuments; the tongue of the Hebrew, the echo of a voice that once stirred its fastnesses; the achievements of China the repetition of anterior progress! Who can gainsay the truth of the perverted axiom that once "Eastward the star of empire took its way"? Geologically, ours is the older continent. Why not historically?

Among the old songs and legends of Wales, forming a short chapter so far back in the huge volume of the book of Time that its pages are musty and yellow, its characters dim and in places unreadable, even barring the strange language in which they are given, are those commemorating three famous voyages called "The Three Disappearances."

The first, so the weird story runs, was made by a Welsh chief named Merlin with a band of chosen followers, *in a ship of glass!*

Be the legend with any foundation for truth or not, it goes on to tell how the vessel sailed away in the wake of the westering sun, to return no more. Whether or not her hardy crew ever reached the land of the west is unknown. And this is called "The First Disappearance," beyond its quaint conception remarkable as being the earliest account given of a western voyage of exploration.

Later, or if you would confine us a little more closely to dates, in the fifth century, an old sea king, famous in his



day for his voyages of discovery, sailed westward in search of a fabled land, thought to exist somewhere in the realm of the setting sun. Gavran went forth into the trackless deep never to return, and the *Giverdonan Lion*—Green Islands—existed, as before, only in myth. This was "The Second Disappearance."

In the latter half of the twelfth century, the sons of Owen Guyneth, or Gwinnethe, were rivals for the crown of North Wales, the contention waxing bitter and fierce between the ambitious princes. Finally one of them, Madoc—Madawc, the old manuscript gives the spelling—tired of the strife and finding that he was losing favor among his followers, declared that he would no longer contend for so light a prize as the crown of his father, but that he would sail to the West and, in regions of greater wealth and power, establish him a kingdom.

He was laughed at in scorn, and many taunted him with cowardice; but unheeding these sneers the youthful prince, for he was little more than a boy, went on with his preparations for one of the wildest voyages ever undertaken by man. He found admirers with courage enough to do his bidding, and willing hands volunteered to aid him. Thus one fair day in mid-summer of the year 1170, with two crafts fitted out at his own expense, and manned with sturdy crews, he sailed out of the little Welsh port, steering due west.

What the thoughts of these gallant adventurers were as they saw the last vestige of their native land fade, perhaps forever, from their vision, we cannot tell. Madoc, every way fitted for the herculean task he had undertaken, cheered his followers with promises of great reward and pictured to them in glowing terms the wonderful land he believed they were to reach. The young prince spoke not in vain, and his eloquence had the desired effect of stimulating his men to hopeful work.

With no other chart than his vivid imagination and no compass save his good judgment, Madoc shaped his course





to the eye of the westering sun, sailing boldly on into the unknown seas, until one fair summer morn there burst upon his vision the fairer sight of the land he had longed to find. What a glorious scene it must have been to those tried adventurers we need not tell. Nor have we more than a meager account of how they landed and took possession of the country in the name of "King Madoc."

High beat the heart of the uncrowned monarch as he gazed upon the beautiful landscape stretching away beyond the bounds of any exploration he could make. It was not enough to enjoy this alone with his handful of followers. He would return to his native land to spread the story of his discovery. Accordingly, leaving behind a portion of his trusty companions to guard his possessions, he retraced his ocean journey to tell in glowing terms to wondering listeners his remarkable account of a country teeming with a wealth of forest, of fertile valleys and rivers larger than any they had ever seen; of green-clad hills and lofty mountains, whose crests were white with snow, even in midsummer.\*

We can imagine something of the wonder and admiration with which the countrymen of Prince—*King* now, if you please—Madoc heard his marvellous account; and when he showed the strange prizes—mementoes that he had brought from this new land, his listeners grew fairly wild. Enough were ready to accompany him on his second voyage. Ten ships were fitted out, and young Madoc felt himself more than a conqueror.

Gladly did they bid adieu to Wales and the friends they left behind, eager in their expectations of the future. The ship that bore the triumphant king led the little fleet.

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\*From this it would seem that Prince Madoc, on his first voyage, landed upon the coast of New England, for the snow-crowned heights described could have been none other than Mt. Washington and its companion peaks. This is, we believe, the first mention of the mountains in history.—*Author.*



We can imagine, somewhat, the joyous anticipation that must have buoyed up the spirits of Madoc.

Some of the wise ones left behind, however, shook their heads, declaring that it would prove "a wild bird chase." Of course little of this kind was uttered to the knowledge of Madoc, for there were those who were glad to get rid of him thus easily.

For a time the gallant crafts plowed their way boldly forward in defiance of the wintry blasts beginning to rule the seas. Then the adverse weather began to tell against their progress. The strong winds carried them to the northward, far from their course. Storms arose that tossed them like toys upon the foaming billows. The vessels were separated and the unfortunate fleet scattered by the winds of the angry deep.

By this time Madoc must have seen the mistake he had made in his anxiety to leave Wales so quickly. He had started too late in the season. Already driven to the north as he was, he found the cutting blasts of winter shrieking among the sails and shrouds of his ill-starred ship.

It is beyond mortal ken to tell his fate. We only know that of his brave little fleet not one returned to Wales; and we can only conjecture that some of them reached the New World. It may have been Madoc's own ship, for his was among the strongest; and it may have been a weaker and more fortunate one.

Be it as it will, the mystery was never solved—never will be, till the sea shall tell its secrets. And the bards and patriots of Wales were content to add to the two a "Third Disappearance," allowing the laurels of their navigators to rest thereon.

Driven into the countless dangers of the northern sea, where the polar bears and the seals held their lonely vigils, shrouded in the storms of that frigid clime, hopeless indeed must have been the hearts of those daring adventurers. But no pen has recounted their sufferings, for no tongue



has told their fate.

There is evidence that a part at least of the followers of Madoc reached the western continent, not the shores of New England, but farther south—perhaps Florida—it may have been at the mouth of the Mississippi.

What their history might have been is unknown. Copies of the Welsh Bible in manuscript have been found among different tribes of the red men. Morgan, a Welsh preacher, five hundred years after Prince Madoc's disappearance, coming to America, was captured by the Indians of North Carolina to find that some of them spoke his own language, which fact saved his life.

Indians have been found living in the Mississippi valley who had light hair and blue eyes and spoke the Welsh tongue. Along the upper courses of the same great river dwelt a tribe of white Indians, with fair hair and light eyes, who conversed in broken Welsh.

They had a copy in manuscript of the Welsh Bible, kept as a mysterious treasure rolled up in the skin of animals. Of course they could not read it, or even imagine what it was.

Twenty years later an exploring party discovered a similar race in the region of the Red River of the North. They, too, spoke the Welsh language and had a Welsh Bible, which they kept with great care and superstition.

How they came by this knowledge of a language so foreign to the surrounding tribes we will not ask, but it would certainly appear from their looks and speech that they were descended from the followers of Madoc.

From the account of one\* who passed several years among the Indians of the west, and who was certainly qualified to speak, we quote: "I am inclined to believe that the ten ships of Madoc, or a part of them at least, entered the Mississippi river at Balize, and made their way up the

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\*Catlin. See his "North American Indians", Vol. II., Appendix A, with chart.





Mississippi, or that they landed somewhere on the Florida coast and that their brave and persevering colonists made their way through the interior to a position on the Ohio river, where they cultivated their fields and established in one of the countries on earth a flourishing colony; but were at length set upon by the savages, whom perhaps they provoked to warfare, being trespassers on their hunting grounds, and by whom in overpowering hordes they were besieged until it was necessary to erect fortifications for their defense, into which they were at last driven by a confederacy of tribes, and there held till their ammunition and provisions gave out, and they in the end have all perished, except perhaps that portion of them who might have formed alliance by marriage with the Indians, and their offspring, who would have been half-breeds, and of course attached to the Indians' side; whose lives have been spared in the general massacre, and at length, being despised as all half-breeds of enemies are, have gathered themselves into a band and, severing from their parent tribe, have moved off, increasing in number and strength as they advanced up the Missouri river to the place where they have been known for many years past by the name of the *Mandans*,\* a corruption or abbreviation of *Madawguys*, the name applied by the Welsh to the followers of Madawc"—Madoc.†

In the lake region of our state the Pequawket Indians have left remains of mounds or burial grounds, and even of fortifications which forcibly remind the archæologist of those in the Ohio valleys, while they indicate that the

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\*A tribe living upon the upper Missouri until 1837, when they were reduced in number to one hundred and forty-five by the ravages of small-pox, the remainder of the tribe assimilating with the Pawnees. They had marked traces of civilization, and their fortifications alone of all the red men bore evidence of those in the valleys of the Ohio and Muskingum, to which a line of their works could be easily followed.—*Author*.

†Mandan is a Welsh word meaning red dye. As these Indians were experts in its preparation and use, we see at once the aptness of the term, and its more reasonable origin.—*Author*.



handful of followers left by Madoc in New England united themselves to this tribe. Granting this, we have allowed into the series of circumstantial evidence a forcible argument favoring the theory of the Welsh origin of the Mound Builders

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## In My Acadia

By FRANK MONROE BEVERLY

In My Acadia, long ago—  
'T is nought but mem'ry now—  
Where roses bloomed and jay-birds sang  
On ev'ry swaying bough,  
I lived, but memory  
Is all of Acadia,

In my Acadia, long ago,  
Where ranged the flocks content,  
And grazing herds with jangling bells,  
About the hillocks went,  
I lived, but do avow  
'T is nought but mem'ry now.

In my Acadia, long ago,  
Where fields of yellow grain  
Waved gracefully on ev'ry hand,  
Did peace and plenty reign—  
Again in memory  
I live in Acadia.

In my Acadia, long ago,  
Were orchards fair to see,  
And lovers walked beneath the trees,  
And whispered vows. Ah, me.  
Acadia is no more:  
O sweetest days of yore.

In my Acadia, long ago,  
I had a lover fair,  
With rosy cheeks and soft brown eyes,  
And glossy, flaxen hair,  
In summer's golden glow,  
But that was long ago.





# The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have  
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

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## CHAPTER XXII

### FATHER AND SON

One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off, divine event  
To which the whole creation moves.

—*Tennyson.*

**F**REELAND NEWBEGIN was brought to a consciousness of his situation by the voice of Captain Eb, saying in his nasal, drawling tone:

"Th' deacon and me both think yaour bid is too high, Mister. What d' yaou say to callin' it twenty per cent? 'Pears that 's erbout all th' taown can stan'."

The town claimant was in no mood to banter with the frightened representative of the community, who missed now the cool head of its leader, who was unable to be at his post of duty. So the long fight was virtually settled there by his silence, and when the chairman of the selectmen, with an air of victory about him, and yet broken and hesitating in his speech, announced to the crowd assembled in the hall that the board did not advise paying over twenty per cent of the town's valuation, a motion was made and carried that it be adopted.



Freeland Newbegin, who had not entered the hall, descended the stairs and was standing near the door, when he was joined by his old-time friend, who exclaimed:

"Hark! it has been decided, and you have won, old fellow! I wish to congratulate you, and at the same time to give notice that I have stepped out of it, as I should have done at the outset."

"Tut—tut, my good—" began the town claimant, but he was interrupted in the midst of his speech by the appearance of Life Story, who took him by the arm, saying:

"The squire must see you at once, sir. Come with me."

"In a moment, Uncle Life. First I have a little duty to discharge upstairs."

As he started to ascend to the upper story he was stopped by the man with the jackknife, who had flung that useful tool over the stone wall, kicked aside his nail keg, and now clasped the hand of the victor, crying in a fervent tone:

"Sir, I wish to thank you for the fight you have gained for me. I am the true Justin Bidwell, and all this money you have won belongs to me. I spurn the squire's bounty hereafter. 'Richard is himself again.'"

Pushing the other almost rudely aside in his excitement, Freeland Newbegin sprang up the stairs three at a stride, until he had reached the top and broken into the hall with its surging, noisy crowd. At sight of him a jeer was uttered by those nearest, which others quickly caught up. Heedless of these cries, as well as of the fact that another—a woman—had followed him up the stairs, and was even then entering the hall, he shouted in a voice that silenced the outburst of rage:

"Mr. Moderator, you are fools to vote away your money for such a flimsy pretence. I denounce the whole affair a farce and wash my hands of it all. It was only a hoax to show what fools men can—"

The woman had now reached his side, but she did not



seem to see him or to realize aught around her, as she cried in a clear, penetrating voice which hushed every sound:

"I have found it—the paper which Squire Newbegin says is proof that father paid the note. His good name is vindicated. I—"

The paper which she had waved over her head now fell from her nerveless grasp, while she, overcome by the fearful ordeal, suddenly began to tremble and fall backward. Standing near by Freeland Newbegin caught her in his arms, where he held her from sinking to the floor. Oblivious of the excited spectators he said in a low, earnest tone:

"It is over, Mary. Look up; your father's name is clear. I was trying to make amends for my folly, but I am glad you have found the paper to prove his honesty."

"I am so glad," she whispered in a husky voice, rallying at the sound of his words. I found it tucked away among other papers that have not been disturbed for years. The squire—your father—says it is a receipt for the money paid, given in place of the note which could not be found. You will press your claim further, Free?"

"No, Mary; only my suit against you. Come—"

"Sir, the squire is calling for you, and you must come. A dying man's wish should be above such leetle matters as these."

"Is he so very ill, then? asked the other in anxious tone.

"The doctor says he can't live, but he will; what is is, an' it can't be argified. He took a sudden cold last night, being out in the rain, and his symptoms were bad this mornin', but he has a strong constitution that will pull him through. It'll do him good to see you."

"I am ready and anxious to meet him. You come, too, Mary. Lead the way, Uncle Life."

They were met at the door by Natalie Newbegin, who said as she ushered them into the house:





"I am so glad you have come, Mr. Bidwell. Father has been continually calling for you. I do not understand it. Please come this way."

Like one in a dream, the returned prodigal allowed himself to be led into the room where the sick man lay, so greatly changed from his last appearance that he involuntarily shrank back. This was the signal for a beautiful woman in middle life, whom he quickly knew must be Mrs. Newbegin, to step forward and, taking him by the hand, lead him forward, saying:

"He has come, Aaron. Do not let him excite you."

"Bolster up my head, Martha; I want to talk. Oh, do not be alarmed; it will do me good to free my mind. Young man, what I have to say is between ourselves, so take a seat close by me. You need not leave, Mary; nor you, Natalie; nor you, Life. All of you stay. I want you all to hear what I have to say. First, Mr. Bidwell, I want to inquire if your claim has been settled."

"It has, sir."

"How much has the town voted to pay you?"

"Twenty per cent, which I have repudiated. Besides, Mary has found the receipt."

"I knew as much. It might have gone differently if I had been on my feet. But that does not matter. I could see how it was going unless the wheels were trigged. Your audacity has carried you through, and I must say that I admire it. You put me in mind of a boy I knew once, and he came rightfully by his self-confidence. Two of this nature cannot agree unless they fully understand each other. Unfortunately neither the father nor the son in this instance knew himself, to say nothing of understanding the other. The younger one was inclined to waywardness, and the older, forgetting that he had walked in the same path in his earlier days, undertook to check his wild career by commands rather than by object lessons. The result might have been foreseen. They quarreled. No doubt both were to blame, but the heavier sin must rest



with the older one, for the reason that he had the advantage of experience to show him the way. So they parted, each going his way cursing the other, and vowing in his heart he would never first yield. Years rolled on and they never met.

"I am not going to describe to you the father's pain, or his humiliation when he came to realize the mistaken step he had taken. A man cannot show his heart-aches to the world as a woman can, so he suffered in silence and without the credit of having a heart. The mother's anguish I shall spare you, as something you cannot comprehend. She was never her old self from the day he left. In the course of a year intelligence came that he had been killed by falling from a building in a distant town. She met this account with greater fortitude than she had previously displayed, saying in saddened joy: 'Oh, I am so glad, for now I shall soon be with him.'

"The father went to investigate the matter, and soon satisfied himself that the report was an error. But she would not believe, or have it so. The body was beyond power of human recognition, and so he, to soften her anguish as much as possible, allowed it to appear as she wished. The mangled form was given burial in their private grounds, and a lasting memorial raised to mark the spot. Soon, too soon, she found her rest beside him. Left alone, how much he would have given to have had the lost boy restored, I need not undertake to tell you. There is no gauge by which to measure the grief of the heart."

So earnest and sincere were the words of the speaker that each one around his couch was held with rapt attention, so much so that the increasing agitation of him whom we have known as Justin Bidwell, until he dropped upon his knees and, seizing the hand of the other, cried aloud:

"Father, forgive me. It was I who erred. It was my fault and not yours that this sorrow was brought upon mother. Time and again has her sweet face appeared before me, and she forgave long since. I feel now that





you will."

"I do, my boy!" and the reunited father and son lay for a long time in each other's arms, while tears flowed from eyes that had not been seen to weep for years. The companion of the younger, now known as Thomas Forecastle, as if the scene was too sacred for others to witness, withdrew. She whom we are glad to call by that sweet name of Natalie followed him and, laying her hand lightly on his bowed head, said softly:

"We have all so much to be thankful for. I have heard of your happiness, and wish to give you my congratulations. I trust your father will recover."

"You are very kind. We think he will. He has resognized me and the doctor says that will be better than any medicine. I never dreamed that Reuben was your brother."

"If by Reuben you mean Mr. Bidwell, I must confess I was as much in the dark as the rest of you. But I am glad it is so."

"So am I," he said, fervently, taking one of her hands in his "

"I am so happy," she murmured.

"I lack only one thing now to fill my cup to overflowing," he replied in the same low tone.

"And that?" she asked innocently; then quickly catching his meaning she averted her telltale eyes, though she allowed her hand to remain confidingly in his.

"I loved you from the first," he went on, gaining courage with each word, "and I was afraid our despicable fight against the town might prejudice you against me."

"Father said that would never amount to anything. Has it?" showing by her words that she was in ignorance of the result of the town meeting.

"It will make no difference as far as I am concerned," he replied. "But to think that my friend is your brother—the squire's son!"

"It is not clear to me," she said. "But we must not



forget father," and, her hand still held in his, they rejoined the little circle about the couch of the squire.

"I was too stubborn to acknowledge myself when we met," the prodigal was saying, "until you should make the first move toward receiving me. In fact, I had come back with the purpose of bringing disaster upon those whom I had tried to convince myself had wronged me."

"I knew you from the first, but waited for you to speak," declared the father. "Where are you, Natalie, that you have no greeting for your new-found brother? And, wife, this is our son, the future squire. Have you a mother's love for him?"

"He shall find me a true mother," she replied, kissing him. "It seems so strange and sudden, when we all supposed you dead. Aaron did not hint to me that you had returned."

"I was waiting to see how it would turn," he said. "Come, Natalie, cannot you realize the good news?"

Her eyes brimming with tears, she took his hand and, as he clasped her in his arms, she murmured her joy.

"I already feel better," remarked the squire. "I wish to say, Freeland, that you carried your case with a vim worthy of a better cause. You may not know that the real Justin Bidwell given in that note, and whose name you took so recklessly, is, and has been for years, living with me. It was he who lost the trunk, while on his way hither, from a fit of mental aberration. His little boy dying soon after, he came here to live. He is a ne'er-to-do-well, not being quite right in his mind. I never told any one his real name. You will live with me, I hope, for I have enough for both."

"I dare say it will be best. I am tired of my wanderings, and wish to settle down."

"I am glad of it. You shall take the lead here and that will give me a needed rest. The town needs younger blood."

"Where is Mary, wife? A more true-hearted girl never





lived. She was here a little while since."

"She went into the sitting room, when—but I will call her."

"If you please, I will find her," said the young squire.

Then the returned prodigal, with such emotions as he had never felt in all his wanderings, swiftly sought her whom he had longed to meet, and yet feared to seek, since coming to town. Let us draw the veil over the reunion, with full faith in woman's forgiveness and the truth that those who have suffered are able to love the most sincerely.

Meanwhile Uncle Life, who had been a happy witness to the foregoing scenes, had begun to move uneasily saying at last:

"There's a big crowd at th' door, an' folk seem to want to know th' good news. I'll be back soon, squire," and with these words he passed from the room. As he opened the outer door he was greeted by a storm of questions from the anxious group without. His honest countenance lighted with genuine pleasure at the thought of the glad announcement he had to make. In that mellow voice of his, which fell like oil on troubled waters, he said:

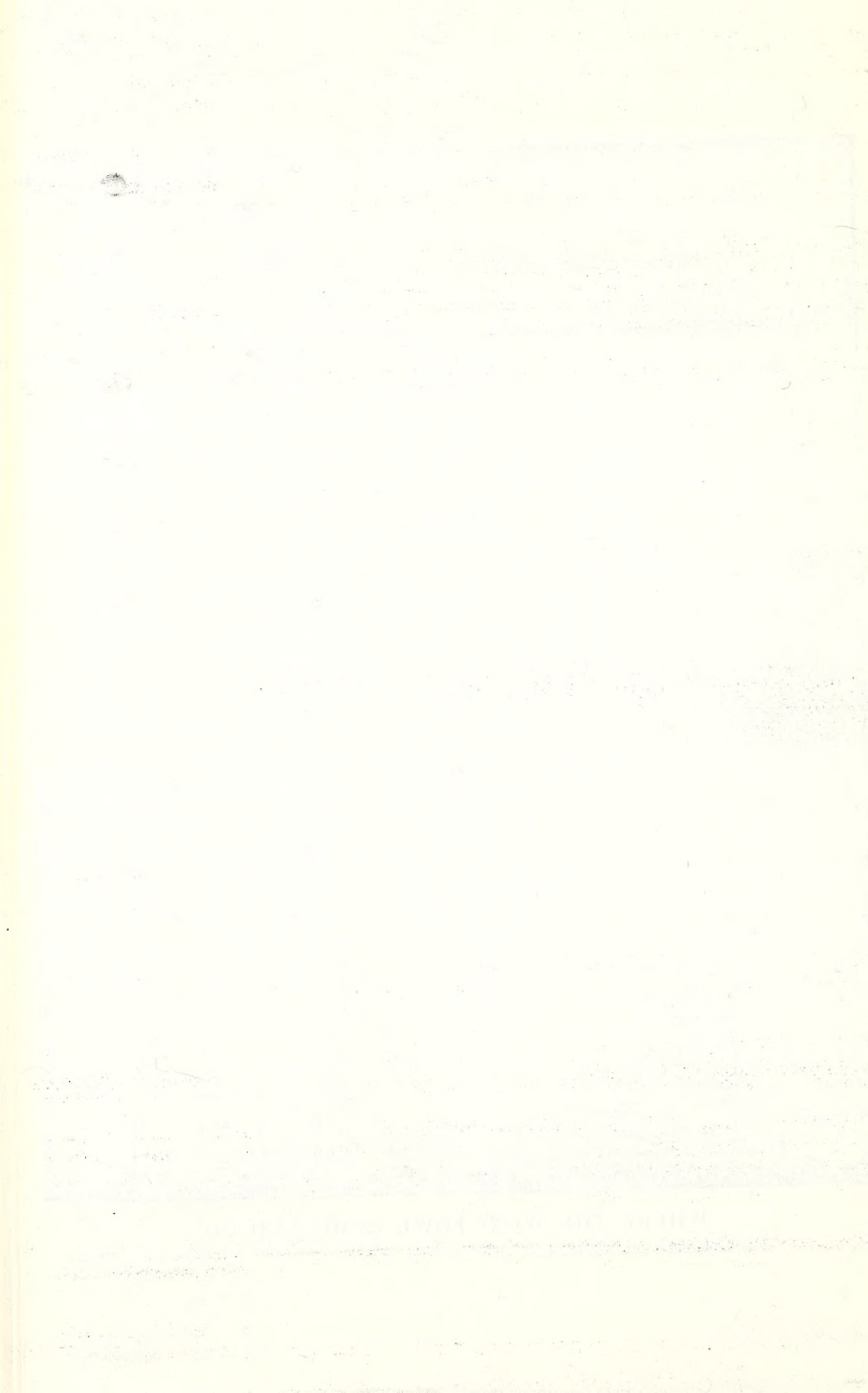
"I have glorious news for you all. If you would believe it, gentlemen, the squire has found his son. You'll be s'prised to know it is he who was the town claimant. If the squire an' I knowed it from th' fust, we thought best not to say it untill he was ready to speak. This saves th' town, and you can go home thankin' your stars there are two squires instead of one. Hear that leetle squirrel chitter in th' maple! He knows our joy. He'll sing louder when th' wedding bells ring out for the double wedding; ay, twice a double hitch, for Job and Bim have concluded to sort of even up matters by him taking Sarah, and Bim takin' Belindy. Fair exchange is no robbery, an' it would have been th' properest thing for 'em to have done at the fust. Then there is th' new Squire Newbegin, who is bound to marry, by-and-by, his ol' flame, an' that other youngster will hitch up with Nat. Anyway Sunset is







WHERE THE WILD FOWL COME AND GO



bound to kite! I'm goin' to draw a new plan for a big town house this evenin', to set right here where th' squire's store stands. What is it an' it can't be argified. Th' way things have come round reminds me of a leetle experience I had—"

The cheering of the onlookers drowned the voice of the sage, and his story cannot be recorded in this veracious tale of "THE SHADOWS MEN FOLLOW."

THE END.

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## Come Home

By ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD

"Come home! come home!" A thousand voices,  
Seem calling to me, night and day.  
Beyond the desert, far beyond the mountains,  
Methinks I hear them say,  
"Come home! come home!"

"Come home! come home!" the rooftree seems to whisper,  
The rose that clambers o'er the garden wall,  
The brook that hurries through the upland pasture,  
All nature seems to call,  
"Come home! come home!"

"Come home! come home!"  
As fair as dreams of Eden's gardens be,  
But vain the lure of all their wondrous beauty,  
When gray hills call to me,  
"Come home! come home!"





# Parthenia E. Hurd-Allen

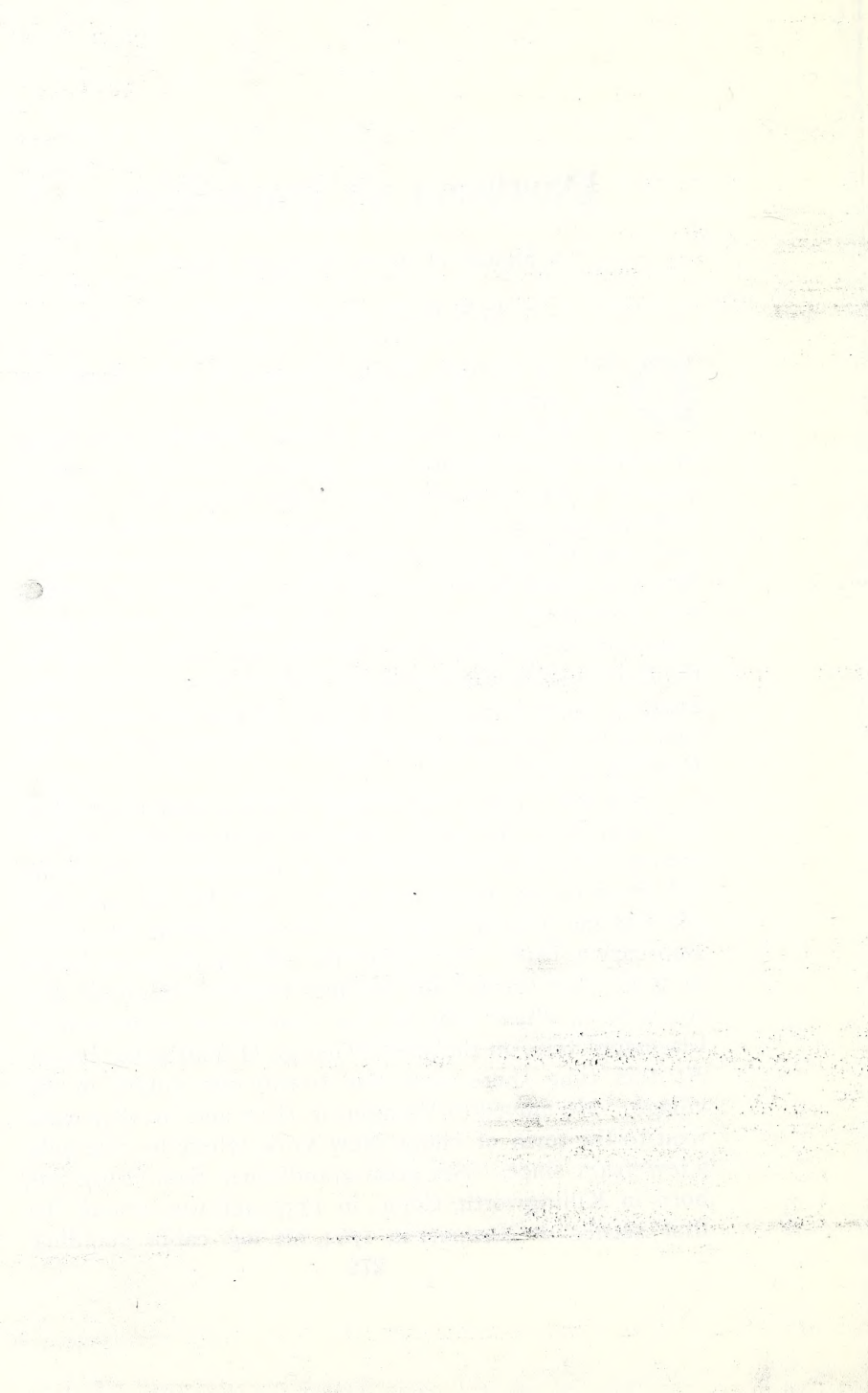
A Sketch of Some Newport Families

By R. W. ALLEN, Detroit, Mich.

**D**IED in Detroit, Mich., January 1, 1907, Parthenia E., widow of Mark W. Allen.

Who was this Mrs. Allen? How few now living in Newport could answer that question, yet with the early history of this town she was closely connected. "While quite young she joined the Congregational church in Newport, and to the end held fast to her religious convictions." She is survived by her two children. She was one of the few citizens of Newport, who had seen this village grow from a cluster of log huts, "for she was born in one," in the forest on the old Claremont road, to this modern, busy, buzzing, up-to-date, New England village; although more than ninety years of age, she was a constant reader of the Newport papers.

She was a direct descendant of a Revolutionay officer who went from Newport. She was the first child of Parmenas and Sophia (Dean) Hurd, of this town; born in the old Hurd house, which has been known for the past fifty years as the Endicott Farm, in the west part of the town, February 3, 1816. Her father was born in the same house in 1790. He learned the harness trade of Phinneus Wilcox in 1803, whose shop at that time stood at the foot of Claremont Hill, on the site of George H. Fairbanks' house. At this time there were but twenty-one voters in the village. He moved to Vermont in 1832, and in 1837 went west to the town of Hally, New York, where he died only a few years since. Her great-grandfather, Sam Hurd, was born in Killingworth, Conn., in 1737, and was among the first settler of Newport in 1764, his log cabin standing



near where the A. Peasbrick house stood twenty years ago, on the Unity road, which was his home from 1765 to 1780, when he erected the first frame house south of the bridge on the Goshen road, known for a long time as the Leonard Richard's house. He lived here until his death in 1810. His remains are buried in the old Pine Street cemetery. He held every office for the town within the gift of the people. He was selectman, a representative, a member of congress that met at Plainfield about 1775 and was one of the most prominent men among the early settlers. His name should always be linked with the early settlers of this town. He served in the Revolutionary War, was at Saratoga and Bennington and was mustered out a captain of Continental troops at the close of the struggle. His descendants are many, but few of them reside in Newport.

The hallowed shadows of the misty past falls over the Allen and Hurd families, who assembled at her burial. She was the nonagenarian of her tribe. She came from Newport's oldest and most respectable families, and from hearsay knew much of its earliest history. She often told stories of her early life and what her father, Parmenas Hurd, saw and knew of the frontier days in Newport.

Sixty years ago she was the presiding genius of a well-ordered household. Her heart was full of sympathy, as her hands were full of work, and she ministered to the needs of the less prosperous neighbors, those whom poverty vicissitudes and sickness had overtaken, giving not only sympathy, but bread and garments and help. In this old representative family of Newport, we can find the true element of happiness and prosperity; industry and economy on the farm, and assiduity and frugality in the household. A well-spread board, cheerful hearthstone, the large, old-fashioned blazing fire—surrounded by happy faces and loving hearts enjoying the games and frolics of childhood and of youth. Here was the fountain-head of that love for the old home that wells up in all hearts, and is with us in all the sterile ways through which we may pass to the last





days' journey of this world's life. She was the eldest of six children that blessed the union of Parmenas Hurd and Sophia (Dean) Hurd, who were married the first day of January, 1815, at the residence of Abijah Wines, in Newport known as the "Aiken Farm." All but one of the children were born on the old Hurd Farm. Parmenas Hurd's children were: Parthenia E., the subject of this sketch, born February 3, 1816; Luther D., born August 13, 1819; Lucia D., born April 19, 1821; Ann Sophia, born April 3, 1823; Samuel Henry, born in Newport, July 31, 1828; Abijah Milton, born in Guilford, Vt., January 8, 1838.

Mrs. Allen was probably the oldest member of the Congregational church in Newport who ever attended divine services in the old meeting house, erected in 1792, on the knoll, a few rods south of the foot of Claremont Hill. When a child, she attended meetings, coming nearly three miles from the old Hurd Farm. She was a life director in the American Tract Society. Her grandmother was one of the first to join the One Cent Society of Connecticut. For the missionary cause they pledged themselves to pay one cent per month. This society came into existence about 1800. Her father, Parmenas Hurd, was a grandson of Capt. Samuel Hurd, of Revolutionary fame; her mother, Sophia Dean, was the only daughter of Major David Dean, an old-time tavern keeper, on the old Claremont road, near the Claremont line. In 1825 her father moved to Elizabethtown, New York, and resided there until 1830, when he moved to Proctorsville, Vt. He worked at his trade, had plenty to do and good pay, as he was the only one who could do the fine stitched and upholstered saddles in that part of the country. This was the time when traveling was mostly done on horseback. There were many of these fine goods sought for and they brought a good price. He and Mr. Proctor were partners. She taught school at Proctorsville, Vt., and Senator Proctor was one of her pupils, a youngster in kilts. Mr. P was





father of the town, and he had the selling of the goods. Many of them went to Canada, and rumor had it that they paid very little duty. They made much money for those times. Parmenas Hurd's family at this time consisted, besides his wife, of Parthenia E., subject of this sketch, and two other of the children that were old enough to help about the business. The eldest daughter often told with pride what fine stitching she could do with bright colored silks on the fine saddles. She could make one dollar a day, which was great pay for those times. In 1837 the western fever caught him, as three of his wife's brothers, Calvin, Edward and Abijah Dean, of Claremont, had gone to Holly, N. Y., and sent back glowing accounts of the wheat that could be raised in the great Genesee Valley of that country. The subject of this sketch came back to Newport and taught school in the Perry district. The school was not far from where she was born. This was when she was but sixteen years old. The next year she took a position with Mr. Nailor Starbord, the bon ton tailor of the town.

She married Mark W. Allen at her father's home in Cabotsville, Vt., December 8, 1836. She came of distinguished ancestry and was eligible to membership in the Society of Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution. She came from an illustrious line of fighters for their country. Col. Elnathan Hurd (her grandfather third removed), of the English army under King George, fought in the French and Indian Wars, for Connecticut, about 1730. Later his two sons, Samuel and Nathan, espoused the Colonial cause and fought against the English. Samuel held a commission as captain in a company of minute men, who left Newport for Ticonderoga in 1775. He was one of the first bunch of young men who came here in 1764. Tradition says he and the Indian scouts and trappers, Eastman and Flanders, were old friends, and that Sam Hurd was the cause of the scout, Eastman, going up the Shugar River Valley trapping, the winter of 1760. It was



really to spy out a new country as good as the Connecticut Valley, as they had often heard of the rich and fertile valley to the east of the great river of Connecticut; as they had often been up to No. 4. A murder was committed on the very threshold of this new town (Newport) about the year 1775, in the lonely, dark forest, before any but French soldiers and their allied friends, the Indians, had wandered up and down this fair valley, when it was under the rule of a king, on the farm of Reuben Haven, near a babbling brook.

The next tragedy in this village was at the raising of the first Congregational meeting-house on the knoll south of the Claremont road. This was in 1771. This spot was long afterwards called the bloody hill, by the first settlers. The stains of the blood that was spilled upon the great timbers of this first meeting-house, it is said, can be seen to-day on a farmer's barn, a mute record of the terrible tragedy, where they are used to keep the roof in place.

The Rev. Mr. Seames and his son were invited guests at Capt. Sam Hurd's, to attend the raising of the church. They came the day before, from New London. They were old friends and neighbors. The terrible tragedy came like lightning from a clear sky, and the youth breathed his last in Capt. Sam Hurd's house. This was in 1793.

The next tragedy was the death of the eldest daughter of Capt. Sam Hurd, a bright girl, ten years of age, by the fall of a tree, near where the old South church now stands. This was in 1771. She was on her way to visit Sam Hurd's family.

May 7, 1801, a daughter of Jess Lane fell into the river and was drowned, while crossing a foot-bridge which was being constructed from two large elms, fallen from opposite sides of the river. Being close together and the upper part being scaled off, they were used for many years for a foot-bridge, going and coming from the home on the Unity road to Mr. Lane's new house on the Goshen road. About five rods south was the ford where the teams





crossed. Many people crossed from one road to the other by this path. It was kept open until the death of Capt. Sam Hurd, in 1810.

The town of Newport was started on paper about 1760, in the little sea-girt towns of Saybrook and Killingsworth, Conn. Capt. Sam Hurd and a few of his neighbors a few years later succeeded in carrying out the project in 1766. The subject of this sketch recalled many of the interesting stories which came down from her grandfather, Capt. Sam Hurd. Her father, Parmenas Hurd, left many valuable documents of early Newport, which may be published later. She was the last of this Hurd family that was born in Newport. With absolutely no use for doctors, able and spry at ninety years of age, she always enjoyed the best of health, and spent during her lifetime a total of five dollars in doctors' bills.

Her grandfather's farm, the old Hurd homestead, was an open door to the poor. Many a poor child found an asylum here, and was taken in, cared for and received Christian teachings and examples. It was on this old farmstead that a young orphan homeless and friendless, found a good home and warm hearts by this old fireside to cheer him on. He died of old age a few years since, one of Boston's millionaire merchants.

Two bright young men (not bearing the name of Hurd) left this old fireside about 1820, where they had been brought up from childhood, and had found a good home, and they were tutored along the lines of that old Puritanical religion which made men think more of eternity than of gold. They had the regular winter's schooling when they went out into the world. They were reckoned among the foremost business men of New England. They passed over the great river only a few years since.

There was another who always remembered this old Hurd farmstead with a quick beating heart. His father was gone and the hand of death was upon his idolized mother. This youth, homeless and penniless, with no



relations, had just parted with his last money to purchase a few flowers to place upon his mother's rude coffin, when he was cast out upon the cold world. Late one night, tired and without money, after a long walk, he reached the door of the old Hurd home, and was welcomed. Although not bearing their name, he attended school, improved his opportunity, became rich and was a respected citizen of the great southwest, and filled many offices of trust, and he believed in the hereafter.

These facts came from the subject of this sketch, as she was born in this, her grandfather's home, in 1816.

Adam Hurd, born in England in 1639, came to Stratford, Conn., when a small boy. He left a younger brother at home in England, named Elnathan, who never came to this country. That is why the name of Elnathan comes down to us as the family traditions of the English follow down the line.

Adam Hurd married Hannah — in Woodbury, Conn., where he lived and died. They had six children. The third son, born November 9, 1668, they named Ebenezer. He married Sarah Lane and lived in Saybrook, Conn. And Robert Lane, who was one of the first settlers of Newport, N. H., the original plat of the village. The number of his lot was 50. He was also the brother of the wife of Justus Hurd, who was Sarah, daughter of Robert Lane, Sr., of Killingworth, Conn., and Justus Hurd was a cousin of Capt. Sam Hurd, of Revolutionary fame. Some of Justus Hurd's descendants resided in Croydon, N. H., about 1840. When Capt. Sam Hurd started for the wilderness, what now constitutes the village of Newport, in 1760, several years before the village was incorporated, Justus Hurd, his cousin, was with him, and also the famous scout and Indian fighter, Eastman, came along. They dodged Indians and French soldiers. This story of their hunting and spying out the Shugar River Valley that time reads like a border romance; it was full of thrilling episodes. Eastman and Flanders were familiar with the trails as they





passed through this country during the French and Indian Wars. They had no trouble in finding the two famous springs, the one at the foot of Claremont Hill, where they camped, then afterwards found the famous Indian Medical Spring. Many years ago Harmon Richardson owned the farm and this celebrated spring in the valley between Northville and Kelleyville, not far from the river. There was once a heavy wall of stone about it.

When hunting, they always followed, from the Connecticut River, the west branch of the Shugar River, and toted their canoes around the rapids, where Claremont now is, and followed on up the stream, which at that time was much deeper and swifter than now. At that time an Indian trail followed the river west to No. 4, on the Connecticut River. It was years after, when they settled at the foot of Claremont Hill, that they came over the Unity Hills and up the south branch of the Shugar River. After the incorporation of the town, in 1765, Capt. Sam Hurd and his cousin, Justus Hurd, came up the Connecticut River together. Captain Sam pushed on to what was afterwards Newport, N. H., while Justus settled in the new town of Gilsum, near Keene. All the general stock of Hurds in and about Killingworth and Say-Brook, Conn., came from Adam Hurd, and all the Hurds in Newport came from this general stock.

Eastman and Flanders were two daring Indian fighters and scouts for the New Hampshire Rangers. Eastman was a relative of the Hurds in Connecticut, and Flanders was related to the Webbers of Hopkinton, N. H., and they were the first white men to explore the beautiful and wild meadows of Newport. Flanders was followed by the Indians, waylaid and killed, and French gold was paid for his scalp at Montreal. This is true and can be verified. On the farm of Reuben Haven were found the bleaching bones of this daring scout. They were buried by the early settlers, and the place where the bloody deed was perpetrated was marked, but to-day no trace of it can be found





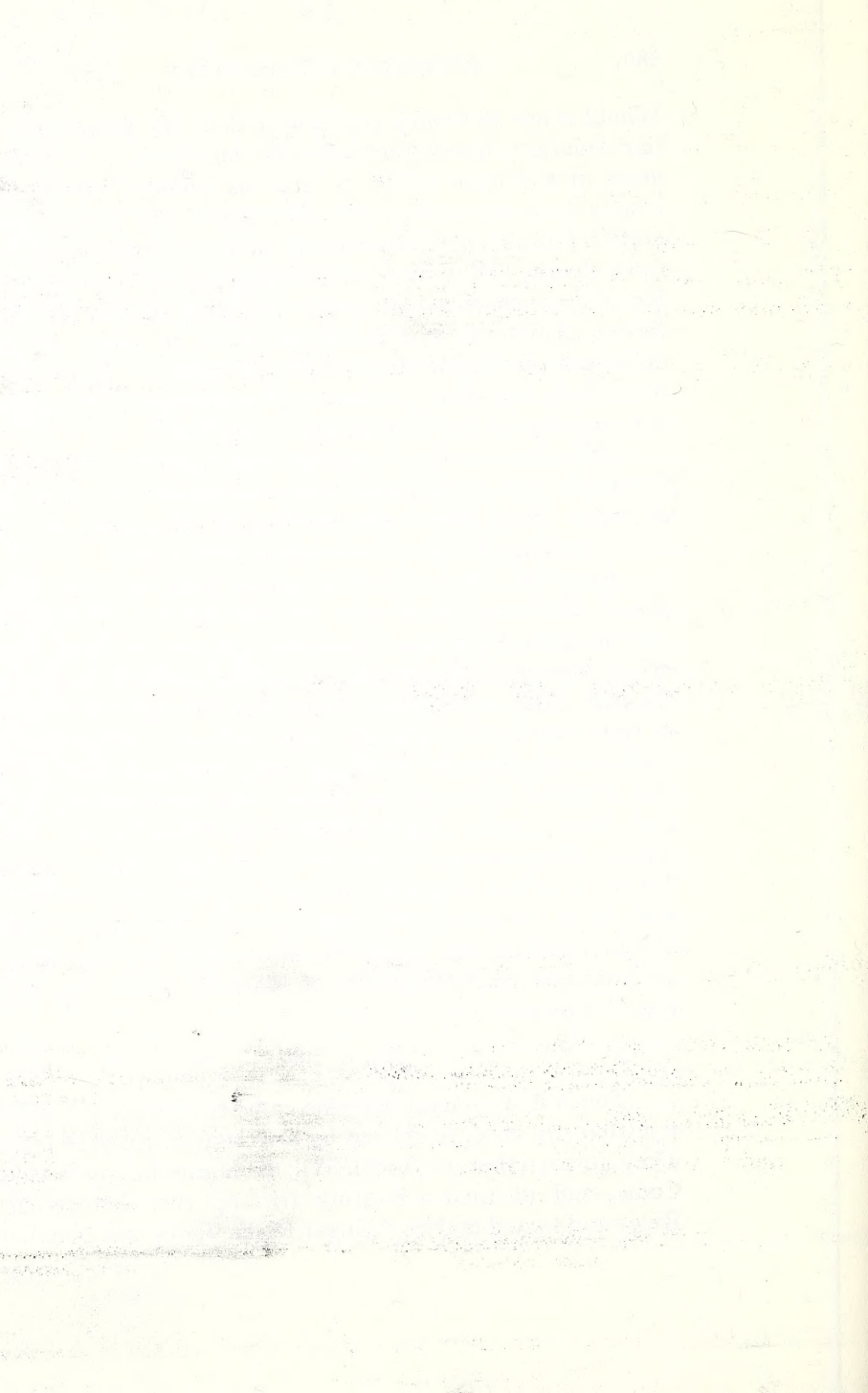
Would it not be fitting and proper that the Daughters of the American Revolution take this matter up, and place a cross or a proper tablet as near as possible where the bloody deed was committed? No one of the present generation knows where the dust of the first white man of this town sleeps. Why do not the Daughters of the American Revolution make a plat and a directory of the old Pine Street cemetery, where the ashes of so many of the defenders of these infant colonies repose? They were brave men, and many of them held commissions as ensigns and captains of the Continental Congress.

Why does not the Congregational church of Newport also mark with proper tablet the blood-stained timber in the old frame barn, which was the first blood spilled for the first Christian church ever erected in this town?

Elnathan Hurd, born October 17, 1699, was the third son of Ebenezer Hurd, who married Thankful Nettleton, of Killingsworth, Conn., December 4, 1724. So Capt. Sam Hurd, born in Killingsworth, Conn., November 1, 1734, was the fifth child of Elnathan Hurd and Thankful Nettleton of the same town. Samuel Hurd, 2d, born November 12, 1758, was the first child of Capt. Sam Hurd and Lida (Wilcox) Hurd of Killingsworth, Conn. Samuel Hurd, 2d, married, May 1, 1782, Anna Thurstin, of Unity, N. H. Parmenas Hurd (author of the famous fireside talks of early Newport, which may later be printed) was born in Newport, N. H., September 3, 1790, and was the second child of Samuel Hurd and Anna Thurstin. Who was the father of Parthenia E. Hurd, widow of Mark W. Allen, the subject of this sketch?

\* \* \* \* \*

The first six young men who came to Newport to make a settlement were all related by marriage as early as 1769. They got together at Joseph Wilcox' house, in Say-Brook, Conn., and planned a hunting trip up the Connecticut River and its tributaries. Sugar River Valley was teeming



with fur-bearing animals, and the intervale land was warm and fertile, and so the charter for the town was applied for. It was the time when Benning Wentworth was handing out such donations all over New Hampshire and Vermont.

Capt. Sam Hurd married Lydia Wilcox. Jesse Wilcox was her brother. Jesse Kelsey married Hester Hurd, a cousin of Captain Sam. (All of these people were of Connecticut.) Nathan Hurd at this time was not married. Jesse Lane married Hester Wright, a marriage relation of Justus Hurd. Robert Lane married Mary Thatcher, who was also related to the Hurds.

William Kelsey, of Cambridge, Mass., was made a freeman in 1632. In 1635 he moved to Hartford, Conn., and thence to Killingworth, Conn., in March, 1663. Lieut. John Kelsey died in 1709. He married Pheby Disdrow (he was related to the Hurds). Hannah Kelsey, born September 13, 1668, married Lieut. Joseph Wilcox, February 14, 1693. He died in September, 1747. Their son, Stephen Wilcox, born July 12, 1706, married May 10 and died December 22, 1781. This Stephen Wilcox married Mary Pierson, and their daughter was Lydia Wilcox, who became the wife of the famous Capt. Sam Hurd.

Lieut. Joseph Wilcox, of Killingworth, Conn. (1663), was the son of William Wilcoxson (as they then spelled the name). His wife was the daughter of Nicholis Wall. Her name was Elizabeth Wall. They were both born in England, and died in Thetford, Conn. They came over in the good ship "Planter" in 1650.

Lieut. Joseph Wilcox, 2d, married Hannah Kelsey, Stephen Wilcox married Mary Pierson and Lidia Wilcox married Capt. Sam Hurd. These people were all from Killingworth and Saybrook, Conn. All were young but one, and he was seventy years old when Newport was only a wilderness.





# The Editor's Window

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## The Flag

The New Hampshire State Grange, at its recent annual session, unanimously passed a resolution, subject to the approval of the National Grange, requesting the subordinate branches of the order to decorate the altar with the American flag. This is a step in the right direction, and adds an appropriate association of the flag to the work of one of the largest fraternal bodies in the country. It was a happy thought which caused it to be displayed on school-houses and public buildings, and there is scarcely a public gathering where it is not to be seen. Again and again it is made the feature of the occasion, which must serve to keep alive in the breasts of its citizens that patriotism which ennobles it. At a flag entertainment, recently, the Worcester (Mass.) Grange offered the following information concerning the flag:

1. The present form was permanently adopted in 1818.
2. The first American flag was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, in 1776.
3. There are thirteen stripes, red and white, arranged alternately, with red at the top, divided into six long and seven short ones, one for each of the original thirteen states.
4. There is a star for each state, the number at the present time being forty-six. Each star has five points.
5. The regulation of length to width is as twelve to seven.



6. The regulation size of a garrison flag is 36 feet long by 20 feet wide; of a storm, recruiting, and National Country flag, 8 feet long by 4 feet and 2 inches.

It has recently been ordered that the "Star Spangled Banner" shall be the national air of the United States Navy.

\* \* \*

### Clock Inscriptions

In former times it was the custom of clockmakers to inscribe on the dial plates of their clocks quaint verses, one of the most common being the following:

I serve thee here with all my might,  
To tell the time by day, by night,  
Therefore example take by me  
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

Another favorite inscription was *Tempus fugit*, or "Time flies," and thereby hangs a tale. A well-known English clockmaker, who flourished toward the close of the last century, on being asked by a customer whether a certain clock was of home manufacture, replied: "Oh, certainly. Don't you see the name, sir—Tummus Fugit? I often have his clocks through my hands."

\* \* \*

### Signed by Two

The Declaration of Independence was published to the world with only two signatures, John Hancock, president, and Charles Thompson, secretary, under resolution of Congress, July 14, 1776:

*Resolved*, That copies of the declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions and committees or councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of the Continental troops; that it be proclaimed in each of the United States at the head of the army.



### "Chevy Chase"

Dr. Gordon, in his account of Lord Percy's march of the British troops through Roxbury, upon the memorable 19th of April, 1775, relates the following incident:

"Lord Percy's Brigade marched out playing, by way of contempt, "Yankee Doodle," a song composed in derision of the New Englanders, scornfully called Yankees. A smart boy, observing it as the troops passed through Roxbury, made himself extremely merry with the circumstance, jumping and laughing, so as to attract the notice of his lordship, who, it is said, asked him at what he was laughing so heartily, and was answered: 'To think how you will dance, by-and-by, to "Chevy Chace."' It is added that the repartee stuck by his lordship the whole day."

The ancestors of Lord Percy, it may be said, were concerned in the feats of "Chevy Chase," the famous ballad ending with the significant declaration: "The child unborn shall rue the hunting of that day." Who was the boy who so courageously and aptly replied to him?

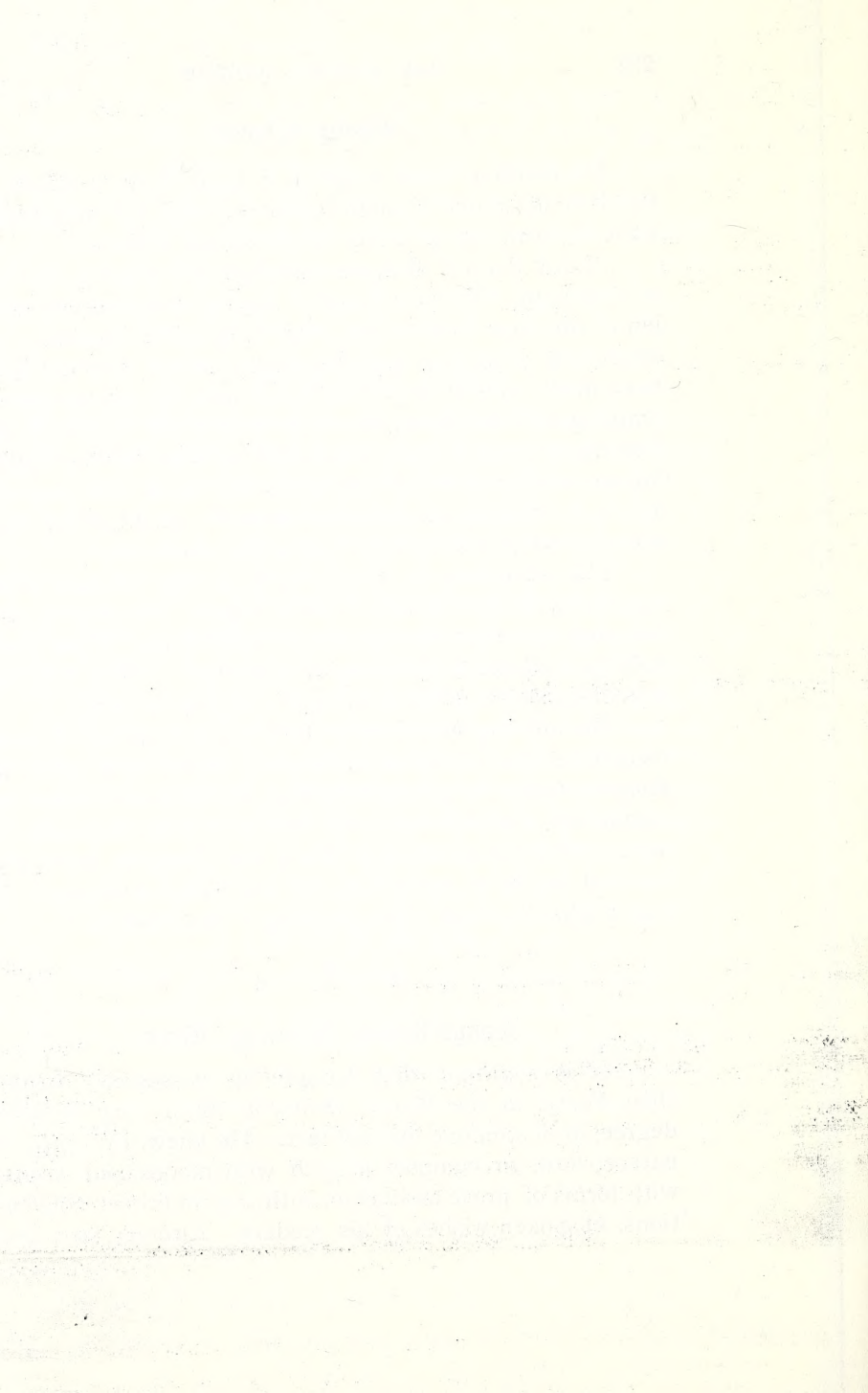
The old English ballad referred to is supposed to commemorate the battle of Otterburn, which took place in August, 1388, though the incidents of the poem cannot be reconciled with history. Sir Philip Sidney declared, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I did not find my heart moved more than with a trumpet." It was originally called "The Hunting o' the Cheviot."

\* \* \*

### Longfellow's Literary Tact

"It is apparent that Longfellow possessed," writes Bliss Perry, in the *March Atlantic*, "to a very notable degree, an instinctive literary tact. He knew, by a gift of nature, how to comport himself with moods and words, with forms of prose and verse, with the traditions, conventions, unspoken wishes of his readers. Literary tact, like





social tact, is more easy to feel than to define. It does not depend upon learning, for professional scholars conspicuously lack it. Nor does it turn upon mental power or moral quality. Poe, who could not live among men without making enemies, moved in and out of the borderland of prose and verse with the inerrant grace of a wild creature, sure-footed and quick-eyed. Lowell, whose social tact could be so perfect, sometimes allowed himself, out of sheer exuberance of spirits, to play a boyish leap-frog with the literary proprieties. The beautiful genius of Emerson often stood tongue-tied and awkward, confusing and confused, before problems of literary behavior which to the facile talent of Dr. Holmes were as simple as talking across a dinner table. But Longfellow's literary tact was always impeccable. He divined what could and could not be said and done under the circumstances; he escorted the Muses to the banquet hall without stepping on their robes; he met the unspoken thought with the desired word, and—a greater gift than this—he knew when to be silent.”

\* \* \*

### The Spread of English

English is already the spoken and written language of Great Britain, Canada, the United States, Australia, South Africa, and all of official India. This, taken together, is a pretty large proportion of the entire earth. Recently the German government has ordered that all railway officials and employees must learn to speak English, and the order has caused no such excitement as would be caused in this country by a similar requirement to learn French or German or Italian. In Antwerp the authorities are urging all classes to study English, and are providing special facilities in the public schools. In Japan all school children are now required to learn English. It is expected that in a few years our language will be in as general use in Japan



as the native language. With such an increase in the use of English, it is obvious that less and less importance will be attached to the development of any form of artificial language, as Volupuk and the newer device known as Esperanto, although the later and newer invention is said to be much more popular than the older, but a less adaptable device for common speech.

\* \* \*

### Discovery of Gold

The first piece of gold found in the United States was in Cabarras county, North Carolina, in 1799. It was picked up by a boy named Conrad Reed, on the bank of a creek near his father's farm, one Sunday afternoon. It attracted his attention while wading, and he picked it up and carried it home to his mother, who used it as a weight to keep her kitchen door open. In 1802 it was pronounced gold by a jeweler of Fayetteville, who happened to be at the house. He took it home, melted it into a bar eight inches long, and sold it for \$350.—*Mary L. D. Ferris.*

\* \* \*

### Company Orders

*To Benj. Thompson, Jr.:*

You, being enrolled in the 3d Company, 25th Regiment New-Hampshire Militia, are hereby notified to appear at or near the Hay Scales in this town, on Tuesday, the second day of May next, at 1 o'clock P. M. completely armed and equipped according to law for inspection and military exercise, and there await further orders.

By order of WM. J. THOMPSON, Captain.

JAMES SMITH, Privet.

Durham, April 26, 1826.





# Granite State Magazine

A Monthly Publication

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VOL. IV.

JULY, 1907.

No. 1.

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GEORGE WALDO BROWNE . . . . . Managing Editor

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**To Authors.** — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

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## The Woodranger Tales

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

A Series of Historical Novels devoted to a description of pioneer life on the Old New England and Canadian frontiers. Three volumes, tall 12mo., in uniform binding. Price, \$1.25 each.

THE WOODRANGER. A Story of the Pioneers of the Debatable Ground. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 312 pp; \$1.25.



The scene of this book is the tract of country along the Merrimack River claimed by the settlers from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Among the historical characters are young John Stark, afterwards famous as General Stark, William Stark, his older brother, the Captain under Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, Robert Rogers, later known as "Rogers the Ranger," Col. John Goffe, the noted scout and Indian fighter, besides others, the MacDonalds, of Glencoe, the McNeils, of Londonderry, and that semi-historic and romantic forester, "The Woodranger." It portrays in a picturesque manner the home-life of the colonists, their trials and hardships, their sports and adventures in the clearing and in the wilderness.

**THE YOUNG GUNBEARER.** A Tale of the Neutral Ground, Acadia, and the Siege of Louisburg. Illustrated by Louis Meynell.

Robert Rogers is "The Young Gunbearer," who, in companionship of The Woodranger, finds himself in Acadia a short time before the breaking out of that colonial war known in New England as "King George's War." The idyllic life of the Acadians is faithfully described, while Evangeline, the heroine of Longfellow's beautiful poem, becomes a character in the story, and her home is the scene of one of its most stirring incidents. Others of the poet's characters are met here, while the reader gets a clearer idea of the causes leading up to that pathetic event than can be obtained from the histories, as it deals directly with the home life of the unfortunates, which historians cannot do.

Our heroes became associated on Cape Breton, Louisburg, with those who engaged in that remarkable campaign. Prominent were Major Vaughan, the promoter, Dr. Matthew Thornton, afterwards a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Captain John Goffe, the frontier scout, Captain Waldron, a son of Major Waldron, the brave young ensign Edward Hyland, the hero of Louisburg, Robert Rogers, who became the chief of The Gunbearers, and Woodranger. The narrative abounds with local colorings and legends, while the mysterious Woodranger throws a deeper interest over the historic tale. To those who have read "Evangeline" it must prove doubly interesting.

**THE HERO OF THE HILLS.** A Tale of the Captive Ground, St. Francis, and Life in the Pioneer's Home, and in the Northern Wilderness. Illustrated by Henry W. Herrick.

The time of this story is just prior to the breaking out of the French and Indian Wars and the scene is that wide strip of country lying between the English settlements on the Atlantic coast and the French stations along the St. Lawrence River, and which is now embraced within the territory of New Hampshire, Vermont and Canada. The first half of the "The Hero of the Hills" is devoted to the home life of the colonists in the Merrimack Valley; then the scene is transferred to the head-waters of the Pemigewasset, where we meet a typical hunting party, of those days. This is broken up by the appearance of a war party of Indians from the North, and John Stark, the hero, and a companion named Eastman are taken captives. The journey of the captors and their victims over the old Indian trail is vividly portrayed. The story culminates in one of the most dramatic and sublime events in the history of early New England.

In their quality, make-up and general appearance THE WOODRANGER TALES are the equal to any of the \$1.50 books. We will give you the choice of any one of them and send the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE one year for \$2.25, with 15 cents for postage on book.

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## Reminiscences of Whittier

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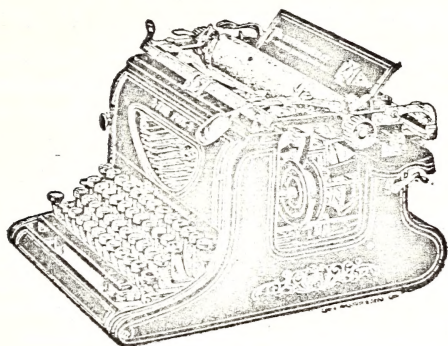
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# Granite State Magazine

A Monthly Publication

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VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. 3.

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GEORGE WALDO BROWNE . . . . . Managing Editor

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**To Authors.** — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO.,

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Manchester, N. H.

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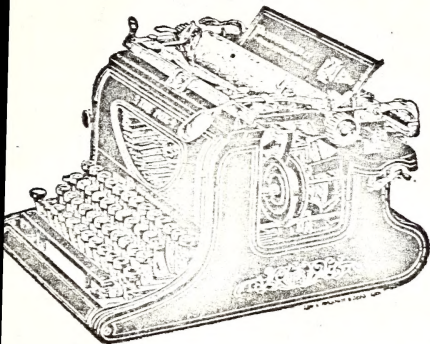
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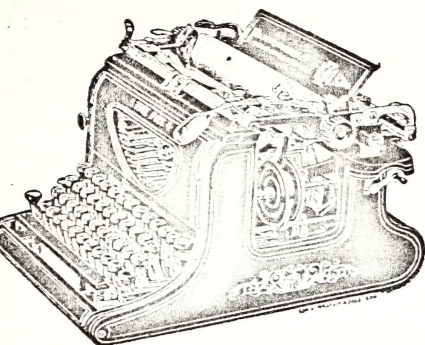
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Manchester, N. H.





## Literary Notes

**T. THORNDYKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.** By Herbert I. Goss. Cloth, gilt top and ornaments, octavo, 496 pages, 66 portraits besides that of the author. Price, \$3. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, publishers, Boston, Mass. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The sumptuous edition of the work scheduled above is what is called the "Portrait edition" of this story by a New Hampshire writer of New Hampshire characters and scenes. There is a trade edition which sells for \$1.50. This contains the text unabridged, without the portraits.

A book by a local author always attracts more or less interest among those who know the writer or is familiar with the scenes he pictures. This book thus began to attract attention from the day of its announcement as a forthcoming publication, and advance orders came in freely. Mr. Goss is well known as an up-country lawyer, who has been solicitor of Coos county and has held other offices. There is little if any attempt at fine writing in this story, but merely a plain, matter-of-fact recital of everyday scenes. It is evident that he made free use of personal knowledge in building up his romance, and prominent people were brought into the book. One by one, beginning with himself, individuals are introduced and placed upon the checker board of action with mathematical precision. Lawsuits and fishing excursions alternate with easy regularity. A minute description of the White Mountains fills a chapter and more, followed by a dialogue held by the Man with a Voice, which the author becomes philosophical and otherwise.

Among the many well-executed half-tones that help swell the volume, we find the portraits of some of the most prominent men in the state of to-day and yesterday, running from Passaconaway, the dusky governor of the primitive confederacy of Indian days, and Major Robert Rogers, the Ranger Chief, to ex-Governor Chester B. Jordan, Col. Henry O. Kent and others of our day and generation. If written as a holiday recreation, the book must be considered a success; if intended as a bid for literary honors, the end is not yet.

**TSIENNETO: A Legend of Beaver Lake.** This finely illustrated booklet of Beaver Lake makes a beautiful souvenir for those who wish a memento of this locality. Sent by mail for twenty-five cents, postpaid, by R. N. Richardson, Derry, N. H.

Among Mr. Badger's new books announced in his fall list, we note, "The Negro, a Menace to Civilization," by R. W. Shufeldt, M. D.; "Galahad, a Knight Errant," by May L. Southworth. "Ropes of Sand, Sketches and Poems," by Lura K. Clendenning.

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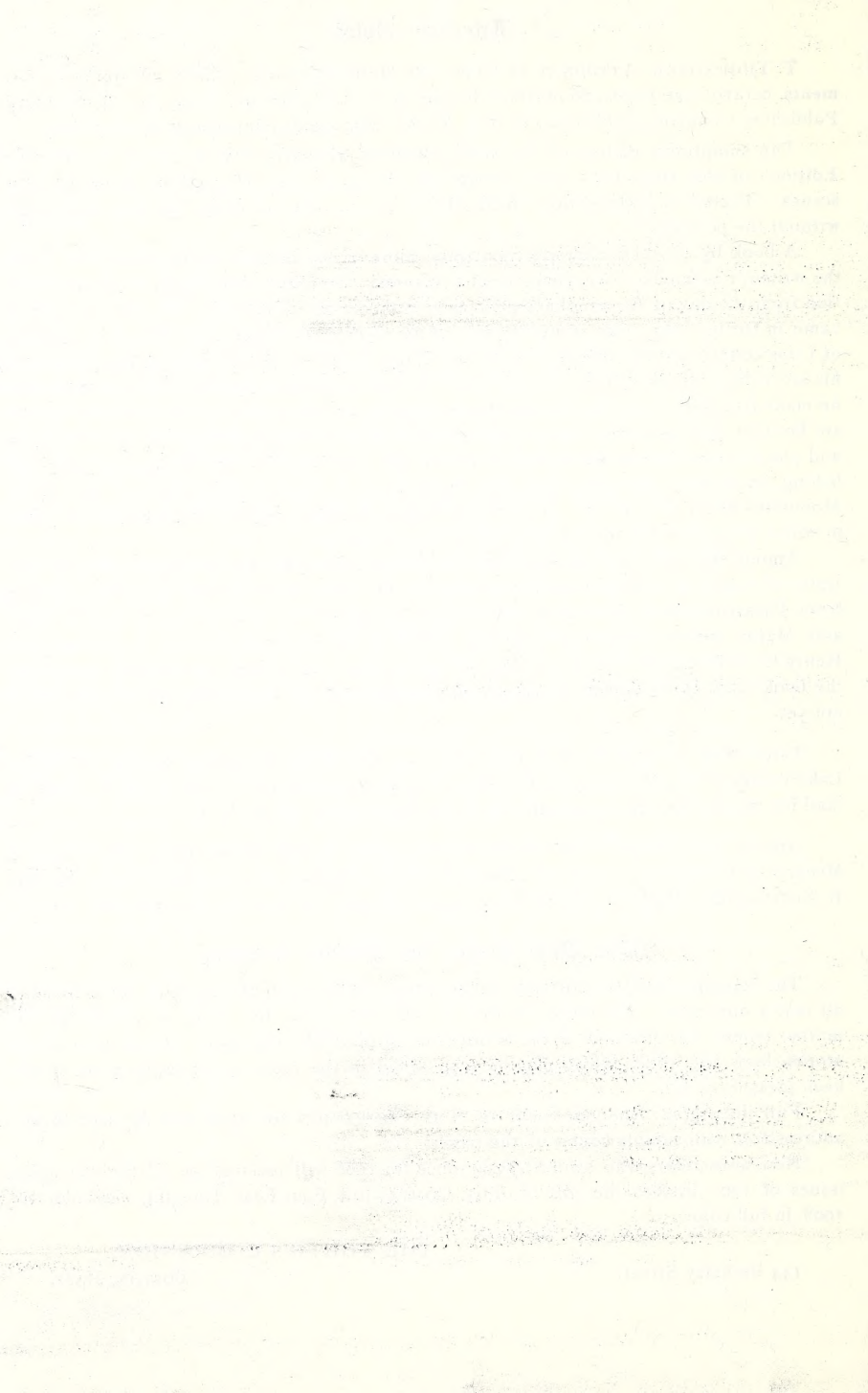
Full illustrated Announcement of *THE COMPANION* for 1908 will be sent to any address free with sample copies of the paper.

New subscribers who send \$1.75 at once for 1908 will receive free all the remaining issues of 1907, besides the gift of *THE COMPANION* Four-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908, in full color.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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# Granite State Magazine

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NOVEMBER, 1907.

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GEORGE WALDO BROWNE . . . . . Managing Editor

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## Editorial Lookout

Among the attractive articles to appear in the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE as rapidly as space will allow, we wish to mention "Granite State Governors," by Gray Fairlee. These sketches not only give, written in a concise style, clear-cut biographies of New Hampshire's





chief executives from the earliest provincial officer to the present time, but embrace the political history of this period, together with a summary of the leading events. The series thus becomes the first important political history of the state. Portraits and other illustrations will accompany the text.

### Literary Notes

**CHRISTIAN ART.** An illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to current Church Building, American and foreign, and the allied Ecclesiological Arts, with expert discussions of all topics relating to Christian Archæology. Edited by Ralph Adams Cram, F. A. I. A. F. R. G. S., Associate Editor for Great Britain and Ireland; Rev. Peter Hampson Ditchfield, M. A. (Oxon), F. S. A., F. R. H. S. Terms, \$5 a year. Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Christian art is the direct emanation of the Church. Having its beginnings in the early ages of Christianity, it developed to its fullest powers during the great period of mediæval civilization, when religion and life were almost convertible terms. Thereafter, entering upon a period of decadence toward the close of the sixteenth century (when this intimate relationship began to be ignored), it reached a period of almost complete debasement in the eighteenth century from which it has never fully recovered.

Believing, as we do, that Art, to regain its highest flights, must unite once more in indissoluble bonds with Religion (since in all times and everywhere this has been the source and primary impulse) we desire in *Christian Art* to emphasize this fact; through forgetfulness of which so much injury has been done to Art with a consequent weakening of the work of the Church. It is our belief, too, that a revived interest in ecclesiastical art throughout the Christian World cannot fail to operate as a potent force to draw together all bodies of Christians in a common interest.

*Christian Art* deals with the question of Religious Art from three points of view, the historical, the theoretical, the practical. It aims to cover, as far as possible, the entire field of Art in its relation to Religion, and treats of Architecture, Painting, Sculpture in stone and wood, Stained Glass, Metal Work, Goldsmiths' Work, Embroidery, Printing, and Illuminating, Heraldry, Music, and Liturgics.

It contains fully illustrated papers by expert authorities on the theory of Christian Art as applied to these various fields; illustrated articles on the great works of the past in all the provinces of Art, and critical records of all, both good and bad, that may be done at the present day in these various domains.

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION CALENDAR FOR 1908.** The publishers of *The Youth's Companion* will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription (\$1.75) is paid for 1908 a beautiful Calendar for the new year. Four paintings by artists of distinction are reproduced in the four panels of the Calendar by a process of color-printing which has been recently brought to remarkable excellence. The first of the panels is an inspiring sea scene, full of the beauty of the wide ocean and sky, and the joyous rush of the homeward-bound ship. The second is a fine cattle piece. The third pictures an old mill at Zaandam—typically Dutch in treatment. The fourth panel depicts a "Girl with Roses"—a charming face, exquisite in color and expression. All the pictures are worthy of preservation long after 1908 has passed into the good old times.



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## Literary Leaves

**JAPAN: THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE.** By George Waldo Browne. Extra large 8vo., 16 colored plates, 60 full-page half-tones, 260 text cuts, 432 pages, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$3. Dana Estes & Co., publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This work is a historical and picturesque description of the brilliant Oriental land, containing a complete account of the Japanese people, their traditions and civilization, from the prehistoric origin of the race down to the present time, with the topography and scenery of Japan.

"Written in a readable, fluent style, the author gives us alluring glimpses of life in both country and city, and has the faculty of transferring to his pages the elements of color and poetry so indispensable to the work of the historian who attempts to write of this most imaginative of races and most dreamy of lands."





**THE GREAT GALLERIES OF EUROPE.** Here is a unique series of art books, reproducing the great works in four of the leading art galleries of Europe, viz.: The Tate Gallery, The Louvre, The Luxembourg, and The National. Each collection, printed handily in sepia, is preceded by an historical sketch, and the works, either together or separately, make a beautiful offering. There are 64, 16mo. pages, and they retail for fifty cents each. H. M. Caldwell, publisher, Boston and New York.

**FIRES OF DESIRE.** A Tale of India. By Lawrence R. Mansfield. Fully illustrated, bound in silk cloth, 12mo., 354 pages. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The central figure in "Fires of Desire" is a young American clergyman, who is sent to India as a teacher. Before leaving his native land, he becomes engaged to a beautiful, high-minded young woman. In Calcutta he meets a pretty native girl, and the fires of his passion consume his real character to such an extent that he betrays the girl.

The end is tragic. The subject has been handled in such a way that it can have no other effect than to teach a great moral lesson. It is a story that every thinking man and woman should read.

Three volumes of poems come to us from that knight errant of the muses, Richard G. Badger of the Gorham Press, Boston. These are dainty 12mos.

**REYNARD THE FOX.** By William Madoc. This volume describes the court of the animal world, in which the short comings of the so-called "higher" life is satirized, price fifty cents.

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**VERSES BY THE WAYSIDE.** By Edna Smith-DeRan. Price, \$1.50. Here, too, we are given a miscellaneous collection of lyrics of more or less interest and merit. Perhaps the following stanzas from a poem entitled "Faith" will give a fair idea of the whole:

"Sometime, somewhere, we'll meet again,  
And say farewell to parting pain;  
And though it may be that months or years  
Will intervene. Perhaps sad tears  
May bathe thy cheeks or dampen mine.  
Yet this I know, we'll meet again."

**CHEROKEE ROSE, and Other Southern Poems:** By Zitella Cocke. This a dainty volume of 96 pages, with the flower whose title it bears ornamenting the front cover. Published by Richard C. Badger, Boston. Price, \$1.

We gladly give this book a word of praise, for we believe it deserves it. Among the thirty-odd lyrics that are included here are several gems, while there is a variety to suit the taste of the most discerning searcher after poetical offerings. The following pretty tribute to the namesake of the volume forms the opening stanzas of the leading poem:

#### CHEROKEE ROSE

Garden roses all are praising,—  
Gorgeous urns of balmy incense,  
Persia's graceful, proud sultanas,  
Provence Darlings, burning Tuscans,





Sunny Seville's regal daughters,  
 Blooming on the lawn and terrace,  
 Like the queens of ancient tourney,  
 Peerless in their high-born beauty;  
     But one born this side the sea  
     Is a fairer flower to me—  
     That sweet rose, the Cherokee!

With her loving arms embracing  
 Cotton-field and broad plantation,  
 How she she cheers the heart of toiler!  
 And her radiant snow-white blossoms,  
 Gleaming through the moonlit distance,  
 Seem like bands of white-robed maidens,  
 Like the sacred vestal virgins  
 With their lustrous lamps of silver.  
     But a country flow'ret, she,  
     Yet no rose at court could be  
     Lovelier than the Cherokee!

**THE STORK BOOK.** By Newton Newkirk, with striking and appropriate illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith. Cloth, 12mo., 125 pages. Price, \$1. H. M. Caldwell Company publishers, Boston.

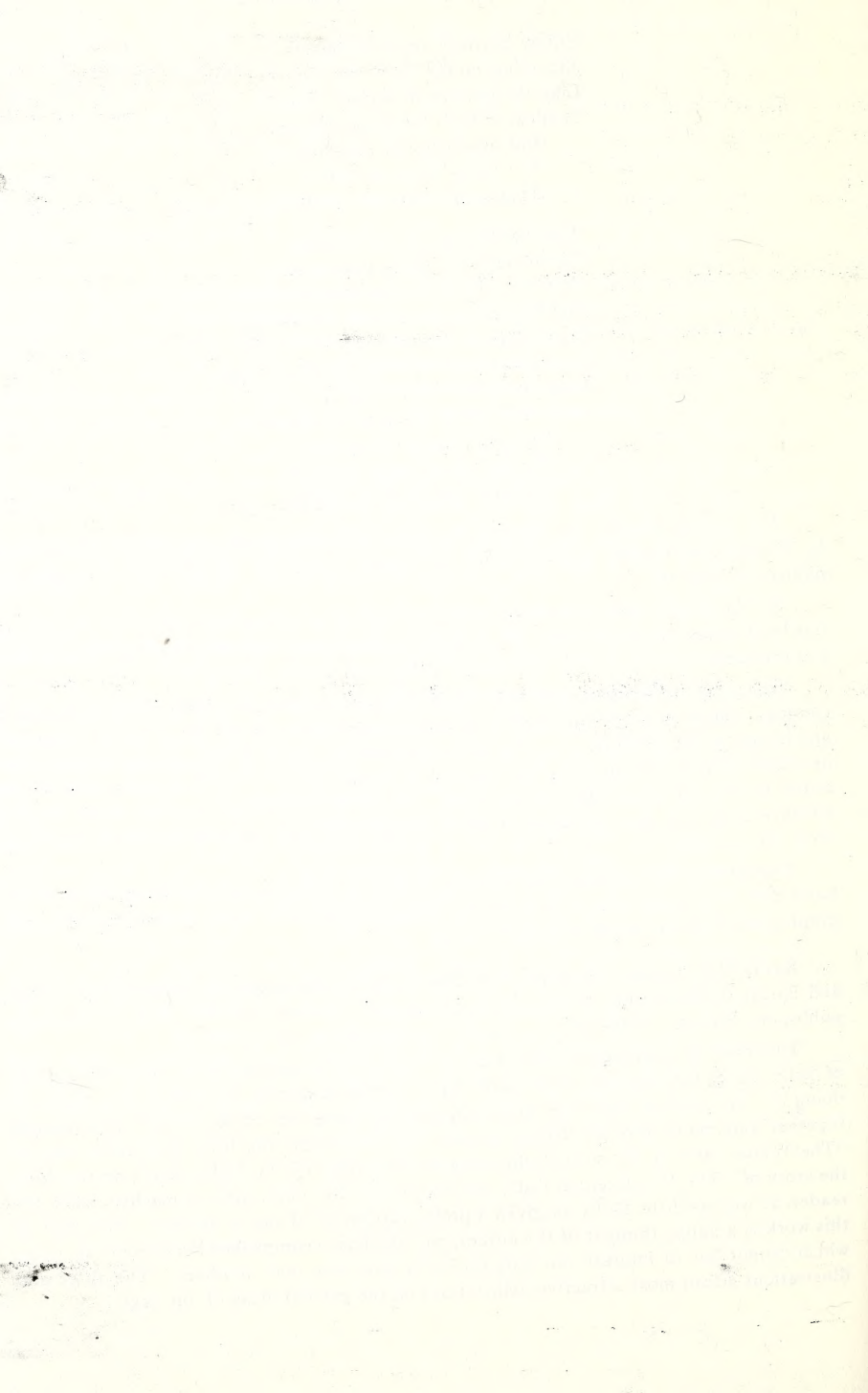
For downright mirth-provoking nonsense, with more or less common sense intermixed, this book takes the prize. There is a smile on every page and a sly hint in every corner. For instance:

"Frequently The Stork, in advance of his arrival, sends a telephone message he is coming. But if you ask him whether he is bringing a boy or a girl he invariably rings off and hangs up the receiver. . . . The reason is obvious. If he should give notification that he would bring a girl and a boy was wanted, he might stand on the front steps until his leg chafed and no one would come to the door. If it were the custom for The Stork to give advance notice of sex, the father of seven daughters would probably be the father of six boys and one girl."

The illustrations, grotesque, ridiculous, in keeping with the text, and flung with a lavish hand over every page, help to broaden the smile and teach the lesson underlying each paragraph given with the sugar-coating of mirth.

**KITTY-CAT TALES.** By Alice Van Leer Carrick. Illustrated by Homer Eaton Keyes and Bertha G. Davidson. Cloth, 12mo., 237 pages. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, publishers, Boston. Price, \$1.25. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This book is a very real Kitty's Arabian Nights. The author allows the favorite kitten little Dolly, her mistress, to tell this series of Cat Legends, occupying nine nights in telling it. For the first time the most delightful of cat stories of many lands are brought together and made into one happy group. The first night the little story-teller tells of "The White Cat"; on the second, the story of "The King of the Field Mice"; on the third, the story of "The Discontented Cat"; and so on until the ninth night is reached, when the reader, as well as little Dolly, is given a pretty version of "Puss in Boots." The plan of this work is a happy thought of the author, and she has accomplished her purpose in a way which cannot fail to interest, not only the little ones but their mothers. The titles and illustrations afford most attractive delineations of the general ideas of the text.



**HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, MY FRIEND.** Compiled by Mary C. Vose. Another of Badger's 12mos., which sells for \$1.25.

These selections, from various authors, show the discriminating care of the compiler and afford the seeker after verse relating to this good day a wide choice. The book is a beautiful gift for the season.

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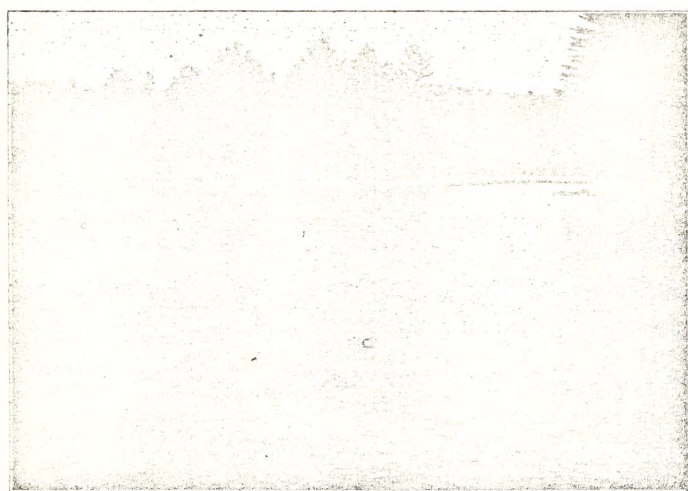
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# Granite State

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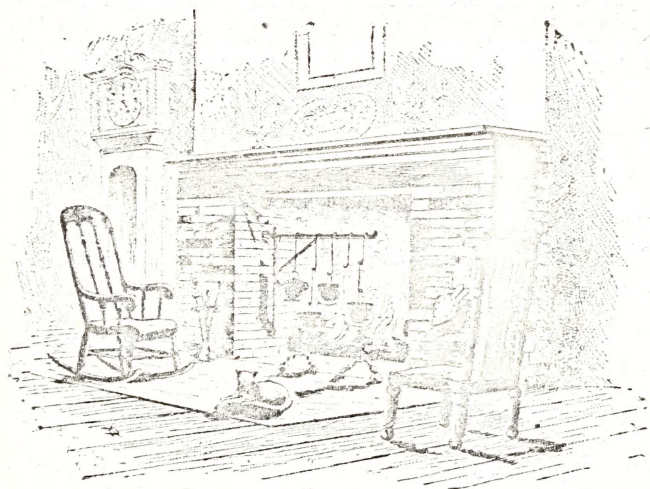
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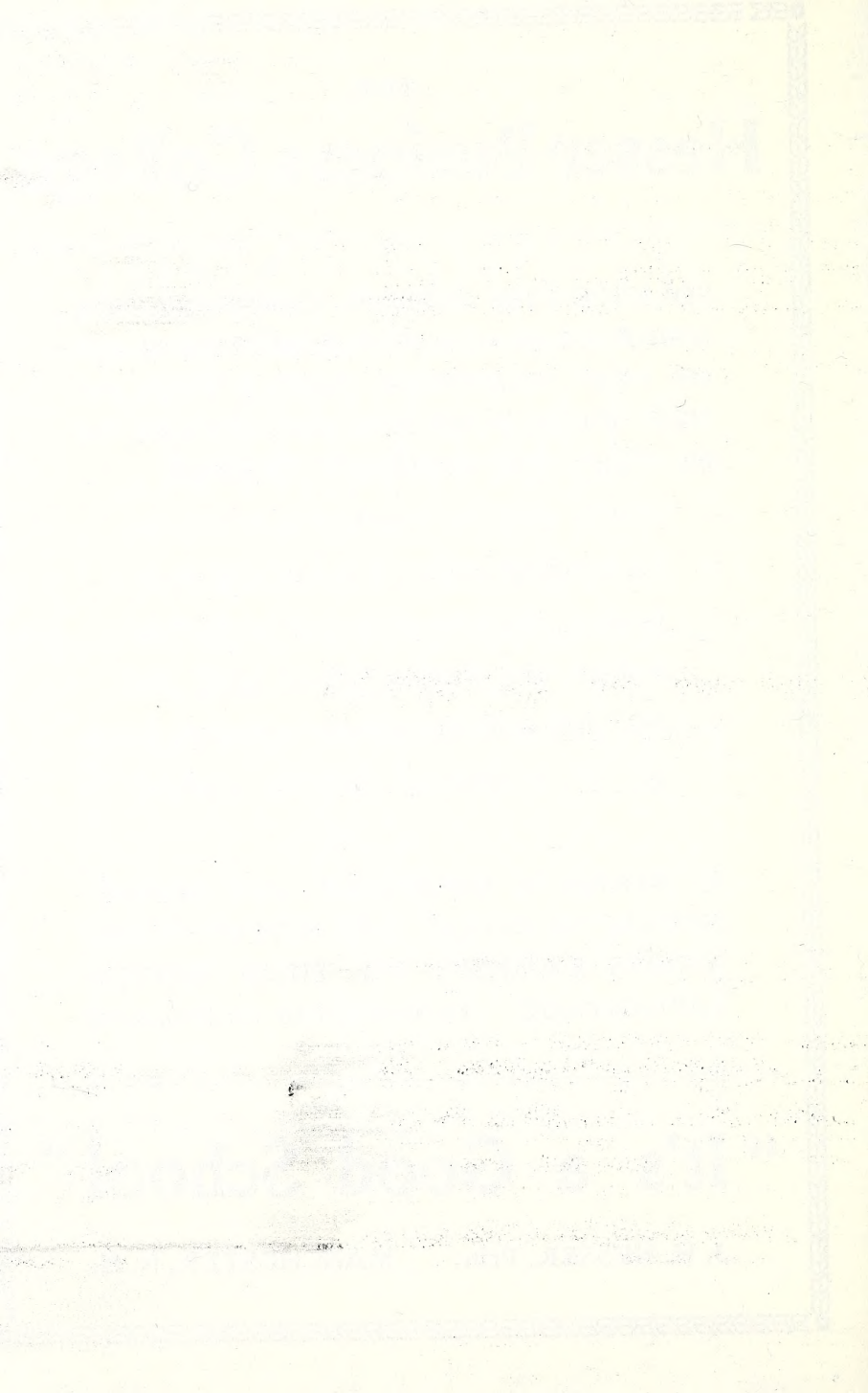
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